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1853

Parma Sartain.

THE MOSS ROSE

THE

MOSS ROSE.

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1853

"Take this sweet flower, and let its leaves
Beside thy heart be cherished near—
While that confiding heart receives
The thought it whispers to thine ear."

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THE BARON'S VOW.

BY MISS POWER.

In one of the finest and most ancient castles on the banks of the Rhine, dwelt the Baron von Leyden. The *chateau*, together with a considerable portion of the surrounding country, had descended to him from a long line of ancestors, whose services with the sword had rendered their names celebrated in the annals of many ages; but the descent in the instance of the present baron had not been direct from father to son. He was the younger of two brothers, by about ten years; and when, during the life of their father, Alberic, the senior, had, at the age of five and twenty, gone off to foreign wars, his brother, then just fifteen, had so urgently prayed to be allowed to accompany him, that at last the baron reluctantly yielded his consent, and the brothers departed together.

In due course of time, the good old Baron von Leyden finished his mortal career; and his son, Alberic, who was

still in foreign lands, was declared heir to all his estates. News had arrived at the castle, some months before this event, that the young Alberic had taken to himself a wife, of the dark-eyed maids of Italy ; but since then no intelligence had been received of either of the brothers, and it was not even known whither the fortunes of war had taken them. At length came accounts, stating that Alberic had fallen by an unknown hand, and that his young wife, on receiving the news of his death, had perished in giving birth to a child, who had only survived the mother a few hours. Rupert, the younger brother, who had now attained the age of four-and-twenty, was therefore the undisputed possessor of the Castle von Leyden, and his return to his paternal domain was daily expected. But years passd by, and the Baron von Leyden came not to claim his property : foreign lands seemed to have given him a distaste to his own ; and his tenants and retainers murmured at being thus neglected, and obliged to continue in listless idleness, while the lord who ought to have led them, protected them, and administered even-handed justice and rule over them, spent in far countries the substance their labor procured for him.

But he came at last, and great were the rejoicings that hailed his arrival. Twenty years had passed since he had last crossed the threshold of his father's hall, and none could have recognized in the dark, swarthy, military-looking man, the joyous, light-hearted, fair-haired stripling, whose merry laugh and bounding step had shed mirth through the gloomy castle, and brought smiles to the stern lip of many an ancient warrior ; for Rupert's frank and generous temper, warm heart, and high spirit, made him

the darling of every inmate of the castle ; while Alberic, whose disposition was haughty and somewhat passionate and overbearing, was more feared and less loved than his younger brother.

But years had wrought even more than their accustomed changes in the Baron von Leyden ; all the gayety of former days had fled, and was replaced by a sort of hardy recklessness of manner, only varied by occasional fits of gloom : but his actions were most commendable ; his charities unbounded. Possessed of great wealth, much of which he had acquired abroad, he had the means as well as the power to do good; and two days of every week was the great hall of the castle thrown open for the reception of the poor, the aged, the pilgrim, and the traveller: here they rested, and were provided with a substantial meal ; while the baron himself, declaring that he had taken an oath to that effect, always placed the first dish on the table, and invited his poor guests to sit down to the repast.

Winter had set in ; out of doors, cold reigned supreme : biting blasts—glittering icicles—snow, rendered crisp and dry by intense frost—congealed rivers—"motionless cataracts," proclaimed hoary winter's sovereignty ; while within castle hall and peasant's cot, the blazing hearth or tile stove seemed to bid defiance to his power. A large party of wanderers from many quarters were collected within the hall of the Castle von Leyden ; near the fire were seated some of those who had arrived the latest, and who had not yet entirely recovered from the effects of the intense cold : among these were two persons who had entered the castle together, and who were evidently fellow-travellers. The one was an old hoary-headed man, on whose wrinkled brow

time and grief had traced many a furrow; the other, a young woman, who, though fatigue and sorrow had done much to efface the lines of beauty, still evidently possessed charms, that in happier circumstances might excite no common degree of admiration. In her arms was an infant, of some ten or twelve months' old; and on this child, the eye of the young mother rested with an expression of anxious love and care that no weariness nor suffering could destroy; and, when comforted by the genial heat, and soothed by the soft voice of its youthful parent, it gradually sunk into a peaceful slumber, she smiled through her grief, and, addressing the old man, whom she called father, in Italian, directed his attention to the sleeping babe.

Soon there was a stir in the hall, and many a hungry glance was directed to the door, as the Baron von Leyden, bearing a vast dish containing a formidable *piéce de resistance* entered, followed by three or four servitors similarly laden. Placing his burden at the head of the table, the baron invited the hungry travellers to sit down to their repast, a request which it was by no means necessary to repeat; but as the old man led her he called daughter to the table, the baron, starting suddenly, and gazing for a moment with looks of astonishment and anxiety, hastily turned and left the hall.

Meantime the guests did ample justice to the substantial fare placed before them; the health of the baron was drank with many a joyous repetition, and cold, hunger, and fatigue, were for the moment forgotten by the greater number of the party.

The repast was nearly concluded, when a message arrived, requesting the attendance of the old man and his

daughter in the baron's closet. They instantly proceeded to obey the summons, the page leading the way: arrived in the room, the baron hastily rose from his seat, and, addressing the old man, said that he wished to speak to him for a short time alone, and begged that his daughter (he pronounced the word inquiringly) would leave them for a few moments; she was accordingly shown into an adjoining apartment, and they were left together.

There was a pause for some instants: at length the baron, advancing to where the old man stood, threw off his hat, and turning full to the light, addressed him in a voice of suppressed agitation, "Do you know me now, Pietro?" he said.

"Santa Maria!" exclaimed the venerable man, starting back in amazement, "it is—it must be—Signor Rupert! At last have I found you! Now no more will my Agatha be a houseless wanderer! no more will pain and hunger and fatigue gnaw away her young life! Now I may die—die happy and contented, that she has found a home!" and old Pietro fell on his knees, and wept like a child. The baron gently raised him, and desiring him to be seated, proceeded to ask him a train of questions, which led to an explanation.

But ere he begins, we must also explain, in a few words, some of the preceding events. The wife of Pietro had been the favorite attendant of the Lady Teresa, the bride of Alberic von Leyden: she had reared her from childhood, and when her lady married, had, with Pietro, her husband, continued in the service of the young couple, and had followed their fortunes to the last.

For a year all went on smoothly and happily. Alberic

and his bride were devotedly attached to each other, and young Rupert seemed to love his brother's wife as warmly and sincerely as he would have done his own sister ; while she regarded him in every respect as a brother.

The three were in the frequent habit of wandering about in the neighborhood of the place where they lived, either on foot or on horseback ; but latterly Teresa had been compelled to give up these excursions, as she expected shortly to become a mother ; and the brothers used to go out, sometimes together, but most frequently one at a time, while the other stayed to enliven the solitude of Teresa.

On one occasion, however, they both went to attend a grand *chasse* that took place at the castle of a neighboring knight ; they were to return at a certain hour, and Teresa, feeling unusually well, resolved to walk a short distance to meet them. She set out alone, refusing the company of either of her attendants, and took her course towards the forest, through which she knew their road lay.

An hour passed away without bringing home the party ; a second glided by, and when the third was some way advanced, Pietro and his wife started forth in quest of the wanderers. Following the path their mistress had taken, they proceeded for some distance without finding any traces of her, till at length—Oh, horror !—they suddenly came upon what appeared to be the lifeless corse of their beloved lady ! Marianna, her faithful attendant, threw herself on her knees by the body, raised the fair, drooping head—chafed the cold hands, and at length succeeded in restoring life to the senseless form she supported ; meanwhile Pietro had gone to pocure a litter, and she was carried home and placed, almost lifeless, on the bed. From

that bed she never rose again : during the night she gave birth to a daughter, which she only survived a few hours ; but before she breathed her last, she confided to Marianna the following tale :—She had gone, she said, to meet her husband and his brother, and had just come in sight of them ; but, before they saw or recognized her, a body of four or five men rushed from the wood, struck down her husband and carried off his brother, in spite of all resistance : at this sight she had fallen senseless, and remained until she was discovered. She charged Marianna that, if her child survived, she should adopt it as her own, and that if ever any inquiries were made of it, she should declare that it had died immediately after its birth. She would give no reason for this desire, but she pressed it so urgently on her faithful attendant, that she could not refuse to comply with the last wishes of her dying mistress. Soon after the hapless young mother breathed her last, and she and her husband, whose body was found in the wood, with the mark of a grievous blow on the temple, were buried in the same grave ; Pietro and Marianna (to whom she had given all the little personal property that had belonged to herself and and her dead lord) took charge of her infant, whom they christened Agatha, and reared her up with their own boy, Antonio, who was some four or five years her senior. Years rolled by, and when the maiden had attained her seventeenth year, she married the playmate of her childhood, and thus doubly cemented the bond that united her to those who had been to her as her own kin. But alas ! a fearful and ravaging sickness broke forth ; hundreds fell sacrifices to the destroying disease, and Marianna and Antonio were among the victims. Agatha, who

was now a mother, in one night saw herself a widow, and her hapless babe an orphan. She and Pietro fled the scene of past happiness and present anguish—the scene where naught but death and poverty and disease reigned around. The old man considered that, with his wife, had expired the vow made to preserve secrecy as to the existence of Agatha; and he resolved to take her to her father's land, and to seek a home for her among some of that father's kin. With this intention they set forth, and wandered on till accident led them to the Castle von Leyden.

Such was the substance of the tale Pietro related: the baron listened with profound attention to the close, and then, with visible effort, proceeded to give his explanation.

"Listen, Pietro," he said impressively, "for I am now about to tell thee, that which no human being but myself even suspects. That fatal day, when returning from the hunt with my brother, (Heaven grant rest to his soul!) a deer sprang from the thicket; we both fired; the deer fell —the shot was an unusually long one—and each claimed the praise of having killed him. We were equally positive; neither would yield; and a hot dispute arose. You remember my poor brother's violent temper: in a moment of fury he struck me—I returned the blow; he staggered and fell. In an agony of terror and remorse, I flung myself on my knees beside him. I raised him up—I called on him, in terms of passionate grief and affection, to speak to me—to forgive me! All was vain, he was dead—and I was his murderer! I now recollect that at the moment he fell, I heard a scream, but in the agony of the instant the circumstance was scarcely observed; alas! it must have been the scream of Teresa—she then had witnessed the

death of her husband by the hand of one whom she had ever loved as her own brother! When I discovered that life had indeed departed, I fled from the spot like one distraught; but I did not leave the neighborhood entirely till I could hear the fate of Teresa. With much difficulty I learned the birth of her child, and the death of both it and the mother. I was then trebly a murderer! Life had lost all that could render it endurable; and I rushed into every danger, with the frantic hope that I should never come forth alive; but I escaped all the storm—the fight—in each peril I seemed to bear a charmed life, and passed through all unscathed. Then I thought that kind Providence had preserved me for a better end—I resolved to return to the vast possessions now become mine, and there to spend the rest of my life in acts of charity, as some atonement for my past guilt. Among other penances, I imposed upon myself that of ever placing before my humble guests the first dish at each repast, and never allowing any excuse to interfere with this duty; and to this, worthy Pietro, do I owe the recognition of thee, and of my brother's child, whose singular likeness to her mother first led me to believe that the grave had not swallowed up all that were of my own blood.—Now shall she be to me as a daughter, and in the light of her love shall my last days be bright."

Thus spoke the baron; and the tears that sparkled on the sleeve of his dark doublet, told what varied emotions had been excited in his breast during the recital.

It were little needed to give the sequel of the tale: the gentle Agatha, who never knew her uncle's involuntary crime, loved and tended him as a daughter; and in her

fond attentions, and in the caresses of her child, he once more found the peace so long denied him.

Old Pietro became also an inmate of the Castle von Leyden, and passed his last days near his daughter-in-law and grandchild. Now was explained to him the reason why the Lady Teresa had so urgently insisted upon the existence of her child being denied; she had seen her husband fall by the hand of his brother, but, knowing that the blow had been provoked, and the consequence unintentional, she did not wish to bring the offender to punishment: still, though willing to screen him, she could not bear the idea that, some day, her child should fall into the hands of him by whom its father met his death, and be dependent upon him for protection.

THE SISTERS OF ALBANO.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FRANKENSTEIN.

It was to see this beautiful lake that I made my last excursion before quitting Rome. The spring had nearly grown into summer, the trees were all in full but fresh green foliage, the vine-dresser was singing, perched among them, training his vines; the cicala had not yet begun her song, the heats therefore had not commenced; but at evening the fireflies gleamed among the hills, and the cooing azilo assured us of what in that country needs no assurance, fine weather for the morrow. We set out early in the morning to avoid the heats, breakfasted at Albano, and till ten o'clock passed our time in visiting the Mosaic, the villa of Cicero, and other curiosities of the place. We reposed during the middle of the day in a tent elevated for us at the hilltop, whence we looked on the hill-embosomed lake, and the distant eminence crowned by a town with its church. Other villages and cottages were scattered among the foldings of mountains, and beyond we saw the deep blue sea of the southern poets, which received the swift and immortal Tiber, rocking it to repose among its

devouring waves. The Coliseum falls and the Pantheon decays—the very hills of Rome are perishing, but the Tiber lives for ever, flows for ever, and for ever feeds the land-encircling Mediterranean with fresh waters.

Our summer and pleasure-seeking party consisted of many: to me the most interesting person was the Countess Atanasia D——, who was as beautiful as an imagination of Raphael, and good as the ideal of a poet. Two of her children accompanied her, with animated looks and gentle manners, quiet, yet enjoying. I sat near her, watching the changing shadows of the landscape before us. As the sun descended, it poured a tide of light into the valley of the lake, deluging the deep bank formed by the mountain with liquid gold. The domes and turrets of the far town flashed and gleamed, the trees were dyed in splendor; two or three slight clouds, which had drunk the radiance till it became their essence, floated golden islets in the lustrous empyrean. The waters, reflecting the brilliancy of the sky and the fire-tinted banks, beamed a second heaven, a second irradiated earth, at our feet. The Mediterranean gazing on the sun—as the eyes of a mortal bride fail and are dimmed when reflecting her lover's glance—was lost, mixed in his light, till it had become one with him. Long (our souls, like the sea, the hills and lake, drinking in the supreme loveliness) we gazed, till the too-full cup overflowed, and we turned away with a sigh.

At our feet there was a knoll of ground, that formed the foreground of our picture; two trees lay basking against the sky, glittering with the golden light, which like dew seemed to hang amid their branches—a rock closed the prospect on the other side, twined round by creepers, and

redolent with blooming myrtle—a brook crossed by huge stones gushed through the turf, and on the fragments of rock that lay about, sat two or three persons, peasants, who attracted our attention. One was a hunter, as his gun, lying on a bank not far off, demonstrated; yet he was a tiller of the soil; his rough straw hat, and his picturesque but coarse dress belonged to that class. The other was some contadina, in the costume of her country, returning, her basket on her arm, from the village to her cottage home. They were regarding the stores of a peddler, who with doffed hat stood near: some of these consisted of pictures and prints—views of the country, and portraits of the Madonna. Our peasants regarded these with pleased attention.

"One might easily make out a story for the pair," I said: "his gun is a help to the imagination, and we may fancy him a bandit with his contadina love, the terror of all the neighborhood, except of her, the most defenceless being in it."

"You speak lightly of such a combination," said the lovely Countess at my side, "as if it must not in its nature be the cause of dreadful tragedies. The mingling of love with crime is a dread conjunction, and lawless pursuits are never followed without bringing on the criminal, and all allied to him, ineffable misery. I speak with emotion, for your observation reminds me of an unfortunate girl, now one of the Sisters of Charity in the convent of Santa Chiara at Rome, whose unhappy passion for a man, such as you mention, spread destruction and sorrow widely around her."

I entreated my lovely friend to relate the history of the nun. For a long time she resisted my entreaties, as not

willing to depress the spirit of a party of pleasure by a tale of sorrow. But I urged her, and she yielded. Her sweet Italian phraseology now rings in my ears, and her beautiful countenance is before me. As she spoke the sun set, and the moon bent her silver horn in the ebbing tide of glory he had left. The lake changed from purple to silver, and the trees, before so splendid, now in dark masses, just reflected from their tops the mild moonlight. The fireflies flashed among the rocks ; the bats circled round us ; meanwhile thus commenced the Countess Atanasia :

The nun of whom I speak had a sister older than herself ; I can remember them when as children they brought eggs and fruit to my father's villa. Maria and Anina were constantly together. With their large straw hats to shield them from the scorching sun, they were at work in their father's podere all day, and in the evening when Maria, who was the elder by four years, went to the fountain for water, Anina ran at her side. Their cot—the folding of the hill conceals it—is at the lake side opposite ; and about a quarter of a mile up the hill is the rustic fountain of which I speak. Maria was serious, gentle, and considerate ; Anina was a laughing, merry little creature, with the face of a cherub. When Maria was fifteen, their mother fell ill, and was nursed at the convent of Santa Chiara at Rome. Maria attended her, never leaving her bedside day or night. The nuns thought her an angel, she deemed them saints ; her mother died, and they persuaded her to make one of them ; her father could not but acquiesce in her holy intention, and she became one of the Sisters of Charity, the nun-nurses of Santa Chiara. Once or twice a year, she visited her home, gave sage and kind advice to

Anina, and sometimes wept to part from her ; but her piety and her active employments for the sick reconciled her to her fate. Anina was more sorry to lose her sister's society. The other girls of the village did not please her ; she was a good child, and worked hard for her father, and her sweetest recompense was the report he made of her to Maria, and the fond praises and caresses the latter bestowed on her when they met.

It was not until she was fifteen that Anina showed any diminution of affection for her sister. Yet I cannot call it diminution, for she loved her perhaps more than ever, though her holy calling and sage lectures prevented her from reposing confidence, and made her tremble lest the nun, devoted to heaven and good works, should read in her eyes, and disapprove of the earthly passion that occupied her. Perhaps a part of her reluctance arose from the reports that were current against her lover's character, and certainly from the disapprobation and even hatred of him that her father frequently expressed. Ill-fated Anina ! I know not if in the north your peasants love as ours ; but the passion of Anina was entwined with the roots of her being, it was herself : she could die, but not cease to love. The dislike of her father for Domenico made their intercourse clandestine. He was always at the fountain to fill her pitcher, and lift it on her head. He attended the same mass ; and when her father went to Albano, Velletri, or Rome, he seemed to learn by instinct the exact moment of his departure, and joined her in the *podere*, laboring with her and for her, till the old man was seen descending the mountain-path on his return. He said he worked for a contadino near Nemi. Anina sometimes wondered that

he could spare so much time for her; but his excuses were plausible, and the result too delightful not to blind the innocent girl to its obvious cause.

Poor Domenico! the reports spread against him were too well founded: his sole excuse was that his father had been a robber before him, and he had spent his early years among these lawless men. He had better things in his nature, and yearned for the peace of the guiltless. Yet he could hardly be called guilty, for no dread crime stained him; nevertheless, he was an outlaw and a bandit, and now that he loved Anina these names were the stings of an adder to pierce his soul. He would have fled fom his comrades to a far country, but Anina dwelt amid their very haunts. At this period also, the police established by the French government, which then possessed Rome, made these bands more alive to the conduct of their members, and rumors of active measures to be taken against those who occupied the hills near Albano, Nemi, and Velletri, caused them to draw together in tighter bonds. Domenico would not, if he could, desert his friends in the hour of danger.

On a *festa* at this time—it was towards the end of October—Anina strolled with her father among the villagers, who all over Italy make holiday by congregating and walking in one place. Their talk was entirely of the *laddri* and the French, and many terrible stories were related of the extirpation of banditti in the kingdom of Naples, and the mode by which the French succeeded in their undertaking was minutely described. The troops scoured the country, visiting one haunt of the robbers after the other, and dislodging them tracked them, as in those countries

they hunt the wild beasts of the forest, till drawing the circle narrower, they enclosed them in one spot. They then drew a cordon round the place, which they guarded with the utmost vigilance, forbidding any to enter it with provisions on pain of instant death. And as this menace was rigorously executed, in a short time the besieged bandits were starved into a surrender. The French troops were now daily expected, for they had been seen at Velletri and Nemi; at the same time it was affirmed that several outlaws had taken up their abode at Rocca Giovane, a deserted village on the summit of one of these hills, and it was supposed that they would make that place the scene of their final retreat.

The next day, as Anina worked in the *podere*, a party of French horse passed by along the road that separated her garden from the lake. Curiosity made her look at them; and her beauty was too great not to attract: their observations and addresses soon drove her away—for a woman in love consecrates herself to her lover, and deems the admiration of others to be profanation. She spoke to her father of the impertinence of these men, and he answered by rejoicing at their arrival, and the destruction of the lawless bands that would ensue. When, in the evening, Anina went to the fountain, she looked timidly around, and hoped that Domenico would be at his accustomed post, for the arrival of the French destroyed her feeling of security. She went rather later than usual, and a cloudy evening made it seem already dark; the wind roared among the trees, bending hither and thither even the stately cypresses; the waters of the lake were agitated into high waves, and dark masses of thunder-cloud lowered over the hill-tops,

giving a lurid tinge to the landscape. Anina passed quickly up the mountain path; when she came in sight of the fountain, which was rudely hewn in the living rock, she saw Domenico leaning against a projection of the hill, his hat drawn over his eyes, his *tabaro* fallen from his shoulders, his arms folded in an attitude of dejection. He started when he saw her; his voice and phrases were broken and unconnected; yet he never gazed on her with such ardent love, nor solicited her to delay her departure with such impassionate tenderness.

"How glad I am to find you here!" she said; "I was fearful of meeting one of the French soldiers: I dread them even more than the banditti."

Domenico cast a look of eager inquiry on her, and then turned away saying, "Sorry am I that I shall not be here to protect you. I am obliged to go to Rome for a week or two. You will be faithful, Anina mia; you will love me though I never see you more?"

The interview under these circumstances, was longer than usual; he led her down the path till they nearly came in sight of the cottage; still they lingered; a low whistle was heard among the myrtle underwood at the lake side; he started; it was repeated, and he answered it by a similar note; Anina, terrified, was about to ask what this meant, when, for the first time, he pressed her to his heart, kissed her roseate lips, and with a muttered "Carissima addio," left her, springing down the bank; and as she gazed in wonder, she thought she saw a boat cross a line of light made by the opening of a cloud. She stood long absorbed in reverie, wondering and remembering with thrilling pleasure the quick embrace and impassioned

farewell of her lover. She delayed so long that her father came to seek her.

Each evening after this, Anina visited the fountain at the Ave Maria; he was not there; each day seemed an age; and incomprehensible fears occupied her heart. About a fortnight after, letters arrived from Maria. They came to say that she had been ill of the malaria fever, that she was now convalescent, but that change of air was necessary for her recovery, and that she had obtained leave to spend a month at home at Albano. She asked her father to come the next day to fetch her. These were pleasant tidings for Anina; she resolved to disclose every thing to her sister, and during her long visit she doubted not but that she would contrive her happiness. Old Andrea departed the following morning, and the whole day was spent by the sweet girl in dreams of future bliss. In the evening Maria arrived, weak and wan, with all the marks of that dread illness about her; yet, as she assured her sister, feeling quite well.

As they sat at their frugal supper, several villagers came in to inquire for Maria; but all their talk was of the French soldiers and the robbers, of whom a band of at least twenty was collected in Rocca Giovane, strictly watched by the military.

"We may be grateful to the French," said Andrea, "for this good deed: the country will be rid of these ruffians."

"True, friend," said another; "but it is horrible to think what these men suffer; they have, it appears, exhausted all the food they brought with them to the village, and are literally starving. They have not an ounce of

maccaroni among them ; and a poor fellow, who was taken and executed yesterday, was a mere anatomy ; you could tell every bone in his skin."

"There was a sad story the other day," said another, "of an old man from Nemi, whose son, they say, is among them at Rocca Giovane ; he was found within the lines with some *baccala* under his *pastrano*, and shot on the spot."

"There is not a more desperate gang," observed the first speaker, "in the states and the regno put together. They have sworn never to yield but on good terms : to secure these, their plan is to waylay passengers and make prisoners, whom they keep as hostages for mild treatment from the government. But the French are merciless : they are better pleased that the bandits wreak their vengeance on these poor creatures than spare one of their lives."

"They have captured two persons already," said another ; "and there is old Betta Tossi half frantic, for she is sure her son is taken : he has not been at home these ten days."

"I should rather guess," said an old man, "that he went there with good will : the young scapegrace kept company with Domenico Baldi of Nemi."

"No worse company could he have kept in the whole country," said Andrea ; "Domenico is the bad son of a bad race. Is he in the village with the rest ?"

"My own eyes assured me of that," replied the other. "When I was up the hill with eggs and fowls to the piquette there, I saw the branches of an ilex move ; the poor fellow was weak perhaps, and could not keep his hold ; presently he dropped to the ground ; every musket was

levelled at him, but he started up and was away like a hare among the rocks. Once he turned, and then I saw Domenico as plainly, though thinner, poor lad, by, much than he was, as plainly, as I now see—Santa Virgine ! what is the matter with Nina ? "

She had fainted ; the company broke up, and she was left to her sister's care. When the poor child came to herself she was fully aware of her situation, and said nothing, except expressing a wish to retire to rest. Maria was in high spirits at the prospect of her long holiday at home, but the illness of her sister made her refrain from talking that night, and blessing her, as she said good night, she soon slept. Domenico starving !—Domenico trying to escape and dying through hunger, was the vision of horror that wholly possessed poor Anina. At another time, the discovery that her lover was a robber might have inflicted pangs as keen as those which she now felt ; but this, at present, made a faint impression, obscured by worse wretchedness. Maria was in a deep and tranquil sleep. Anina rose, dressed herself silently, and crept down stairs. She stored her market-basket with what food there was in the house, and unlatching the cottage-door issued forth, resolved to reach Rocca Giovane, and to administer to her lover's dreadful wants. The night was dark, but this was favorable, for she knew every path and turn of the hills ; every bush and knoll of ground between her home and the deserted village which occupies the summit of that hill : you may see the dark outline of some of its houses about two hours' walk from her cottage. The night was dark, but still ; the libeccio brought the clouds below the mountain-tops, and veiled the horizon in mist ; not a leaf stirred ;

her footsteps sounded loud in her ears, but resolution overcame fear. She had entered yon ilex grove ; her spirits rose with her success, when suddenly she was challenged by a sentinel ; no time for escape ; fear chilled her blood ; her basket dropped from her arm ; its contents rolled out on the ground ; the soldier fired his gun and brought several others round him ; she was made prisoner.

In the morning, when Maria awoke, she missed her sister from her side. I have overslept myself, she thought, and Nina would not disturb me. But when she came down stairs and met her father, and Anina did not appear, they began to wonder. She was not in the *podere;* two hours passed, and then Andrea went to seek her. Entering the near village, he saw the contadini crowding together, and a stifled exclamation of "Ecco il padre!" told him that some evil had betided. His first impression was that his daughter was drowned ; but the truth, that she had been taken by the French carrying provisions within the forbidden line, was still more terrible. He returned in frantic desperation to his cottage, first to acquaint Maria with what had happened, and then to ascend the hill to save his child from her impending fate. Maria heard his tale with horror ; but an hospital is a school in which to learn self-possession and presence of mind. "Do you remain, my father," she said ; "I will go. My holy character will awe these men, my tears move them ; trust me, I swear that I will save my sister." Andrea yielded to her superior courage and energy.

The nuns of Santa Chiara when out of their convent do not usually wear their monastic habit, but dress simply in a black gown. Maria had, however, brought her nun's

habiliments with her, and thinking thus to impress the soldiers with respect, she now put it on. She received her father's benediction, and asking that of the Virgin and the saints, she departed on her expedition. Ascending the hill, she was soon stopped by the sentinels. She asked to see their commanding officer, and being conducted to him, she announced herself as the sister of the unfortunate girl who had been captured the night before. The officer, who had received her with carelessness, now changed countenance; his serious look frightened Maria, who clasped her hands exclaiming, "You have not injured the child! she is safe?"

"She is safe—now," he replied with hesitation; "but there is no hope of pardon."

"Holy Virgin have mercy on her! what will be done to her?"

"I have received strict orders; in two hours she dies."

"No! no!" exclaimed Maria impetuously, "that cannot be! you cannot be so wicked as to murder a child like her."

"She is old enough, madame," said the officer, "to know that she ought not to disobey orders; mine are so strict that were she but nine years old she dies."

These terrible words stung Maria to fresh resolution: she entreated for mercy; she knelt; she vowed that she would not depart without her sister; she appealed to heaven and the saints. The officer, though cold-hearted, was good-natured and courteous, and he assured her with the utmost gentleness that her supplications were of no avail; that were the criminal his own daughter he must enforce his orders. As a sole concession, he permitted her to see her sister. Despair inspired the nun with energy; she al-

most ran up the hill, out-speeding her guide; they crossed the folding of the hills to a little sheep-cot, where sentinels paraded before the door. There was no glass to the windows, so the shutters were shut, and when Maria first went in from the bright daylight she hardly saw the slight figure of her sister leaning against the wall, her dark hair fallen below her waist, her head sunk on her bosom, over which her arms were folded. She started wildly as the door opened, saw her sister, and sprung with a piercing shriek into her arms.

They were left alone together: Anina uttered a thousand frantic exclamations, beseeching her sister to save her, and shuddering at the near approach of her fate. Maria had felt herself, since their mother's death, the natural protectress and support of her sister, and she never deemed herself so called on to fulfil this character as now that the trembling girl clasped her neck; her tears falling on her cheeks, and her choked voice entreating her to save her. The thought—O could I suffer instead of you!—was in her heart, and she was about to express it, when it suggested another idea, on which she was resolved to act. First she soothed Anina by her promises, then glanced round the cot; they were quite alone: she went to the window, and through a crevice saw the soldiers conversing at some distance. "Yes, dearest sister," she cried, "I will —I can save you—quick—we must change dresses—there is no time to be lost!—you must escape in my habit.

"And you remain to die?"

"They dare not murder the innocent, a nun! Fear not for me—I am safe."

Anina easily yielded to her sister, but her fingers

trembled; every string she touched she entangled. Maria was perfectly self-possessed, pale, but calm. She tied up her sister's long hair, and adjusted her veil over it so as to conceal it; she unlaced her bodice, and arranged the folds of her own habit on her with the greatest care—then more hastily she assumed the dress of her sister, putting on, after a lapse of many years, her native contadina costume. Anina stood by, weeping and helpless, hardly hearing her sister's injunctions to return speedily to their father, and under his guidance to seek sanctuary. The guard now opened the door. Anina clung to her sister in terror, while she, in soothing tones, entreated her to calm herself.

The soldier said they must delay no longer, for the priest had arrived to confess the prisoner.

To Anina the idea of confession associated with death was terrible; to Maria it brought hope. She whispered, in a smothered voice, "The priest will protect me—fear not—hasten to our father!"

Anina almost mechanically obeyed; weeping, with her handkerchief placed unaffectedly before her face, she passed the soldiers; they closed the door on the prisoner, who hastened to the window, and saw her sister descend the hill with tottering steps, till she was lost behind some rising ground. The nun fell on her knees, cold dew bathed her brow, instinctively she feared: the French had shown small respect for the monastic character; they destroyed the convents and desecrated the churches. Would they be merciful to her, and spare the innocent! Alas! was not Anina innocent also? Her sole crime had been disobeying an arbitrary command, and she had done the same.

"Courage!" cried Maria; "perhaps I am fitter to die

than my sister is. Gesu, pardon me my sins, but I do not believe that I shall outlive this day!"

In the mean time Anina descended the hill slowly and tremblingly. She feared discovery—she feared for her sister—and above all at the present moment, she feared the reproaches and anger of her father. By dwelling on this last idea, it became exaggerated into excessive terror, and she determined, instead of returning to her home, to make a circuit among the hills, to find her way by herself to Albano, where she trusted to find protection from her pastor and confessor. She avoided the open paths, and following rather the direction she wished to pursue than any beaten road, she passed along nearer to Rocca Giovane than she anticipated. She looked up at its ruined houses and bell-less steeple, straining her eyes to catch a glimpse of him, the author of all her ills. A low but distinct whistle reached her ear, not far off; she started—she remembered that on the night when she last saw Domenico a note like that had called him from her side; the sound was echoed and re-echoed from other quarters; she stood aghast, her bosom heaving, her hands clasped. First she saw a dark and ragged head of hair, shadowing two fiercely gleaming eyes, rise from beneath a bush. She screamed, but before she could repeat her scream three men leapt from behind a rock, secured her arms, threw a cloth over her face, and hurried her up the acclivity. Their talk, as she went along, informed her of the horror and danger of her situation.

Pity, they said, that the holy father and some of his red stockings did not command the troops: with a nun in their hands, they might obtain any terms. Coarse jests passed

as they dragged their victim towards their ruined village. The paving of the street told her when they arrived at Rocca Giovane, and the change of atmosphere that they entered a house. They unbandaged her eyes: the scene was squalid and miserable, the walls ragged and black with smoke, the floor strewn with offals and dirt; a rude table and broken bench was all the furniture; and the leaves of Indian corn, heaped high in one corner, served, it seemed, for a bed, for a man lay on it, his head buried in his folded arms. Anina looked round on her savage hosts: their countenances expressed every variety of brutal ferocity, now rendered more dreadful from gaunt famine and suffering.

"O there is none who will save me!" she cried. The voice startled the man who was lying on the floor; he leapt up—it was Domenico: Domenico, so changed, with sunk cheeks and eyes, matted hair, and looks whose wildness and desperation differed little from the dark countenances around him. Could this be her lover? His recognition and surprise at her dress led to an explanation. When the robbers first heard that their prey was no prize, they were mortified and angry; but when she related the danger she had incurred by endeavoring to bring them food, they swore with horrid oaths that no harm should befall her, but that if she liked she might make one of them in all honor and equality. The innocent girl shuddered. "Let me go," she cried; "let me only escape and hide myself in a convent for ever."

Domenico looked at her in agony. "Yes, poor child," he said; "go, save yourself: God grant no evil befall you; the ruin is too wide already." Then turning eagerly to his comrades, he continued—"You hear her story. She was

to have been shot for bringing food to us: her sister has substituted herself in her place. We know the French; one victim is to them as good as another: Maria dies in their hands. Let us save her. Our time is up; we must fall like men, or starve like dogs: we have still ammunition, still some strength left. To arms! let us rush on the poltroons, free their prisoner, and escape or die!"

They needed but an impulse like this to urge the outlaws to desperate resolves. They prepared their arms with looks of ferocious determination. Domenico, meanwhile, led Anina out of the house, to the verge of the hill, inquiring whither she intended to go. On her saying to Albano, he observed, "That were hardly safe; be guided by me, I entreat you: take these piastres, hire the first conveyance you find, hasten to Rome, to the convent of Santa Chiara; for pity's sake, do not linger in this neighborhood."

"I will obey your injunctions, Domenico," she replied, "but I cannot take your money, it has cost you too dear: fear not, I shall arrive safely at Rome without that ill-fated silver."

Domenico's comrades now called loudly to him; he had no time to urge his request; he threw the despised dollars at her feet.

"Nina, adieu for ever," he said; "may you love again more happily!"

"Never!" she replied. "God has saved me in this dress; it were sacrilege to change it; I shall never quit Santa Chiara."

Domenico had led her a part of the way down the rock; his comrades appeared at the top, calling to him.

"Gesu save you!" cried he; "reach the convent. Maria shall join you there before night. Farewell!" he hastily kissed her hand, and sprang up the acclivity to rejoin his impatient friends.

The unfortunate Andrea had waited long for the return of his children. The leafless trees and bright clear atmosphere permitted every object to be visible, but he saw no trace of them on the hillside; the shadows of the dial showed noon to be past, when, with uncontrollable impatience, he began to climb the hill, towards the spot where Anina had been taken. The path he pursued was in part the same that this unhappy girl had taken on her way to Rome. The father and daughter met; the old man saw the nun's dress, and saw her unaccompanied; she covered her face with her hands in a transport of fear and shame; but when, mistaking her for Maria, he asked in a tone of anguish for his youngest darling, her arms fell; she dared not raise her eyes, which streamed with tears.

"Unhappy girl!" exclaimed Andrea, "where is your sister?"

She pointed to the cottage prison, now discernible near the summit of a steep acclivity. "She is safe," she replied; "she saved me, but they dare not murder her."

"Heaven bless her for this good deed!" exclaimed the old man fervently; "but you hasten on your way, and I will go in search of her."

Each proceeded on an opposite path. The old man wound up the hill, now in view, and now losing sight of the hut where his child was captive: he was aged, and the way was steep. Once, when the closing of the hill hid the point towards which he for ever strained his eyes, a single shot

was fired in that direction; his staff fell from his hands, his knees trembled and failed him ; several minutes of dead silence elapsed before he recovered himself sufficiently to proceed. Full of fears he went on, and at the next turn saw the cot again. A party of soldiers were on the open space before it, drawn up in a line as if expecting an attack. In a few moments from above them shots were fired, which they returned, and the whole was enveloped and veiled in smoke. Still Andrea climbed the hill, eager to discover what had become of his child : the firing continued quick and hot. Now and then, in the pauses of musketry and the answering echoes of the mountains, he heard a funeral chant ; presently, before he was aware, at the turning of the hill, he met a company of priests and contadini, carrying a large cross and a bier. The miserable father rushed forward with frantic impatience ; the awe-struck peasants set down their load—the face was uncovered, and the wretched man fell lifeless on the corpse of his murdered child.

The Countess Atanasia paused, overcome by the emotions inspired by the history she related. A long pause ensued : at length one of the party observed, " Maria, then, was the sacrifice to her goodness."

" The French," said the Countess, " did not venerate her holy vocation ; one peasant girl to them was the same as another. The immolation of any victim suited their purpose of awe-striking the peasantry. Scarcely, however, had the shot entered her heart, and her blameless spirit been received by the saints in Paradise, when Domenico and his followers rushed down the hill to avenge her and themselves. The contest was furious and bloody ; twenty

French soldiers fell, and not one of the banditti escaped; Domenico, the foremost of the assailants, being the first to fall."

I asked, "And where are now Anina and her father?"

"You may see them, if you will," said the Countess, "on your return to Rome. She is a nun of Santa Chiara. Constant acts of benevolence and piety have inspired her with calm and resignation. Her prayers are daily put up for Domenico's soul, and she hopes, through the intercession of the Virgin, to rejoin him in the other world.

"Andrea is very old; he has outlived the memory of his sufferings; but he derives comfort from the filial attentions of his surviving daughter. But when I look at his cottage on this lake, and remember the happy laughing face of Anina among the vines, I shudder at the recollection of the passion that has made her cheeks pale, her thoughts for ever conversant with death, her only wish to find repose in the grave."

FLORENCE HOWARD;

OR, TWO DAYS IN A LIFE.

BY MRS. WALKER.

"Look on this picture, and on this."
SHAKSPEARE.

THE experience of most persons will attest that it is not the events of months, or even weeks, which govern the character of their lives; but rather, that they take their hue of good or evil from the action of days, often of hours. Who, when memory rushes over the records of the past, does not seize on some brief yet special points in time, which seemed like the landmarks of destiny to conduct him to the goal of weal or woe!

The story which I am about to narrate is one of the instances where life might be said to be divided into two days, concentrating in the one the essence of earthly happiness, in the other that of misery.

Florence Howard was the only daughter and heiress of one of the richest and noblest of the aristocracy in ——shire. That beauty which in this country so pre-eminently, I had almost said exclusively, belongs to high birth, had, in a very remarkable manner, been bestowed upon her. A

The Young H[illegible]

small, exquisitely-shaped head, fair, ample brow, and large, deep blue eye ; a complexion with the smoothness and faint blush of early infancy ; an unusual quantity, for an Englishwoman, of the brightest of chestnut hair ; and a form which Canova might have taken for the model of his Venus, so luxuriously yet delicately was it moulded ; were the claims which she advanced to that supremacy in loveliness which the men eargely demanded for her, and which even her own sex conceded, without attempt at disputation.

Nor was she only in external semblance perfect. Of as rare a quality were her heart and mind. So essentially gentle, almost humble, was she, so unelated by the extrinsic advantages surrounding her, so warm and generous in every impulse, so noble in conception, so utterly unsullied by any, the slightest, admixture of meanness or deception, that they who had the best opportunity of observing her, could but regret that a nature so finely wrought should be given to one of earth's denizens, doomed, as all are, to perpetual collision in their sojourn here with the grovelling and the base.

Her intellect only required exercise for its development, to have won admiration for its grasp and power. It need not be said that, with all these attractions, the hand of Florence was the object of anxious rivalry among many competitors. Too much beloved by her mother, her only surviving parent, to sway her in her inclinations, she was left to the full indulgence of her own taste in the selection of the object on whom to bestow her affections, and she was precisely the most improper person to be trusted with so hazardous a responsibility. Undoubting of evil, over-

flowing with all that ardor, one of youth's most beautiful characteristics, which confides with fond and earnest trustfulness in the excellence of mankind, she was ever ready to be the dupe, as it were, of her own perfections, by investing others with those attributes of virtue which she herself possessed. She had read of grief and crime with sceptical incredulity. Living in an atmosphere of unclouded joy, which had never been dimmed by the presence of pain or sorrow, the tales which occasionally reached her of the existence and consequence of sin in the world without, appeared but as the exaggeration of fable or the distortions of malice. Such was Florence Howard when I was first introduced to her. A few weeks afterwards, the busy tongue of rumor informed me that she had at length smiled on the homage of one of her worshippers, and was the affianced bride of Sir Loftus Fitzgerald. The courtship and preliminaries having been arranged at Vienna, little was known in the neighborhood of the merits or defects of her betrothed husband, beyond the fact that he was the scion of a noble Irish family, and not overburdened with the gifts of fortune. They, however, who had seen him, represented him as being equal in personal endowments to Florence herself, combined with manners the most dazzling to a creature of her temperament—reserved and cold to others; to her soft and conciliating in the highest degree. It was determined that her nuptials should be solemnized on the day that she attained her majority, now but a short period distant.

Those persons who have lived in a country village, must be quite cognizant of the "note of preparation" heard on every side, when any of the principal inhabitants

are about to perform that most serious act in life's drama —marriage. It will, therefore, be readily conceived what activity, what excitement, what joyous yet restless anxiety, reigned in every house and cottage, when it was formally announced that the star of the county, the idol of her tenantry, and the richest heiress within a hundred miles, had fixed the day for plighting her faith, and stamping with the changeless fiat of bliss or sorrow the remainder of her life. I recur to the time, and it seems as if I could now see the eager, important-looking faces of the villagers, hurrying to and from Howard Park to their dwellings, all accessory in some way or other to the approaching festivities, and each deriving individual though temporary consequence from their connection with it. Cattle were to be fattened for slaughter, trees to be felled for bonfires, all the gardens for miles round to be laid under contribution to furnish garlands for the occasion. These and a thousand other employments gave to the quiet village of Woodfield all the stir and merriment of a country town on the eve of an election, without its defacing adjuncts of brawling and intoxication.

The eventful day at last dawned, and the heavens could not have worn a lovelier aspect, or earth shown a fairer surface. The season, June, was rich in the full flush of summer luxuriance; the air had that clear, transparent buoyancy which, not often breathed in our climate, is felt by us, when it is bestowed, as so very a blessing, that the spirits of all are involuntarily elevated. Every breeze inhaled came loaded with such excess of fragrance from the ten thousand blossoms waving around, that it had been oppressive, but for the singular freshness mingled with it

The sun lighted up every nook of the wide-spreading forest which skirted Howard Park; and never did its glory shine on so matchless a specimen of Nature's workmanship as the heroine of the day, the heiress and the bride. That woman must be plain, indeed, if, arrayed by the hands of a "*Devy*," with the delicate auxiliaries of Brussels lace and white satin, added to the adventitious charm associated with her position, who does not dress into a pretty bride at twenty-one. How, then, did Florence appear? I actually started as if I had seen some fairy creature as I beheld her. With the simplicity and piety of her character, she refused to be married by special license in her own drawing-room, preferring to come to that altar where, in infancy and youth, she had performed the rites of religion, and there, in the sight of God and man, record her vows of allegiance to the husband of her choice. The peasants, who had probably never gazed upon so costly a toilette, surveyed her with astonishment; and, when she lifted the bridal veil, and gave her young cherub face to view, forgetting the solemnity of the place, they burst into loud, undisguised admiration. She uttered the responses clearly and firmly; and I almost fancy I can still hear that low, sweet voice, which, even in its gayest tones, had a touch of sadness in it. She looked radiant with happiness; yet, when Sir Loftus placed the ring on her finger, his hand was wet with the fast-falling tears which gushed from her eyes, and which even yet filled them, when we retired to the vestry; and this gave rise to a remark from him, which, though spoken playfully, grated on my ears with peculiar harshness.

"I hate to see women cry—even you, Florence; I can

scarcely stand it!" were the first words breathed by the bridegroom to his bride. I confess it cost me a struggle with temper to avoid some comment on so abrupt a speech. She, true to her meek and loving nature, hastily wiped away her tears without reply. But with woman's unerring tact, having observed the effect which the little circumstance had made on me, she whispered, "Why do you not scold me for crying? it seems ungrateful to Providence, when I am so very, very happy!"

We returned from the church to her home over a path literally strewn with flowers. The peasants, in their best attire, lined each side of the road, and poured forth warm and hearty blessings on her as she passed. And well did she merit their prayers and benisons, for there was not a cottage on her estate that she had not personally visited; nor from any had the cry of pain or sorrow ever appealed in vain. A *fête champêtre*, in a style of magnificence commensurate with the occasion, was given at the park; and, so universally beloved was she, that I do not think the hateful taunt of envy mingled with one of the congratulations offered by her assembled guests.

It is rarely given to man or woman to live a day of such unalloyed felicity. The wife of the man she fondly loved, the mistress of enormous wealth, the idolized child of a doting mother, life lay before her, in imagination, one line of unbroken sunshine. Her pure, warm heart, full of gladness, communicated a portion of its intense happiness to all who approached. The old became younger as she drew near—the sad, gay. Even while I write, I fancy I can again hear her clear, musical laugh, as she flung back he shower of roses which her juvenile companions, in play-

ful frolic, crowned her with. Their blushing leaves looked pale by her cheek, which the excitement of the day had tinted with the deepest glow, and which the long auburn ringlets, sweeping over and descending nearly to her waist, could not quite conceal.

Never did I see human happiness so beautifully and vividly depicted as in the face of Florence Howard on that her wedding-day. The radiant yet sportive expression, the entire abandonment of the soul to the bliss of the moment, the concentrated look of full and perfect content, all spoke the felicitous harmony which reigned within.

But I must not linger over this period. The breakfast was finished, the travelling carriage at the door; and, amid the tears of many—the blessings of all—she set out for Milan.

It was early in the morning of a dark winter's day; the ground was covered with snow, which fell thick and fast; and the streets of Paris were almost utterly deserted. Uncongenial as the weather was, a lady, whose delicacy of appearance seemed ill able to combat with the elements, was yet seen hurrying along. She held in her arms a little girl about two years of age, while a fine boy a year older clung to her hand. She bent her steps to the *Poste restante*, and inquired in an eager voice for letters. The mail from England was not yet ready for delivery, and she retraced her path to the Rue des Lombards, and entered a house where she occupied a small apartment. The room was meanly furnished, destitute of every accessory of luxury, deficient almost in those of comfort and necessity One article only, quite out of keeping with the rest of the

appointments, struck the eye · it was the picture of a gentleman, admirably painted, in an elaborately embossed gold frame, suspended over the fireplace ; on it the gaze of the lady instantly fixed itself.

"No letter yet ! and I must bear another intolerable hour of suspense and agony ! God give me strength to endure this wretchedness, and keep my mind from frenzy ! Oh, Loftus ! Loftus ! in mercy write to me !" And in an attitude of wild supplication, she flung herself before the picture, while the hoarse, choking sob of anguish convulsed her frame. The children gazed on her with that affecting look of earnest wonder and scrutiny with which infancy ever beholds any violent exhibition of suffering. The little girl, flinging her tiny arms around her mother's neck, lisped in broken accents, "Oh, dear mamma, do not cry so—papa will be sure to come. He has promised little Florence a doll from England, and papa must not tell a story, must he, my own mamma ?"

"No, sweet child, he ought not—he will not. Loftus, dear boy, what hour did the church clock chime last ? My head is so giddy I cannot count the time."

"It was nine, mamma."

"Then the letters must now be ready." And she again hurried with her children to the post-office. This time her application was successful. She received a large packet of letters, tore them open with frantic impatience, read them, staggered a few paces forward, and, with one loud, piercing shriek, fell senseless to the ground.

I was sitting in the apartments which I occupied in the *Hotel Meurice*, in Paris, when the *garçon* came bustling

into the room, to tell me that an English lady, as her dress and *contour* indicated, had fallen in a fit in the street. I waited not to ask particulars, but hastened forth. When I reached the spot, I found that she had been conveyed to a neighboring surgeon's, still in a state of stupor. I followed. Those about her were using stimulants to restore her to consciousness. Oh that return of consciousness! to the wretched how awful is it! For a while we refused to believe in this new calamity; we would fain force back the dial of time, and make it point where it did only one little hour ago: then we strive to wrestle with the weight that has fallen like an avalanche on the mind; we seek to hurl it from us—to walk again in peace and freedom: vain effort! The fiat has gone forth for us to suffer, and, though every heartstring may quiver with agony in the conflict, we cannot flee from the encounter.

Branded in ineffaceable characters on my own brain is the image of that poor young creature, as I entered the shop; she was slowly recovering, seated on a low stool, her body rocking backward and forward with dull, monotonous movements. She opened her eyes and looked about with a quick, restless glance, which had all the glare of delirium without its vacant apathy. She shed no tears; but a gasp, between a sob and a groan, occasionally heaved her bosom, and disturbed the muscles around her small exquisitely-chiselled mouth. One hand was pressed tightly against her forehead; in the other, the letters she had received were firmly clenched, and the surgeon informed me that she had grasped them with unrelaxing tenacity, during the whole time of her swoon. We were thus left in ignorance of the origin of that earthquake of passion, be-

neath whose throes she had sunk. That the shock had been mental there could be little doubt; and this, if possible, riveted more strongly the chain of interest which insensibly linked me to her. For what is the acutest bodily pain but a grain in the balance compared with the intolerable anguish of grief's colossal machinery, playing against the heart and brain? There is something to my feelings inexpressibly solemn in viewing any one stricken by a special visitation of Providence. I carry out my sympathy even to inanimate nature: I never look upon a tree scorched and shrivelled by the thunderbolt from on high, but my attention is imperatively arrested, my reflections become sad and serious. Its companions, perchance, are flourishing around, still revelling in the sunshine, still tossing their green heads to catch a kiss from every passing breeze, while it stands a blasted monument of the wrath of Heaven. But, when the victim selected for punishment is taken from my own order of intelligence, when I see a being before me like myself, far better, it may be, chosen out and smitten to the earth by the chastisement of Deity while I stand unscathed, my sensibilities are aroused—how keenly!—and my soul filled alike with mysterious wonder and humility. The fair creature before me, what had she done to be thus afflicted? Still in the early summer of existence, gladness should have filled her breast, bloom freshened on her cheek. Yet she lay before me, crushed and wan, with the succor of strangers only to support her from without, and a mine of exhaustless wretchedness within! Why was this? We cannot fathom the inscrutable purposes of the Omnipotent; be it ours to acquiesce in them, meekly and unre-

piningly, unquestioning their wisdom, confident in their mercy.

To still the passionate cries of the children on beholding the state of their mother, they had been taken up stairs, where the wife of the surgeon, with that ready humanity which French women possess in an eminent degree, was caressing them into silence. But their mother was now restored to perception, and with it came the evidence of their absence. With strength which, in contrast with her preceding feebleness, seemed supernatural, she sprang from her seat, pushed aside the persons who were bending over her, exclaiming, in a voice whose tone thrilled every one present, "My children! my children! where are they?" They were quickly placed in her arms, and an hysteric laugh of frightful gaiety greeted their appearance. She was now sufficiently recovered to be placed in a *fiacre*, and driven to her lodgings. The surgeon, whose interest in her was only less intense than my own, insisted on accompanying her; and I promised at his suggestion to visit her again in two hours.

I lounged in the interim to the Louvre, but in vain did the treasures of art present themselves to my eye; my every thought was preoccupied by remembrance of the scene I had witnessed. The form of the lovely, fragile sufferer was ever before me. It seemed, too, that her features were familiar. They haunted me like a dream of the past; but identity came not with the vision. One moment I fancied I had seen her in the Ionian isles, where my health had obliged me to pass the last four years, and from which I was returning, taking Paris *en route*. Then again she recalled the beautiful Lady Fitzgerald. But she it could

scarcely be, for though no accounts of her had reached me during my sojourn in Greece, still she was too fixed in position to associate, even in possibility, with the poor faded being I had lately seen. Yet it was strangely like her, and I almost regretted that I had obeyed the surgeon's order to retire into the inner shop during her resuscitation, as he was fearful lest the presence of so many strangers might exasperate her nervous excitement ; otherwise there would have been opportunity for mutual recognition. But it was chimerical to suppose this. It was doubtless one of those casual resemblances which sometimes come across us to perplex and baffle memory.

I returned to the surgeon's ; he had just arrived from Mrs. Gordon, for so he told me she was called. He gave a fearful report. She was externally calm and collected, but his experienced eye could detect, through the artificial trammels she had placed on her manner, the vehement struggle of the inner mind. He considered her tottering on the very verge of insanity. He urged me instantly to visit her, and offer the plea of my sex and country to induce her to confidence. I proceeded to her residence, and was admitted. At sight of the picture of Sir Loftus Fitzgerald, which hung over the chimney-piece, I literally stood aghast, for it all but determined my fears that it was indeed his wife whom I had recently seen.

I was not long in doubt. She entered from an adjoining room, looked at me with surprise and earnestness, called me by my name, and burst into tears. I did not attempt to stem the gush of feeling from which I hoped for relief to her overwrought brain. During its indulgence, I had full leisure to observe the almost miraculous havoc which four

years had wrought on her person. She was thin to attenuation; her hair was banded back, and showed her once fair, round cheek hollow and sunken; her large, lustrous eyes, by their size and brilliancy, seemed to make yet more conspicuous the ravages of suffering in the rest of her face. Her brow once smoother than the polished marble, ploughed by the furrows of care, was now defaced by wrinkles. Her figure, though its graceful symmetry nothing could destroy, retained but the outline of its former perfection. Even her hands, once so remarkable for their beauty, had lost their fair texture and delicate plumpness, and looked thin, feeble, and sickly. Her mouth only was that of other days—a model of expression and beauty.

The torrent of her sorrow at length found pause; and, well divining the anxiety which devoured me to learn what vicissitudes had brought thus lowly in station and broken in spirit, one whom I had last seen surrounded by grandeur, beaming with felicity, she murmured in a low, indistinct voice, "You must indeed wonder to see me thus. It is a long, wild story: will you listen to it? It is well that some one should be the depository of my wrongs; and I thank Heaven for the contingency that has brought you near me this day. The hour may not be far distant when my beloved children may want a protector." And she shuddered as she spoke. It is unnecessary to say with what eagerness and sincerity I offered my services, or with what variety of emotion I listened to the following narrative.

"I will endeavor to be brief and coherent: but my head is strangely confused. You know that immediately after my marriage, we proceeded to Milan. A few—a very few months elapsed before the conduct of Sir Loftus began

to change. All his love and devotion were gone, and succeeded by coldness and indifference. You know my temper is not violent—you will believe, therefore, that I bore the alteration uncomplainingly, though I was sick—how sick! —at heart. My station in society compelling me to be much in public, we were necessarily but little alone, and that little he abridged by every device in his power.

"This continued for a year. I became the mother of that boy. His unkindness amounting to inhumanity, during my illness, even my attendants commented on. Still I reproached him not: it is not invective that will restore affection. We left Milan, and took a *palazzo* at Naples; and here"—(and her whole frame was convulsed, and for a while she was unable to proceed), "here it was the abyss of that misery opened on me which has so utterly and fatally ingulfed me! There was a lady at Naples—Miss Lascelles; I thought her my friend; she was an old playmate, and I rejoiced to see her. She was with us constantly, and I was glad at the attention my husband paid her, for, poor fool that I was! I believed it indirect kindness to myself. But soon it became of such a nature, that it had been degrading to myself to witness it. Hours—days elapsed, and they were out alone together. Oh! how I shudder when I think what burning, maddening moments of torture I counted over! Passions, more fierce and devastating than the volcano near me, raged in my bosom. I knew the man I worshipped—may God forgive me! I fear with sinful idolatry—while I was pacing my lonely chamber, deserted and wretched, was caressing another. Sometimes I imposed on myself the sight of this. It was less intolerable than the thick-thronging fancies

which swept over my brain during their absence. But I could not long bear it. The intimacy between them became matter of such public animadversion that I forbade her my house. From that hour he was almost a stranger too. Even the birth of his little girl sufficed not to draw her from his side.

"At this time a new and singular evil threatened me, the realization of which has precipitated me from affluence to poverty. A claimant to the estates which I possessed made his appearance. It was the son of my father by a woman in the West Indies. I knew not of his existence; but, as if fate had determined to task me to the uttermost limits, he came at this epoch. I cannot explain—my head is too bewildered—all the causes which had kept him so long away. Enough; he produced a certificate of his mother's marriage. Sir Loftus, who depended so much on the gratification of the senses for enjoyment, regarded the menace of loss of wealth with peculiar apprehension. He met the claim at first with derision, then with the fixed determination to resist it to the utmost. On me he heaped every species of abuse and violence, accusing me of having duped him.

"The man withdrew not his pretensions. Leaving me here, Sir Loftus proceeded to England. Legal authorities were consulted, and a trial followed, in which the jury awarded a verdict to our opponent. We were thus in a moment given over to poverty. All the long arrears of rent were demanded. The property which had accrued to me from my dear mother's death—how often have I blessed Heaven that she lived not to see her child's sufferings!—availed not to meet this: my jewels were sacrificed, and I,

the heiress of tens of thousands, forced to employ my musical attainments to procure subsistence for myself and my children.

"I have not told you that I found Sir Loftus, after my marriage, to be deeply involved in debt; and he had long since squandered at the gaming-table the patrimony which he possessed. He returned with Miss Lascelles living openly as his mistress. I saw him but rarely—his time was divided between her and Frascati. Yet, even yet, I hoped to reclaim him. I would have forgiven him, and he had been dearer to me in poverty than wealth: but it was not to be. With what delight would I have labored for him day and night, if his smile had brightened my scanty meal! Riches I did and could surrender unrepiningly; but, oh! the idol whom I could have prayed or defied Heaven for, I could not renounce—him, the one love of my youth, of my life! With all his frailties, still was he dear to my fond heart—still was he my husband, whom I had knelt with at the altar, and swore to obey till death. I fear I sinned, for my excess of love has brought on me my doom of woe.

"One morning, about four weeks since, he received letters from England, which strangely discomposed him: he said his presence was instantly necessary in London, and, without bidding me farewell, without one kiss, he set off in the diligence." Here she became so fearfully agitated that I urged her to cease.

"No, no," she vehemently answered; "it is coming to an end—it is all coming to an end. I heard nothing till this day. I had letters—one from my solicitor: he tells me" (and she grasped my hand tightly, while her wild haggard looks filled me with alarm) "that—that Sir Lof-

tus is a married man—has had a wife and family for years; and I, wretched creature, have been but his paramour! My children, my poor children, they, too, will have the brand of infamy stamped on their brows—they are illegitimate!" And her ashen cheek became streaked with a crimson light.

"But that is not all;" and her large eyes had a look of fierce despair, and she shrieked, rather than spoke, the other words: "I had another letter; it was from him, my husband—oh, no; I have no husband! I was but his mistress. He wrote from Liverpool. He tells me that he supposes I shall commence proceedings against him; but he cares not, for he is sailing for America—and not alone. she—the woman—my friend, goes with him, and he intends to marry her as soon as he lands. And he says he never loved me—he only married me for my fortune; and I have bartered my all of happiness here, perilled, it may be, my soul hereafter, for one who never loved me. How shall I live? The finger of scorn will point at me, the laugh of derision greet my approach. Where shall I hide? I have no money, no character, no name!" and she groaned aloud.

For some time I had watched her with foreboding apprehensions. As she uttered the last words, she started up, and rushed to the window, and, had I not caught her by the robe, would have dashed herself into the street. I seized her hand, and her screams were heart-piercing. "Off, let me go; I will—will die!" The violence of her cries brought up the inmates of the apartments below. It was but too evident that her senses were gone, and that strong coercion was necessary. I sent for the surgeon.

He pronounced her immediate removal to a lunatic asylum compulsory; and, when the night of that eventful day closed over her unhappy head, she was an inmate of *La Salpêtrière*, a raving maniac. There she remains to this hour.

THE TRIAL OF HUSBANDS.

In the year 1789, a year memorable for the first tremblings of the French monarchy, all Milan was in a tumult of another kind—six months of joyous expectancy, followed by six months of gay gossip. So runs the world. While one half of it is looking for comets and convulsions, battles and bulletins, the other half is thinking of balls and suppers. Every royal and noble head in France was pondering how long it was to be on its own shoulders, at the moment when every head male and female in the Grand Duchy of Milan was pondering whether velvet or silk was the more captivating? whether the Austrian hat with gold lace, or the Sforza bonnet with heron plumes, was the more exquisite? the gentlemen curling their raven moustaches into the most heart-touching curls; and fifty thousand female bosoms of the handsomest dimensions panting with the ambition of fifty thousand Alexanders for the conquest of all mankind.

But, what was the spell fixed upon all the sons and daughters of the Grand Duchy at this moment? Those who had the fortune to promenade near the Governor's

palace, on the evening of the 1st of June, might have formed some remote conception of the cause. There was an unusual crowd in front of the superb and well-known portal. The multitude were making merry with all the merriment of an Italian populace. A Tyrolese mountebank, attracted by the same instinct with which flies are attracted to honey, was performing his wonders in the great square; a group of Calabrese dancers were figuring under the strada of the colonnade; a party of pilgrims returning from the Apennines had made their halt to see a little of the world before they climbed the mountains of the Tarentaise; and a huge monk, the most stupendous of his species, was haranguing from a little portable pulpit on the vices of the age. Gluttony was his theme, and he roared out ruin against all full-feeders with all the remaining energy of a voice stifled with good living, and gesticulated with all the animation left to him by a stomach worthy of an elephant. The crowd around him was especially gay. They abandoned the other exhibitors to thin audiences, and with infinite peals of laughter pronounced the preacher the most capital *farceur* of them all.

But, as the twilight of that luxurious clime began to clothe the battlements and cupolas in violet, the signs of high festivity became more conspicuous in the Viceroy's mansion. The windows began to blaze with illumination; rich transparencies, emblematic of the combined glories of Austria and Italy, now covered the walls; banners spread their embroidered folds upon the languid and dewy wind. The concourse of equipages soon poured into the courts; and the harmony of the fine orchestra of the palace was heard performing "God save the Emperor," a sign that the

Viceroy had entered the *salon*, and that the ball was on the point of beginning.

Still it was obvious that there was something wanting. The national anthem was concluded; a pause followed, the anthem was renewed. Some one was clearly waited for, who suspended all the pleasures of the *fête*. At last, a distant shout told that a personage of peculiar importance was at hand. A carriage rushed along, with four Barbary horses as swift as stags, and with one of the royal couriers in front, to announce the coming; and the glimpse which the last gleam of day allowed of its inmate, showed that that inmate was well worth waiting for. It was the equipage of the Spanish Ambassador; and bore, like a triumphal car, his lovely daughter, the Senora Carolina, Countess of Medina Sidonia, to victory—victory over rival beauties and haughty nobles, over knights and generals, over statesmen grown old in the harness of diplomacy, and, as universal envy declared, over the grim heart of the Austrian Viceroy, the Archduke himself. A flourish of trumpets, as the young beauty ascended the magnificent staircase, followed the shout which the populace had given, as they saw this far-famed paragon descending from her carriage. A buzz of admiration received her on her entrance into the *salon de danse;* and the smile that softened the rigid outlines of the Viceroy's iron countenance was noted down in the deepest recesses of many a highborn and angry heart for retribution.

Shall we describe her beauty? It is impossible Who could ever describe beauty? The color of a lip or a cheek may be described. Even the glancings of a fine eye may be told. But what shall tell the union of mind

and feature, the electric flash of the soul lighting up the countenance, the language that wants no words to express the deepest of all thoughts? No; that is impossible.

Who can describe what none can define! A look penetrates the soul; a feature fixes its portrait on the memory for ever; the glance of a moment is treasured in the heart for years on years. How are those lovely, powerful, and most dangerous of all things to be transferred to the cold and slow characters of the human hand! At some future time man may have the faculty of transcribing them; but it must be when all his faculties are ethereal-ized, when he can speak the language of spirits, when his hand can stamp the image of his thoughts with the vividness of creation, when his pen flows, penetrates, and flames with the brilliancy, the swiftness, and the power of the lightnings.

La Carolina was young; but she was beyond the feeble girlhood which has not yet combined the intellect with the countenance. On this day she was one-and-twenty. Her intellect lived in her fine features. If she had been silent, moveless, spellbound, she would have made one of the loveliest pictures of the rich beauty of the South. But, when was she ever seen thus? When she spoke, moved, or looked, there was but one imperfect word to express her animated loveliness; and that word was *fascination.*

The ball was, of course, superb. The Archduke's attentions were unremitting, and La Carolina received them with the grace and ease natural to her rank, and the consciousness that it was the natural homage to her beauty. Yet there were times, even during this brilliant *fête*, when the sparkling of her eyes lost its lustre, her cheek had a

paler tint, and she seemed to forget even that she was dancing with the brother of an Emperor. But every thing comes to a close in this world; the dawn breaking in through the high casements of the ball-room, and betraying the artificial colors of many a noble cheek, warned the majority that a speedy retreat was indispensable. Illustrious mothers and daughters wrapped themselves up in their shawls, rushed out in a torrent of high blood and brilliants, flung themselves into their equipages, and scattered away to all points of the horizon like ghosts at sunrise. The magnificent halls were soon as empty as a cathedral; last came the Countess de Medina Sidonia, led down the staircase by the Viceroy himself, surrounded by an emulous *cortège* of nobles and militaires, received with a shout by the populace, who had lingered through the night to see her departure, and then whirled away by her four dashing barbs with the speed of a vision. It was the next evening, when her noble father, the Duke de Medina, entered her apartment, and, with an animation which put his ambassadorial solemnity in considerable danger, exhibited to her the fruits of the night's triumph. Four letters were laid by him on the table. The Duke was haughty by habit, pompous by office, but affectionate by nature. He never could resist a smile from his daughter: and who could resist the witchery of that smile? The letters bore the crests of four of the noblest names in Italy—one being the Archduke's.

"My dear father," asked La Carolina, "what am I to do with those formidable papers? I thought the despatches were meant for you."

"In this instance, my dear girl," said the Ambassador,

"they come from a higher court than ambassadors have any thing to do with, and are authorized by a more imperious commission. They are direct despatches from Cupid, and sealed with the hearts of the Viceroy of the Milanese, and the three Counts Calderone, Castelli, and Barante."

La Carolina took up the Archduke's letter; it contained a proposal of marriage. She handed it to her father, with the words: "His Highness does me infinite honor, but he dances too ill for me ever to marry him."

"Preposterous!" said the grave Ambassador.

"The truth is," said La Carolina, "that the Archduke, having had two wives already, is too experienced in the ways of women for me ever to have the control, which I think essential to the happiness of a wife. Another point is, that he is something older than my dear father, and, as I never loved age in any instance but one, I can never expect to love the Archduke; and the third is, that I am determined not to have him."

The Duke remonstrated. But La Carolina had one arrow still in store.

"My dear father, my Spanish blood will not suffer the degradation. If the Archduke were as young as he is old, as gay as he is grim, and as witty as he is solemn, I should not have one of the house of Hapsburg. They are scarcely five hundred years known. Am I to degrade the pedigree that dates from the Romans, the line of Pelayo, and the true heirs to the crown of Spain, by an alliance with a family of whom the world knows nothing, but that they have thick lips, speak Teutonic, and are Emperors of Germany?"

The arrow hit the mark, and that mark was in the very centre of the proud Spaniard's soul. The Archduke's letter

was flung into the fountain, that threw up its sparkling waters along with the perfume of a hundred exotics round the young beauty, like incense on the shrine of an idol. The next three letters were then discussed. The Count Calderone first came under inspection; he was a Spanish grandee, of immense fortune. Castelli was a Neapolitan, dated his descent from the Norman invaders of Sicily. Barante was a Roman, with a pedigree sufficient to overwhelm the whole Herald's College, and crowded with cardinals and Cæsars. La Carolina made but a single remark on them all.

"Those proposals," said she, "would be quite charming, if I were to marry pedigrees, and be in love with gentlemen's grandfathers."

The Ambassador, however was not to be so easily tamed on the present occasion.

"You act unjustly both to your suitors and to me; a proposal refused without a reason is an insult. You have seen those young noblemen where noblemen ought to be seen; you have danced with them, talked with them, and, for any thing I can tell," added he with a smile, "have even given some of them reason to think that you thought them very captivating fellows."

"That I deny," said La Carolina coloring. "I never stooped so to honor any human being. The admiration was lost on me; but where is the necessity for my marrying at all. I am infinitely happy at the present moment: what can be more cruel than to take the bird from the wing, and put it in a cage? I have every enjoyment that life can give, and I cannot discover how they would be increased in the slightest degree by my having to consult the frowns of

any grandee, count, or baron, in this world of folly. And why may not I, my dearest father," said she, fixing her dark eyes swimming with sudden tears, on his softening countenance, "live as I have done already, be like the bee, or the butterfly, extracting sweets from every weed of life, or fragrance from all its roses? Let me but remain as I am, and I shall not have a wish unfulfilled."

"The daughter and heiress of the Duke of Medina Sidonia must marry," replied the grandee. "The most illustrious rank of Spanish nobility must not be left in the hands of strangers. I must see my daughter the head of a noble house; my son-in-law shall be the man on whom you will fix; he shall take the name of my family, and the line of a hundred generations shall not perish through the romance of a young lady, who thinks herself too handsome and too happy to do her duty to her ancestry and to Spain."

The dialogue continued for some time, the young beauty arguing, and the statesman being still more determined.

"But, my dear father," at last said Carolina, "suppose that the whole three should be unworthy of your name, that they should be guilty of the follies and vices which would tarnish your honor, and that the only result of this hasty alliance, should be regret that it was ever made."

"Well, then," said the Ambassador, "the whole three are not likely to be equally involved. Make me this stipulation, that, if there be one of them in whom you can detect neither vice nor folly, him you will allow me to present as your husband."

"But suppose, my lord duke," said she, "that, with

all his virtues, he should be a dull bookworm, or a bigot, will you not allow me to reject him?"

"Granted," said the father.

The *tête-à-tête* broke up. La Carolina adjourned to ner toilette, to receive the most celebrated *modiste* of Milan, with the most tasteful dress ever worn at court. The Ambassador went to his closet to write a despatch, settling the next election to the Popedom.

The three suitors were informed, that on that day three months the Duke of Medina Sidonia would have the honor of returning a definite answer to their proposals. They were alike astonished, indignant, and submissive. The will of La Carolina was as little to be contested as her beauty. The dialogue between the fair object of the general admiration and the Duke, secret as it was, had transpired, according to the custom of courts, within the next four-and-twenty hours. Before the week was over, it was the talk of all Italy, and the "trial of husbands" entered so much into the gay, witty, and censorious gossip of that most gossiping of all countries, that the three suitors must have been men of stone or steel to bear it; publicity was flung upon them like a shower of vinegar; they went with all the speed of post-horses far beyond the gates of Milan.

The Count Calderone was a lover of pleasure. But he had the singular faculty of his nation of concealing all his vices under an air of gravity. On returning to Andalusia, he sent for his confessor, determining to make a vow for the next three months against every favorite offence of his nature. The confessor came, and the expedient proposed was that, by the assiduity of his attendance on the Count,

he should be enabled to give credentials of conduct capable of satisfying all the scruples of all the dukes and countesses of Christendom.

The Count was an habitual gamester ; the first act of his confessor was to make a formal demand of all the cards and dice in the castle ; they were sealed up, and the virtue of their master was secure. But not even priests can guard against accidents. Before the week was out, the confessor was thrown from his mule, and received a contusion which confined him to his bed. The melancholy news was brought by a young monk, whom the reverend father had deputed in his place to take the confession. The young monk was a melancholy object of conventual austerity ; his countenance was the very color of the clay which the fraternity dug every morning in token of their graves ; his frame seemed exhausted with watching, his eyes half closed, and his voice hardly above a whisper. If maceration of the flesh were virtue, the young monk was a saint already. Calderone looked upon him with compassion. When the confession was over, and the certificate was written, he pressed him to take some refreshment. The monk lifted up his eyes and hands in solemn protestation. Water was his sole refreshment, bread his luxury. He tasted slightly of both and withdrew. The Count followed him with his eyes, as he moved slowly down the wooded steep which led from the castle into the lovely and garden-looking plain ; then, turning to a sumptuous board, gave himself up, like a true epicurean, to the pleasures of the table. The monk renewed his visit and the Count his confession weekly for a month.

"I am weary of this," said the Count one day: "re-

verend father, this seclusion is horrible, I have nothing to confess ; now, if I were in Milan, the matter would be different—I should probably have a great deal."

"Myson," said the monk,—"for, young as I am, I am entitled by the grace of our church to call you so,—I agree with you that solitude is not your place. Your rank is made for the public eye, your talents are made for public life, and your virtues are now so far confirmed, that you might defy all the temptations of the earth without danger."

The Count hesitated. He gazed in the sallow visage. "Reverend father," said he, "I have known a good deal of the world in my time, and for one man ruined by timidity I have known a hundred undone by presumption. Besides, I have but two months more to wait. No ! I shall not go to Milan."

"Wisely thought of," said the monk ; "and yet, my lord, vigorous minds, like yours, are entitled to despise the common fears of mankind. The man who in a solitary castle achieves virtue, is only like the prisoner who in his dungeon does not abuse liberty. The reason is, beause he cannot help it. Monk as I am, I say that such is the chief virtue of our monks ; but a Spanish noble and soldier conquering temptation, in the most tempting city in the world, has gained a laurel which he may lay at the feet of the proudest beauty of the earth, and proclaim himself a conqueror."

Next morning the monk received a message from Calderone, stating that he had received letters, which made it of the highest importance that he should immediately return to Milan, and of course, dispensing with the services of the reverend father for the time.

The Count Castelli had spent the interval in a different way. Indolent by nature, he was incapable of the rigid determination of his rival; he sent for no confessor, but, hiring a villa near Portici, collected round him a bevy of actors and opera-singers, with whom he gave little dramatic fetes, enjoyed pleasure parties on the water, and employed all his abilities to kill the tedious time. From one vice, however, he was exempt; the love of wine is not a Neapolitan propensity, and, in the midst of all the gayeties of life, he was untouched by the temptations of Bacchus. But his delight in the drama was excessive; the interludes performed by the Neapolitan peasants are sometimes remarkable for their humor; and one evening, as he was returning to his villa, he found the avenue blocked up by a crowd of the populace, laughing, talking, and gesticulating, in the highest possible state of enjoyment. A fellow, personating a Dalmatian mountebank, was performing his pantomime on a temporary stage erected in front of the mansion. His figure was extraordinary; he seemed bent to the ground with age, yet his springs and dances recalled those of a monkey in his native forest, and he wreathed his deformed frame with the flexibility of a serpent. His humor was equally singular. Speaking the *patois* to perfection, he carried on a running fire of dialogue with the populace, by which he made so many hits at the national absurdities, the characters of the leaders of fashion, and even the sacred persons of the monks themselves, that the multitude were kept in a continual roar. Castelli stopped his chariot and listened, until night fell, and like a curtain covered the performer, the audience, and the stage. The Count had a supper party that night; the pantomimist

was taken into his carriage, and brought home with him as a choice novelty of the evening. But, if he had amused the populace, he still more amused the party; he spoke half a dozen patois of half a dozen languages; touched half a dozen instruments, if not with perfection, at least with skill; told piquant anecdotes of half a dozen courts; and, but for the hideous ugliness of his countenance, would have made half a dozen conquests among the beauties of the supper table, probably to be rewarded by as many swords in his midriff, from the hands of their acknowledged lovers.

The evening was too delightful not to be repeated. The presence of the pantomimist became as necessary as lamps to a theatre; politics to superannuated bachelors; a circle of listeners to a professed wit; a handsome confessor to ladies who have once been handsome themselves; cards and cardinals to royal mistresses turned devotees; scandal and champagne to the flatness of high life; showers of billets-doux to refresh the fading sympathies of exhausted belles; ribbons, orders, and the opera, to counts and kings —or, last and first, his mirror to the gay and showy Count Castelli, whose daily investigation satisfied him that wrinkles might be kept at a much greater distance by due skill, than many of his less polished contemporaries supposed.

A succession of frolics, such as only Neapolitans can invent or perhaps enjoy, drove ennui to an immeasurable distance. Yet one evening the pantomimist was actually caught in the fact of committing a tremendous yawn! The whole circle stared. He had never been in higher oddity. He denied the charge with his usual address. But eyes and ears, however unbecoming it may be to use such things at court, are much confided in and consider-

ably used in private society. The charge was proved. And the gayest of all *grimaciers* was so much overpowered by the proof, that he was almost dull for the evening.

This was not to be borne. Castelli summoned him to a private audience, and at length wormed the secret out of his soul.

"All is delightful here, Monsieur le Comte," said he, with strong symptoms of the fatal yawn again. But variety is charming; I have been here a week already."

"But I have been here two months," said the Count, "and, what is worse, have to remain here a month more."

"And what power on earth," said Monsieur Allegranti, pleasantest of men and mimes, "could have compelled you to such a horrid necessity?"

"The power that compels, alike, the beggar and the king; a woman," was the answer. "I must remain here on my good behavior for three mortal months; or beyond getting into some of those abominable scrapes into which youth, fortune, and good looks are continually leading a man in courts and cities."

The Count spoke the speech in front of a huge Venetian mirror, which gave him smile for smile. The Mime laughed in his face, and, with a keen sparkle of his singularly sparkling eyes, said, "Well, Monsieur, as I am not under a vow to play the hermit, I shall make my way to the first city I can find. As for the woman in question—trust me, I know the sex tolerably—and, if she is a daughter of Eve, she will think ten times as often of you, if she hears that you have been so unable to abide the agonies of absence, that you are in the next street to her, playing all kinds of frolics—the maddest of which she will invariably

set down to passion for herself—than if you lived like a sheep upon one of your hills, or wore a head the length of St. Dominic's. To-morrow I march for Milan, where I have an engagement to play at the opening of the opera house. La Scala for ever!"

To-morrow saw the Count's establishment scattered, like so many doves from the dovecot; and a large group of its fairest joining with him in the conviction that to live out of the sounds of the violins and pirouettes of that magnificent *salle d' opera*, was one of the impossibilities of this world.

The Count Barante was a diplomatist. And he had taken his measures with professional sagacity. By bribing the favorite domestic of La Carolina, he had obtained a knowledge of all her movements; and, as the movements of a woman and a beauty, are not quite so regular as those of the Copernican system, he had contrived to puzzle himself to the most hopeless degree. He was informed that she received letters, visits, and persons. On each and all the diplomatist hung conclusions. He must return from Rome.

But the young and lovely Countess seemed made to perplex calculation, as much as she charmed hearts, and he soon found that to catch a serpent by the tail, or to extract sunbeams from the rose, was an easy task compared with the daily problems supplied by the loveliest creature in the world. But to investigate these bewitching difficulties was impossible at that distance. And the dexterous Count had found the means of a public mission to the Court of Milan. But a month remained.

The story of his rivals was perfectly known to him; for

what must not be known to a person of so much sagacity, and with so much secret service money at his disposal? He knew that Calderone had returned incognito from Spain, and was employing his leisure hours at one of the most private gaming-houses in the city. He had, in person, too, been present at a private masquerade, where Castelli, between love and wine, had performed some antics worthy of the galleys.

Time is tardy to every man who expects any thing, except to the man who expects to be hanged. But even to the fortune-hunter, tardiest of all, he still gets over the course. The three months came to an end. A week before their close, Barante waited on the Duke. Ambassador with ambassador, the formalities of diplomacy were practised with the usual gravity. But when the first parade was over, and they began to talk common sense, the Baron stated in decisive words that the fair Carolina naturally fell to his lot, if she was to wed neither a gamester nor a Bacchanal—"both my supposed rivals," said the Count, with a glance of triumph, "sustaining those characters in the most approved style."

"Very extraordinary!" said the Duke, "for if there were any two noblemen in Italy untouched by those vices, I should have pronounced the Counts Calderone and Castelli to have been the men."

"You shall have proof," was the answer. "Do me the honor to come to a *fête* at the palace of the Roman legation on this day week, and your Excellency's eyes shall have full conviction. Should the Lady Carolina do me the honor to grace our party, my pleasure and her proof, too, will be complete."

The evening came; the *fête* was showy. "All the rank, beauty, and fashion of Milan," in the court phrase, "were assembled." The time of the probation had expired, and the Counts Calderone and Castelli were the observed of all observers, for their dress, address, and jewels. The Count Barante had the higher excitement in his countenance and figure, of hope assured. The Duke of Medina Sidonia figured in all his brilliants of every order of Spain and Italy—a walking effigy of diamonds and ribbons. But he had by his side a brilliant, than which no man had ever worn a brighter on his bosom; his daughter, La Carolina, magnificently attired, looking lovelier than ever; and, to the surprise of all who knew the history of the rivals, her fate, and the evening, looking the very picture of unembarrassed beauty. This produced a prodigious variety of conjectures.

Women of the first fashion are not always the first to be embarrassed at any thing; and there were belles present, and very handsome ones, too, who might have protested against being charged with a blush of surprise or sensibility since their cradle. But, a night on which their fate was notoriously to be decided!—a night on which depended a residence for life, and whether that residence was to be in Andalusia, Naples, or Rome!—a night on which depended whether one's "Cavalieri serventi" were to be solemn Spaniards, brisk sons of the Campagna Felice, or cardinals, to the end of the chapter of accidents; all the considerations that make matrimony a business of thought might be expected to have given the dazzling physiognomy of La Carolina at least the air of thinking. And this was the more likely, from her having been occasionally seen at

other times to look the picture of irresolution; her splendid eye suffused with sudden dimness, her cheek like an autumnal rose, her words like those of a mind straying far away from the showy circle round her, and touching on deep and involuntary remembrances of remote lands, and years past and gone.

But on this night all was the extreme of the contrast. Not a shade passed over the brightness of her brow; she danced, smiled, and spoke with equal animation: the Archduke hovered round her once more, and the three rivals silently agreed that in the possession of this captivating being he should be master of a prize worthy to excite the rivalry of Archdukes. At length the grand business of the night commenced, which, in every land, is the supper. The Archduke led La Carolina to the seat of honor, a distinction which inflamed the bosom of every fair lady present against the lady, and added to the old unpopularity of Austrian dominion amongst the gentlemen The supper was superb; all the virtuosi of Milan filled the orchestra, and Banti, then the most exquisite singer in the world, poured her mellifluous strains like another nightingale through the pauses of the harmony. But even the fairest of the fair will grow weary of wit and iced champagne; the strains of Banti ceased, the chariots were ordered to the door, the Ambassador and La Carolina were already bowing their way out of a circle of retiring nymphs and statesmen, when Barante came up and whispered in his Excellency's ear, "Now for the proof!"

He touched a spring in the wall, and the Duke and his daughter found themselves in a small apartment, with two or three dresses thrown upon the chairs. "Will your

Excellency and the Countess," said Barante, "condescend to put on these disguises for a moment, and follow me?" He then led the way through a suite of chambers to a low recess, hidden by a curtain.

"Here, your Excellency, you will see one of the suitors for the hand of this fair lady. You dislike the character of a gamester, I presume? Here see the Count Calderone, who professed such abhorrence of this vice, engaged with a set of the most desperate gamesters in Milan. I marked him returning from the supper table, with some characters like himself; the palace of the embassy, your Excellency knows, has communication with several of the surrounding casinos, and you will find that the Cavalier Calderone, unable to restrain his most dangerous propensity, even with so high a prize before him, is now deep in play. You will have only to use your own eyes."

La Carolina drew back. But the Duke, observing to her that their dominos perfectly concealed the persons of both, led her forward. Two or three groups were seen engaged in play. At last, in an obscure corner of the dim apartment, they observed Calderone, his face convulsed with agitation, and his hands grasping the dice-box in the nervous agony of a man who was on the point of throwing his last stake. He threw, glanced at the dice, and exclaimed that he was undone. At that moment the Duke advanced. Calderone looked up in astonishment and horror as the Duke drew the mask from his face, and stood transfixed at the consciousness of the discovery. His antagonist in the game had fled.

"You see now!" said Barante. And before the Spaniard could recover from the surprise, the group had passed

into another apartment. The scene here was of a different order. It was one of carousal. At the head of a small table, surrounded by faces flushed with intoxication, sat Castelli, preparing, goblet in hand, to answer the challenge given to him by one of the company, to drink a bottle of champagne at a draught, in honor of the "fair Countess of Medina Sidonia." The handsome features of the *bon-vivant* were evidently fevered by the excesses of the night. La Carolina shuddered as she saw him take the goblet in his hand, and fill it to the brim. Startled at seeing so hideous a spectacle of voluntary idiocy, she would have almost implored him to lay it down ; but in the next moment the Count, lisping out her name in accents of confirmed intoxication, put the goblet to his lips, swallowed it, and after an imperfect attempt either to speak or stand, fell back senseless in the chair.

"This is my abstemious rival," said Barante. "I presume, my lord duke, the trial is complete ? Let us leave this scene of abomination. My gondola is on the canal."

They embarked, landed, and passed into an apartment whose coolness and elegance formed a striking contrast to the scenes which they had left behind. La Carolina, pained and exhausted, threw herself into a seat by the casement, which let in the delicious air of the garden. There was now but one stranger in the room ; a figure dressed in the costume of the Roman embassy. "I demand," said the Count, "the performance of your Excellency's promise, the hand of the Countess Carolina." His Excellency looked at the stranger sitting at the table. "He will be no hindrance to our communication," said Barante ; "he is only my secretary, and is indeed come here by my own

request to settle all the preliminaries of the important transaction between us."

The secretary suddenly raised his head from some occupation which he was busily pursuing, and on being introduced to his Excellency, apologized for not having perceived him before, owing to the nature of his occupation. "I have been copying," said he, "some verses, which perhaps his Excellency would wish to see, as they are in honor of the illustrious lady his daughter."

"Ah! then you write verses?" said the Duke.

"I have not that honor," said he; "the subject is too high for me—they are the Count Barante's."

"What! the Count an author?" said the Duke.

"Yes," said the secretary; "he has devoted himself, within the last month, to the art of poetry, and produced several exquisite sonnets on the charms of the Countess of Medina Sidonia."

During this dialogue, Barante had approached the lady, and poured out his compliments, delicately giving way for his panegyric at the table; where the Duke was poring earnestly over a succession of lines; and, if the physiognomy of an ambassador was ever made to tell any thing, surprise, contempt, and anger, successively passed over his features. At length she heard the murmured words,—"Detestable stuff!—Who could ever have thought that the man was such a fool!—Meagre conception!—Deplorable nonsense!" The sonnets were successively thrown upon the table.

"Those performances may not suit your Excellency's taste," said the secretary, in a low tone. "But to so eminent an authority in diplomatic literature, I have the honor

of submitting in this paper a criticism by the Count on an anonymous volume, entitled 'The Alliance of Spain and the Popedom,' which has so lately appeared, that it may possibly have escaped your Excellency's notice."

The Duke's bosom, rigid as it was by the formalities of sixty years, yet throbbed with sudden sensitiveness; for what girl at her first ball, boy on his first school day, or aide-de-camp on his first mounting the staff coat and feather, ever equalled the mingling of rapture and fear that thrill through the most veteran maker of books at the sound of one of his own productions?

The Duke's feelings were not long kept in suspense. The criticism was a labored, acute, and contemptuous attack on all the statements, arguments, and principles of his volume. The publication, as being without the Duke's name, had been handled as the work of some hired scribbler, whom Barante recklessly described as equally destitute of truth, sense, and information. The blood of the Spaniard might be hot, the pride of the grandee might flame, but the wrath of the author was a burst of lava. When was it otherwise?

Walking over to the astonished Roman, criticism in hand, he charged him with a deliberate intention to insult his honor as a member of the diplomatic body, and his feelings as a man. The outbreak was tremendous. The secretary was sought for by the vengeful eye of Barante. But he had been wise in time, and disappeared.

The Count was not a man to swallow the whole torrent of scorn. Swords were drawn, and the screams of the Countess, the rush of the servants to the door, and the general tumult, aroused the whole population of the palace

Amongst the rest came in Calderone and Castelli. The warlike part of the affair, of course, could not now be proceeded in: but recrimination, wonder, and inquiry supplied its place with clamor enough. The Counts finally and severally came to the conclusion, that they had been calumniated in the grossest possible manner, besides being betrayed on that particular night into situations and circumstances of which it was perfectly impossible to account, except by intolerable perfidy, or palpable magic.

Ambassadors, profound as they are, may be puzzled; and the Duke of Medina Sidonia himself seemed to be extremely in this predicament, when the door opened and a monk walked into the midst of the declaimers. The effect on Calderone was electric. "Will the Count Calderone," said the ecclesiastic, in a solemn tone, "venture to deny that his favorite vice is gaming, his favorite game hazard, and that no farther back than this evening he staked his last ducat on the die?"

"Villain! you tempted me, first and last," was the only exclamation of the astounded Spaniard.

"There," said the monk, unfolding a paper, "give up your pretensions to this lady, and I give up the bond for the surrender of your estates." Calderone nervously grasped at the paper, and rushed out of the room.

The monk next fixed his full, dark eye on Castelli. The Count was now sobered, and his stern look repaid the gaze with fierce defiance. "Monk," said he, "I know your tribe. You may play tricks with fools and cowards, like the blockhead whom you have just frightened out of the room, but beware of knavery with me. I solemnly declare before this company that I have never seen the fellow's mortified visage before."

A smile passed over the monk's features as he drew the cowl from his head, and threw a glance in the Count's eyes. "The Punchinello, corpo di Baccho!" exclaimed the Count, suddenly bursting into a roar of rage. "Scoundrel of scoundrels, what brought you here? Allegranti himself, or Il Diavolo?"

The monk made no other reply than twisting his features into another grimace, which actually convulsed the Count with laughter. "Stop," he cried, "for the sake of St. Januarius, stop, or I shall die. Diavolone, if you make such another face again, I shall have you assassinated for finishing the days of a nobleman."

The whole room joined in the laugh, as the monk, slowly turning round the group, gave them all an evidence of his extraordinary talent.

"Your Excellency," at length said Castelli, in a voice exhausted with convulsive merriment, "I have nothing to say in the way of excuse. You see what this rascal is. He would tempt St. Anthony to run away with St. Bridget, or make St. Francis drink like a fish. Ha, ha, ha! Let me say but another word. He tempted me from my beverage of oranges and iced water to champagne and chambertin. In his pleasantries I forgot this lady, myself, and the world. I am fit only to be a *bon-vivant*, and if the villain will only come and dine with me once a week I shall make him my heir, provided he does not kill me with laughing before I have time to make my will. Duke of Medina Sidonia, Countess Carolina, fairest of all countesses, and you, noble ambassador of his holiness, I have the honor to bid you all good night. I must laugh and drink, or die." Castelli sprang to the door, and vanished in a moment.

"And by what title am I to address you, sir?" haughtily said Barante, at length recovering from his surprise. "You have detected two fools, who had not strength of mind enough to hide their absurdities for an hour together. I presume you pride yourself on so prodigious an exploit; but I am not to be trifled with. By what right have you entered this palace?"

"By the request of the Count Barante himself," said the monk, as he threw the gown from his shoulders, and, altering his countenance, stood before the group in the secretary's costume.

"What, Andreas!" exclaimed the Count, starting back. "What son of Beelzebub have I been entertaining? I suppose, Spadocino, you have made fine work of your portfolio? The secrets of the embassy were in capital hands."

"I never betrayed any of your Excellency's secrets," said the secretary in a dry tone, "but your sonnets, which your Excellency was, I presume, proud to acknowledge, and your criticism, which could have belonged to no genius inferior to your own."

"Mille diavoli!" exclaimed the Count, clapping his hand on the hilt of his rapier. "Who are you?"

The demand was echoed by the Duke. La Carolina's eyes sparkled with tenfold brilliancy. A smile was on her red lips that would have awoke all but the dead; and the little jewelled foot hung in air, as if she were about to step forward; though whether to throw herself into the young secretary's arms, or to fly from him, must be left to the fancies of young beauties with their lovers standing at bay before them

"My Lord Duke, I owe that answer only to you," said the handsome youth, with a flush which gave additional expression to a noble countenance. "I am the Count Orazio de Gusman, your relative, and descended from the high ancestry of the Sidonias. I loved your daughter, but, doubting whether she would do me the honor to acknowledge my love, I determined to follow her to Milan. I there found that her hand was solicited by three individuals of superior opulence. But, I knew two of them to be profligates by nature, and hypocrites by habit. I made my way into their society. As a monk, for assuming which disguise I have purchased absolution this morning, I found out the gaming propensities of Calderone. As a Mime, I brought the Bacchanalianism of Castelli into full display, for which I shall buy absolution to-morrow. To complete my work, I brought them back to Milan, where temptation and detection were equally inevitable."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Duke.

"Bravo!" echoed the attendants, with Italian freedom.

"Bravissimo!" said not the charming tongue, but said with tenfold eloquence the flashing eyes of the young Countess.

Orazio turned to Barante. "This noble person," said he, "will, I trust, excuse my development of his poetical and critical powers. As his secretary, I was acquainted not with his vices, but with his virtues; not with his infidelity to the Countess Carolina, but with his fidelity to the Muses; not with his love of the die, but his love of the laurel; not with his passion for the bowl, but——"

"Mille diavoli!" screamed Barante, cutting short the

speech, "I wish you were in the belly of Vesuvius. What a measureless blockhead I was, to have any thing to do with you! Duke of Medina Sidonia, it was this traitor that tempted me first to write sonnets; it was his atrocious sycophancy that persuaded me to think myself a second Petrarch; the unlucky volume itself that ruined me was put into my hands by this Scapin. May he be in the bottom of the Liparis! To-morrow I shall throw up my embassy, and never return to Milan for the next thousand years."

The Count sprang from the spacious casement down the marble steps of the parterre, and vanished among the shrubs of the garden. The lovers gazed after him from the saloon. The Duke had gone to the table where the papers still lay, and was profoundly busy in gathering every scrap that touched on his authorship, and tearing them into a million fragments. Never was criticism more thoroughly extinguished.

In the mean time, what was the occupation of the two lovers? It is impossible for us to tell. The night was lovely, the garden lovely, and the moon, as she sailed over the pure azure above, was lovely. All might fairly be objects of contemplation. Yet we cannot tell whether they saw any one of the three. There are times in this world when people see without using their eyes, and hear without a word being spoken. Whether the low sighs which both uttered fom time to time were telling of the happy arts with which Orazio beguiled his rivals, or the anxious interest with which La Carolina heard of his progress; or whether they told of things beyond the moon, or whether they were simply the relief of hearts overloaded with de-

light, are totally beyond our knowledge. But, the intense gaze which the lover fixed on the blushing beauty, her eye fixed on the ground, her faint effort to withdraw her exquisite form from the arm that clung round it, and the one long and fond kiss, that seemed as if it communicated the soul of one to the other, looked like happy passion. And, what has Earth nobler, lovelier, or more happy ?

PARTED FOR EVER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF HYDE NUGENT.

On a certain part of the coast of France there is an island of peculiar loveliness, which, *par distinction*, I may call the Isle of Roses. Always bright, blooming, and verdant, its climate is perpetual summer; while its landscape, though in miniature, presents to the eye a scene of mingled wood and rock, shady dell, and grassy glade, in such profusion of wildness, that it seems as if Nature had resolved to show there was still a paradise upon earth. Its shore is broken into sequestered bays between jutting cliffs of no great height, some of which are tufted with overhanging wood, with here and there a spring gushing through, and finding its way to the sea. Surrounded nearly by reefs of rocks in the distance, it has ever been a sort of Scylla to man, and is only accessible on one side, by which approach the few wants of its happy, though small colony of inhabitants, are supplied from the main land.

The goodly report I had received of its solitude, and almost nullity of visitors, induced me to seek the shades of

the Isle of Roses. Here, thought I, if on earth, the weary may indeed be at rest; or the lover of nature may follow her in all her luxuriant glee, and fanciful wanderings, without fear of inquiry from the curious, or molestation from the officious.

The only habitable house, however, for an Englishman, was that which I occupied; having been before tenanted by an English family, who, from particular reasons, had lately left, after making it one of the most comfortable Anglo-French residences I ever met with. Accident had once thrown me into their society on the Continent. Travelling in the southern parts of Europe in search of health, lost more to mind than body, though its cause is of little moment here to tell, it was my study to avoid the society of strangers, and especially that of my own compatriots. At one place, however, I was so kindly treated by the inmates of a house in which I was for some time staying, that one evening I could not resist their solicitations to accompany them to the *réunion* of a few friends. "I shall at least meet no English there," I thought; but I was mistaken; and it happened that those whom I did encounter, excited in me a greater degree of interest than at the time I was willing to allow, even to myself. These were Sir George M———, and his daughter, I believe an only child. I was not introduced to them,—I did not wish it; but the wandering air of abstraction which hung about the unhappy-looking girl, beautiful as she was, made me inquire of my friend, Madame de T———, what might be the cause.

A French woman delights in a love-tale, and next to being herself the heroine, she loves to be the *raconteuse*. A French woman likewise tells a great deal, I will not say

in few words, but in a short time. Without, however, attempting to repeat her story, I will merely give the substance, which was as follows :—

Like myself, an invalid wandering in search of the lost treasure, the Baronet was accompanied by his daughter; and, *vieux militaire*, as he was, by an officer of rank who had for some time been on his staff, a young man not only of great mental accomplishments and personal graces, but also of high moral reputation. The Baronet was fond of a quiet life, so was his daughter, and so was Colonel G———, and agreeing so perfectly, no wonder that they were charmed at discovering in the Isle of Roses a retreat so exactly suited to their tastes.

The General, who as well as a baronet, was a branch of one of the most ancient and noble families in England, was possessed of a highly aristocratic mode of thinking and acting. He was, however, exceedingly absent and careless of what was done, provided that views of family interest or connection were not interfered with. He was withal a little tormented with that most distinguished of diseases, the gout. When a boy, Col. G——— had been taken by him on his staff, at the request of parliamentary friends; and as he rose in life and succeeded to fortune, the General had become much attached to him ; but the latter never forgot, that on the score of family, his aide-de-camp dared not look back one generation. Imprudent man, then, to allow a friendship to commence between two young people, which would never with his consent be sealed by an indissoluble union. The consequences of their residence in such a beautiful retirement, thrown together as they were, without any other society whatever,

and aided by a foreknowledge of each other, might have been easily foreseen. They became devotedly attached, and the stronger their love, the greater the fear that its discovery should be a death blow to their hopes. Each day increased this feeling. Colonel G——— knew from Sir George's ideas and connection, that there was not the shadow of a chance of any proposal being for a moment listened to. His altered and melancholy air, and the frequent sighs that escaped the unhappy Eleanor, at length excited a suspicion on the Baronet's mind that all was not right; and on suddenly asking his daughter if any thing preyed upon her mind, he surprised her into a full confession.

His anger may be conceived. It had never struck him as possible, that Eleanor M———, with so much noble, and even a few drops of royal blood in her veins, could ever think of a man whose family was not even of yesterday; which term only conveys the mind as far back as the seventeenth century. Colonel G——— was of *no* family, in fact. All the blood of the Conqueror's contemporary rushed at a fearful rate through the vessels of his descendant on the discovery of the truth. But why should I describe the anger, the inflexibility, the harshness of one party, the tears, the prayers, the sorrows of the second, or the offended dignity, the regrets, the explanations, the departure of the third? These followed in quick succession; but after the parting of the lovers, or rather the separation, had taken place, for they were not allowed to see each other, and the despondency of the beautiful Eleanor, from which no exertions on her father's part could rouse her, was complete, was he satisfied—was he made hap-

pier? Never could he be; nor was it any consolation to him to know that his own imprudence had caused his daughter's misery.

This *historiette* sufficiently accounted for the wild and distracted air of *La Belle Anglaise;* who, the picture of despair, yet obliged by the General to go into society, was, to her infinite unhappiness, still the point of attraction for all the gallant men in the room. And here I might enter into a description of her beauty, but what would it avail? For one only might those deep blue eyes again be kindled into animation, those lips be induced to wear a smile. A time might come, but the sternness of her father's look at present seemed to deny all hope. Yet was there occasionally a momentary gleam of affectionate solicitude in his glance, though, on a sudden, some recollection seemed to cross his mind, and the knitting of his brows gave a hardness to the countenance, which, to a keen observer, told of inflexible decision. Unhappy man! thy want of foresight has broken the hearts of two who were dear to you, and blasted the happiness of thine own.

I was much interested by Madame de T——'s story; moreover, the deep seclusion which her description of the Isle of Roses led me to believe it possessed, prompted my *traget* thither. I found it all I wished. Here I was completely shut out from the world, and might, but for the restlessness of a diseased mind, have there ended my days. A slight circumstance, however, again induced me to wander forth.

There was one apartment in my house to which I had taken a particular fancy, and used it as a breakfast room. It was not what we should style a parlor, being something

between the French *salon* and the English rooms so designated; a degree of perfection to which my predecessor had brought it. Jasmines and roses peeped in at the windows, which communicated with what may scarcely be termed a garden; for that is too regular a sounding title for the wild and beautiful flower-grounds they opened upon. Its cheerfulness and sunny aspect was by degrees drawing me out of the morbid melancholy which had for months beset me. There was a style of elegance in the Italian marble chimney-pieces and other furniture still left, which bespoke the taste of the late occupant. There were also some fine pictures still hanging to the walls. There was a harp-key, probably mislaid when packing up, and heaps of music; some pencil drawings in a bold masterly hand, and several books, with other things, which were to have been sent afterwards, but my housekeeper declared she had as yet had no opportunity. I cannot say that all these gave me much comfort. I was beginning to grow nervous from constant thinking of the uninterrupted happiness of those who had so lately enjoyed every comfort and luxury in the beloved society of each other. At length I almost transferred the case of Colonel G—— to myself; and though this sympathy in some measure made me forget my own grief, it worried me beyond endurance, and soon came to a climax.

Ranging up and down the room one morning, I espied on a shelf, which had before escaped me, a heap of papers. These turned out to be old gazettes, full of orders in council and military promotions; but between their leaves had crept something of much more interest; namely, two or three songs, written in a hand of which the beauty and

delicacy of the characters easily betrayed by what fingers the pen that traced them had been guided. They were Italian, save one, which, though now seldom heard, has acquired the deathless fame a production of the author of "Marmion" must ever hold. There was a portion of this which increased my melancholy sympathy in the fate of the lovers to an extraordinary degree, and it was the first line that caught my attention,—

"From his true maiden's breast, *parted for ever.*"

I suddenly threw down the song, under the most painful feelings, and wandered forth into the grounds, for I almost fancied myself—such an effect has loneliness upon the mind—in the company of the trio by whom that room had been occupied. But wherever I went, still was their story before me; the "early violet" dying, reminded me of the death of their hopes, and the sound of the "far billow" through the deep groves caused a sigh for happiness and peace that could be known but in the grave.

Reader, I know not the fair Eleanor; I had seen her but once, yet I will confess to you, that when I took my way through the beautiful sunny solitudes and fairy glades, which her foot had lately pressed, I could not help feeling as much interest in her fate as though I had been intimate with her all my life. Here was her own secluded bath, covered in and shaded from view, in a clear sandy bay of the sea-shore; there was her garden, there her green and gravel-walks, and the flowers which herself had planted; but the hand that checked their luxuriance, and tended their growth, was with them no more. From the shore, led up a winding path, whose turns might scarcely

be perceived from the thick-flowing shrubs and evergreens that hung or protruded from its banks. Vegetation was growing rank, and nature seemed droopingly to inquire for the fair and taper fingers, that, till lately, had controlled her too forward family. In short, every place told of her: and fancy, or a diseased imagination, worked upon by all these trifling circumstances, hurried my departure from the Isle of Roses; for in every ramble I was perpetually haunted by the recollection that it had also been a favorite resort of those who were now "Parted for ever."

THE FIRST-BORN.

BY J. FORBES DALTON, ESQ.

HOPE and Fear, philosophers say,
Checker our lives like night and day;
And so, perhaps, they usually may.
But pleasanter far are feelings between,
Like the summer sunset and twilight scene,
When the brilliant heavens are all serene,
And the earth is clad in her darkest green,
And we quietly gaze in deep delight,
With our hopes and our fears all out of sight,
Not wishing for day nor dreading the night.
Now, in such a mood, for about a year,
It might have been less, but 'twas very near,
Had our good yeoman lived. For why?
He'd won the maiden of his choice,
His hopes and fears had all gone by,
He'd nothing left but to rejoice.

And that he did in such a style,
It would have cheered your heart to see;
He seemed to live on Mary's smile,
And laughed with such a boyish glee.
How rapidly Time sped his flight!
He loved as when love first began,
She was his whole and sole delight,
And Mary loved her "own good man."
A happier home, a happier lot,
They both declared the world had not.

But Hope and Fear, long driven away,
Both came back on the self-same day.
Mary was ill and kept her bed,
John felt a very odd pain in his head,
Which his sister said was merely a whim,
And nobody else seemed to care for him.
For there came an old lady who bustled about,
And contrived very soon all his household to rout.
For, although not a lady of high degree,
That she deemed herself mistress 'twas easy to see.
Yet, though ever in motion, still quiet was she,
As she glided along and appeared to be
Engaged in some awful mystery.

How Mary was, John wished to know;
The nurse declared he "must not talk;"
He paced his parlor to and fro,
But "there," she said, he "must not walk."

He sat him down and laid his head
Upon his palm—all—all alone ;
His manly heart o'ercharged with dread,
Yet dared he scarcely sigh or groan.

Yet might he breathe a silent prayer
To Him who can in silence hear ;
He did—and lighter grew his care,
And Hope resumed the place of Fear.

He listened, gazing on the floor,
Strange fancies o'er him "coming thick,"
While the old clock behind the door
Had never seemed so slow to tick.

And thus his anxious watch he kept,
Oft murmuring his loved one's name,
Lonely as though the household slept,
Till from her room a low sound came.

'Twas scarcely sound—but like the fall
Of fairy footsteps gathering round ;
Then whispering soft—then silence all,
As though 'twere hallowed ground.

Then broke the spell—not with a word,
But an infant's cry. How it made him start !
He listened, and he thought he heard
An echo in his heart.

'Twas Nature's voice. That feeble cry
Awoke paternal love and pride ;
Feelings with death alone to die,
Yet still he trembled for his bride ;
Till his sister tripped in with a whisper of joy,
Saying," Mary is well, John, and so is your boy."

It now only remains of our FIRST-BORN to state
What is told so exceedingly well in our plate.
His aunt and the nurse in his long-clothes arrayed him,
And then in the arms of the latter they laid him ;
And so, in due form, to his father conveyed him,
And with high approbation and smiles surveyed him,
(As the painter's talent hath deftly portrayed him)
While they both ostentatiously displayed him,
As highly delighted as though they had made him.

THE WIDOW'S SONG.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

Oh! this world is a wide one—for sorrow or joy—
And where in this world is my own sailor-boy!
With his loud ringing laugh, and his long sunny hair,
Do they play on the breeze yet, and float through the air?
Is there any bright land, mid the lands of the earth,
That holds the lost child of my heart and my hearth?
I have sat by the fire, when the old men have said
There be eyes of the living that look on the dead;
Oh! tell me, ye seers, in your search of the tomb,
Do you find my fair son in its valleys of gloom?
Is there any pale boy, with a look of the sea,
Mid that people of shades, who is watching for me?

Oh! that morn when he left us!—mine eyes are grown dim,
And see little that's bright, since they looked upon him;

And my heart, in its dulness, hath learnt to forget,
But the light of that morning shines clear to it yet;
No record is lost of the far sunny day
When passed my fair boy, like a spirit, away.

We waited—how long!—but we waited in vain,
And we looked over land, and we looked over main;
And ships—oh! how many!—came home from the sea,
That brought comfort to others, but sorrow to me;
In all those gay ships, oh! there answer was none
To the mother who asks if she yet have a son!

And we fed upon hope, until hope was denied,
Till our health of the spirit it sickened and died;
And his father sat down in his old broken chair,
And I watched the white sorrow steal over his hair,
And I saw his clear eye waxing feeble and wild,
And the frame of the childless grew weak as a child;
And the angel of grief, that o'ershadowed his brain,
Now wrote on his forehead, in letters of pain;
And I read the handwriting, and knew that the breast
Of the weary with waiting was going to rest;
So he left a fond word for the lost one—and *I*,
I linger behind him, to tell it my boy!

Shall he come to his home—perhaps sickly and poor,
And meet with no smile at his own cottage-door!
Shall he seek his far land, from the ends of the earth,
And find the fire quenched on his once happy hearth!
None to love him in sorrow who loved him in joy—
Oh! I cannot depart till I speak with my boy!

I have *promised* to wait—I have promised to say
What grief was his father's at going away.
Will he come ?—*will* he come ?—oh ! my heart is grown old,
And the blood in my veins it runs languid and cold ;
And my spirit is faint, and my vision is dim,
But there's that in mine eye will be light yet for *him !*

They tell me of countries beyond the broad sea,
Where stars look on others that look not on me,
Where the flowers are more sweet and the waters more bright,
And they hint he may dwell in those valleys of light,
That he rests in some home, with a far foreign bride :
Oh ! this world is a wide one—*why is* it so wide ?

But they surely forget, which my sailor does not,
That I'm sitting whole years in my lone little cot ;
He knows—oh ! he knows, if I may, I shall wait,
Till I hear his clear shout at the low garden-gate ;
Oh ! weary of life, but unwilling to die
Till the latch has been raised by my lost sailor-boy !
I *believe* that he lives—were he low in the mould,
There's a pulse in my heart should be silent and cold,
That awoke at his birth, and, through good and through ill,
Hath played in its depths, and is playing there still ;
When its star shall have set, then that tide shall be dry,
And the widow be sure *where* to look for her boy !

Oh ! will he come never !—lost son of the sea !
I hear a low voice that is calling for me :
It comes from that spot, the dark yew-trees among,
Where the grave of thy sire has been lonely too long,
A voice like a spirit's—I come—oh ! I come !
Hath he met my lost child in the land of the tomb !

I shall know !—but, if not, if he comes to the door,
When the voice of his mother can bless him no more,
Some finger shall point to the pathway of tombs,
Where my boy may come up to our mansion of glooms,
And I think I shall hear his light tread o'er the stones,
Like the sound of the trump in the valley of bones !

THE HERMIT AND THE PITCHER.

BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

He who bids adieu to the world, and retires into the wilderness, does not for that reason become a saint; for so long as the inclination to evil dwells in the heart, temptation from without is easily found and sin is committed.

Experience taught this to the man of whom an old story gives account. This man was by nature prone to sudden bursts of passion, but instead of seeking the cause of this fault in himself, he cast the blame upon the man who excited him to anger, and he thought—

"If this is so, the world is an injury to me, and it is better that I should leave it, rather than lose my soul."

He withdrew, therefore, into the wilderness, and built himself a hut in the midst of a wood, close by a spring; and the bread that he ate was brought daily to him by a boy, who had been directed to place it upon a rock, at a distance from the hut.

And thus all went well for several days, and he thought that he had become the most mild and even-tempered man in the world.

One day, he went, as usual, with his pitcher to the spring, and placed it so that the water might run into it. But as the ground was stony and uneven, the pitcher fell over. He placed it upright again, and more carefully than before; but the water, which spouted forth irregularly, overturned it a second time. Then he angrily seized the vessel and dashed it violently upon the ground, so that it broke in pieces.

He now remarked that his old anger had broken forth again, and he thought—

"If that is the case, the wilderness can in no way profit me; and it is better that I try to save my soul in the world, by avoiding that which is evil, and practising that which is good." And he returned again into the world.

Observe—there are evil inclinations which may be conquered by avoiding the occasions which call them forth, and there are others which must be vanquished by resistance. But to perform either, we need not fly from the world, but from ourselves only.

THE RETIRED MERCHANT.

A LONDON merchant engaged in Mediterranean commerce, had successfully prosecuted his business and amassed, what all merchants desire, an ample fortune. His, indeed, was a princely one. He had purchased a large and beautiful estate in the country, and had built and furnished a splendid mansion in town, on the Surrey-side of the river, and now that he was verging towards sixty, he concluded to retire and enjoy the remnant of his life in peaceful leisure.

He negotiated for the sale of his abundance-making business, and sold it for another fortune. He then retired. He was a bachelor. He had his halls, his parlors, dining rooms and drawing rooms, his library and cabinets of curiosities. The floors were covered with the most mosaic specimens of Brussels or of Turkey carpetings—the furniture was of the most complete and exquisite selections—the walls with splendent mirrors and with classic paintings were adorned—and fine linen decorated all.

Carriages, horses, grooms and servants, were at his command. Books, pictures and engravings were at hand to interest him. The daily and the weekly papers, and the periodicals, brought to his table all the news of the great world, and his friends and his acquaintance paid him homage. How happy must the man be, who has all this!

He was not happy. He had no aim, no motive. The

zest with which he read the papers when he was a merchant, he had lost, now he had ceased to be engaged in commerce. A storm, a fleet, a pestilence along the Mediterranean shores, was full of interest to him before, because he had investments there. Now, they were of no consequence to him. The views and aims of government, were watched by him before, with searching scrutiny, because his destiny was bound up with theirs. The parliamentary debates were of the greatest consequence before, as indicating British policy; but that to him now ceased to be an object of importance.—His fortune was achieved—his course was run—his destiny fulfilled.

Soon, every thing and place appeared to him, one uniform and universal blank. His beautiful apartments were unused—his carriage and horses unemployed—his books unread—his papers were unopened—his meals untasted—and his clothes unworn. He had lost all enjoyment of his life, and contemplated suicide.

Saturday night arrived, and he resolved on Sunday morning early, before the busy populace were stirring, he would make his way to Waterloo bridge, and jump, or tumble off, into the river.

At three o'clock, he set out on his final expedition, and had slowly reached the bridge, the shadows of the night protecting him from observation, when a figure stood before him. Amazed at being seen by any one, he turned out of his path, when the figure crouching low before him, revealed a tattered, miserable man, bearing his head in abjectness.

"What are you doing here," inquired the retired merchant.

"I have a wife and family, whom I can't help from starving, and I am afraid to go and see them. Last night I knew they would be turned into the streets," replied the man.

"Take that," replied the merchant, giving him his purse, with gold and silver in it—thinking to himself, "how much more useful this will be to him, than in my pockets in the water."

"God bless you, sir—God bless you, sir," exclaimed the man, several times—kneeling before the astonished merchant.

"Stop," said the merchant, "do not overwhelm me so with your thanksgivings—but tell me where you live."

"In Lambeth, sir."

"Then why are you *here* this morning," said the merchant.

"I do not like to tell you," said the man. "I am ashamed to tell a gentleman like you."

"Why so?" replied the merchant.

"Well, sir," replied the man, "as I had not a single penny, and did not know how to get one, I came here to drown myself, although I knew 'twas wicked!"

The merchant was astonished and appalled, and after a long silence, said, "My man, I am overwhelmed with wealth, and yet I am so miserable, that I came here this morning for the same purpose as yourself. There's something more in this than I can understand at present. Let me go with you, and see your family."

The man made every excuse to hinder the merchant—but he would go.

"Have you lost your character?" said the merchant.

"No sir," replied the man, "but I am so miserably poor

and wretched—and for anything I know, my wife and children may be turned into the street."

"Why are you out of work and pay?" resumed the merchant.

"I used to groom the horses of the stage coaches," said the man, "but since the railroads are come up, the coaches are put down, and many men, like me, have no employment."

They plodded on their way, two miles of brick and mortar piled on either side. At last they came to a third-rate house, when a rough, common-looking woman was opening the door and shutter. As soon as she saw the man, she let loose her tongue upon him for all the villany in the world, but something which passed from his hand to hers, hushed her in an instant; and observing the merchant, she courtesied to him civilly.

The man ran up stairs, leaving the merchant and woman together, which gave the former an opportunity to make inquiries. Having satisfied himself that want was the crime of the family, he told the woman who he was, promised to see her paid, and induced her to set on and cook a breakfast for the family, and supply them with any thing which they needed.

The man returned, and the merchant went up stairs, to see, for the first time, a wretched family in rags, dirt, and misery. He comforted them with hope of better days, and bidding the man take a hasty meal below, took him with him, and helped with his own hands to load a cart with bed, bedding, clothes, furniture and food, for the family.

The man was gone, and the merchant for the first moment, reflected on all that had passed. He was relieved of his

misery, by doing something for another, and out of mere selfishness, he resolved on doing good to others, to prevent the necessity for drowning himself.

He employed the man in his stable, removed the family near, and placed them in a cottage, sending the children to school. Soon he sought out misery to relieve, and was led to consider the cause of all misery—sin. He turned to God and found Him—and sought to turn his fellow sinners.

He aided every good word and work, and was the humble teller of his own humbling story. He had been a merchantman seeking goodly pearls—and having found the pearl of groat price, he went and sold all that he had, and bought it—and the retired earthly merchant became an active heavenly merchant.

MORNING.

BY MISS PHŒBE CAREY.

Sadly, when the day was done,
To his setting waned the sun;
Heavily the shadows fell,
And the wind, with fitful swell,
Echoed through the forest dim,
Like a friar's ghostly hymn.

Mournful on the wall afar,
Walked the evening sentry star;
Burning clear, and cold, and lone,
Midnight's constellations shone;
While the hours, with solemn tread
Passed like watchers by the dead.

Now at last the morning wakes,
And the spell of darkness breaks,
On the mountains, dewy sweet,
Standing with her rosy feet,
While her golden fingers fair
Part the soft flow of her hair.

With the dew from flower and leaf
Flies the heavy dew of grief;
From the darkness of my thought,
Night her solemn aspect caught;
And the morning's joys begin,
As a morning breaks within.

God's free sunshine on the hills,
Soft mists hanging o'er the rills,
Blushing flowers of loveliness
Trembling with the light wind's kiss—
Oh! the soul forgets its care,
Looking on a world so fair!

Morning woos me with her charms,
Like a lover's pleading arms;
Soft above me bend her skies,
As a lover's tender eyes;
And my heavy heart of pain,
Trembling, thrills with hope again.

D. Roberts. pinxt. J. T. Willmore. sculpt.

DOUGAL CASTLE.

THE DESOLATION OF YTCHTENE.

A Remarkable Passage in the Romance of History.

"THE memorial tree," from which the arrow of Sir Walter Tyrrel glanced, and beside which the king lay extended on the ground, is now exceeding old, and scarcely a trace remains of its former greatness. It stood in this wild spot, (the New Forest) when the stern decree went forth, which enjoined that throughout the whole extent of the south-western part of Hampshire, measuring thirty miles from Salisbury to the sea, and in circumference at least ninety miles, all trace of human habitation should be swept away.—William the Conqueror might have indulged his passion for the chase in the many parks and forests which Anglo-Saxon monarchs had reserved for the purpose, but he preferred rather to have a vast hunting-ground for his "superfluous and insatiate pleasure" in the immediate neighborhood of Winchester, his favorite place of residence. The wide expanse that was thus doomed to inevitable desolation was called Ytene or Ytchtene; it comprised numerous villages and homesteads, churches, and ancestral halls, where Saxon families of rank resided, and where an industrious population followed the daily routine of pasturage and husbandry. A large proportion had been consequently brought into cultivation; yet sufficient still remained to afford a harbor for

numerous wild animals. This part comprised many sylvan spots of great beauty, with tracts of common land, covered with the golden blossomed gorse, and tufts of ferns, or else with short herbage, intermingled with wild thyme. Noble groups of forest-trees were seen at intervals, with clear running streams, and masses of huge stones which projected from among the grass. The sun rose on the morning of the fatal day in cloudless beauty, and fresh breezes tempered the heat, which, at harvest-time is often great; the people were already in the fields, and the creaking of heavy-laden wagons was heard at intervals, with the sweeping sound of the rapid sickle. In a moment the scene was changed. Bands of Norman soldiers rushed in and drove all before them. They trod down the standing corn, and commanded the terrified inhabitants of hall and hut, to depart in haste. More than one hundred manors, villages, and hamlets were depopulated, even the churches were thrown down—those venerated places, where the voice of prayer and thanksgiving had been heard for generations. He who passed the next day over the wide waste, saw only ruins black with smoke, trampled fields, and dismantled churches. Here and there broken implements of husbandry met the view, and beside them, not unfrequently, the corpse of him who had dared to resist the harsh mandate of the Conqueror. Females, too, had fallen to the earth in their terror and distress, and young children were in their death-sleep, among the tufts of flowers where they had sported the day before. Many stately buildings were pulled down at once; others, having their roofs thrown open, were left to be destroyed by the weather, and hence it not seldom happened that a stranger, in passing through a

meadow into one of those shady coverts, which still varied the aspect of the country, forgetting, in the freshness and the loveliness of all around him, the terrible undoings of previous days, might see through the undulating branches of the trees, the walls or roofs of houses, which looked as if they had escaped the general ruin. They stood, apparently, in the midst of cultivated fields, occasionally by the road side, and their pointed roofs were covered with the vine or honeysuckle. On a nearer approach the illusion vanished, not a sound disturbed the silence of the place; the houses which looked so inviting when seen at a short distance, showed that the hand of ruin had done its work. The doors were broken open, the windows dashed in, the roofs were open to the winds of heaven, and the little gardens overrun with weeds. The ruins of an antique abbey were often close at hand, with its richly painted windows, broken through and through; or, perhaps, the shattered walls of some hospitable dwelling, in which a Saxon thane had resided.

Where the labor of man has ceased, vegetation soon asserts her empire, and fields, when left to themselves, become, according to their soil, either wild or stony, or else covered with a dense growth of underwood and tall trees. Such was the case over the wide expanse which had been rendered desolate; the spaces of common ground, with golden blossomed gorse and wild thyme, continued such as they had been, but trees grew thick and fast, the beautiful groves became woods in the course of a short time, and the once cultivated country was rapidly absorbed in the wilderness portions of Ytchtene.

The "memorial tree," which now stands lone and

seamed, was then a sapling, for such we may conjecture to have been the case, according to the well-known longevity of forest-trees. Three events of great interest are associated with it—the making desolate a wide extent of country; the death of the proud Norman, by whose command the work of ruin was achieved; and the untimely end of his successor.

Had the history of William I. been written with reference to his private actions, it might be noticed that a tissue of domestic sorrows succeeded to the laying desolate of Ytchtene. His wife Matilda died a few years after, and his fair daughter Gundreda, the cherished one in her father's house, was cut off in the flower of her youth. He saw with grief the jealousy that subsisted between his sons William and Henry; and during the time that Duke Robert, his first-born, continued an exile and a fugitive, Richard, his second son, was gored to death by a stag, as he was hunting over the wide expanse which his father had depopulated. Men spoke of the sad event as a just punishment on him who had respected neither the lives nor feelings of those who once had dwelt there. Some said, this is but one; we shall see others of his family to whom the forest will prove fatal, and they spoke true.

War was declared with France, and the king shortly afterwards departed for the continent. The object of the expedition was expressly to take possession of the city of Mantes, with a rich territory situated between the Epte and the Oise. The corn was nearly ready for the sickle, and the grapes hung in ripening clusters on the vines, when the fierce king ordered his men to advance on the devoted territory; when in the bitterness of his spirit he marched his cavalry through

the corn-fields, and caused his soldiers to tear up the vines and cut down the pleasant trees. Mantes could offer but a weak resistance, and the town was set on fire. Riding beside the ruined town, to view the misery which he had wrought, the horse of the Norman conqueror trod on some hot cinders; the frightened creature plunged violently, and the king being unable to retain his seat, fell to the ground. The injury which he sustained caused him to be carried in a litter to a religious house, in the neighborhood of Rouen, where his army was encamped, for he could not bear, he said, the noise of the great city. It was told by those who were present at the time, that although he at first preserved much apparent dignity, and conversed calmly on the events of his past life, and concerning the vanity of human greatness; when death drew near, the case was otherwise. He then spoke and felt as a dying man, who was shortly to appear before the tribunal of his Maker, there to render an account of all the deeds which he had done, of all the gifts committed to his care, of his riches and his power. His hard heart softened then, and he bitterly bewailed the cruelties which he had committed.

One morning early, the chief prelates and barons received a summons to assemble with all haste in the chamber of the king, who finding his end approach, desired to finish the settlement of his affairs. They came accordingly, though the day had not yet dawned, and found him with his two sons, Henry and William, who waited impatiently for the declaration of his will. "I bequeath the duchy of Normandy," said he, "to my eldest son Robert. As to the crown of England, I bequeath it to no one, for I did not receive it, like

the duchy of Normandy, from my father, but acquired it by conquest and the shedding of blood, with mine own sword. The succession of that kingdom, I therefore, leave to the decision of the Almighty. My own most fervent wish is, that my son William, who has ever been dutiful to me in all things, may obtain and prosper in it." "And what do you give me, O my father?" impatiently cried Prince Henry, who had not been mentioned. "Five thousand pounds weight of silver out of my treasury," was his answer. "But what can I do with five thousand pounds of silver, if I have neither lands nor a home?" "Be patient," rejoined the king, "and have trust in the Lord; suffer thy elder brothers to precede thee—thy time will come after theirs." On hearing this, Prince Henry hurried off to secure the silver, which he weighed with great care, and then provided himself with a strong coffer, having locks and iron bindings to keep his treasure safe. William, also, staid no longer by the bed-side of his dying parent; he called for his attendants, and hastened to the coast, that he might pass over without delay to take possession of his crown. He, whose sword had made many childless, was thus deserted in his hour of greatest need by his unnatural sons.

His last sigh was a signal for a general flight and scramble. The knights buckled on their spurs, and the priests and doctors, who had passed the night by his bed-side, made no delay in leaving their wearisome occupation. "To horse! to horse!" resounded through the monastery, and each one galloped off to his own home, in order to secure his interests or his property. A few of the king's servants, and some vassals of minor rank staid behind, but not to do honor to

the poor remains of him who had been their king. They spoke loudly and trod heavily, where but a short time before men would scarcely have dared to whisper; where the noiseless step and hushed sound, told the rank and sufferings of him, whom now the voice of seven thunders would not wake. They proceeded without remorse to rifle the apartment both of arms and silver vessels; they even took away the linen and royal vestments, and having hastily packed them in bundles, each man threw the one, which he secured, upon his steed, and galloped away like the rest. From six till nine the corpse of the mighty conqueror lay on the bare boards, with scarcely a sheet to cover him. At length the monks and clergy recollected the condition of the deceased monarch, and forming a procession, they went with a crucifix and lighted tapers to pray over the dishonored body. The Archbishop of Rouen wished that the interment should take place at Caen, in preference to his own city, it being thought most proper that the church of St. Stephen, which the king had built, and royally endowed, should be honored with his sepulchre. Arrangements were made accordingly, and the corpse being carried by water to Caen, was received by the abbots and monks of St. Stephen. Mass was performed, the Bishop of Evreux pronounced a panegyric on him who had borne the name of Conqueror while living, and who had done great deeds among his fellow-men, and the bier on which lay the body of the king, attired in royal robes, and being in no respect concealed from the view, was about to be lowered into the grave, when a stern voice forbade the interment. "Bishop," it said, "the man whom you have praised was a robber. The very ground on which we are standing is mine;

and this is the site of my father's house. He took it from me by violence to build this church upon its ruins. I reclaim it as my right, and in the name of the Most High I forbid you to bury him there, or to cover him with my glebe." The man who spoke thus boldly, was Asseline Fitz-Arthur. He had vainly sought for justice from the king while living, and he loudly proclaimed the fact of his injustice and oppression, before his face, when dead. Many who were present well remembered the pulling down of Fitz-Arthur's house, and the distress which it occasioned, and the bishop, being assured of the fact, gave his son sixty shillings for the grave alone, and engaged to procure the full value of his land. One moment more, and the corpse remained among living men; another, and it disappeared in the darkness of the tomb, and the remainder of the ceremony being hurried over, the assembly broke up in haste.

Barons and men-at-arms were assembled in Malwood-Keep, at the invitation of William Rufus, who proposed to hold a chase, and to follow the red-deer over the wide hunting-grounds, where once stood the pleasant homes, which his father had rendered desolate. William was preparing for the chase, when an artizan brought him six new arrows. He praised their workmanship, and putting aside four for himself, he gave the other two to Sir Walter Tyrrel, or, as he was often called, Sir Walter de Poix, from his estates in France, saying, as he presented them, "Good weapons are due to him, who knows how to make a right use of them." Many of the younger barons were already mounted, and their horses were curvetting on the grass, as though they partook

of the impatience of their riders, while every now and then the blast of the hunter's horn, in the hand of some young squire, gave notice to those within that the sun was already high. All was gaiety and animation, and boisterous mirth within and around Malwood-Keep, when a stranger was seen approaching through the forest, grave, and yet in haste. He spoke as one who had business of moment to communicate, and which admitted of no delay, but his look and voice sufficed to check the eagerness of those who sought to know whence and why he came. He told the king, when admitted to his presence, that he had travelled both far and fast; that the Norman abbot of St. Peter's at Gloucester had sent to inform his majesty how greatly he was troubled on his account, for that one of his monks had dreamed a dream which foreboded a sudden and awful death to him. "To horse!" hastily exclaimed the king, "Walter de Poix, do you think that I am one of those fools who give up their pleasure or their business for such matters? the man is a true monk, he dreameth for the sake of money; give him an hundred pence, and bid him dream of better fortune to our person."

Forth went the hunting train, and while some rode one way, some another, according to the manner adopted in the chase, Sir Walter de Tyrrel, the king's especial favorite, remained with him, and their dogs hunted together. They had good sport, and none thought of returning, although the sun was sinking in the west and the shadows of the forest-trees began to lengthen on the grass, at which time an hart came bounding by, between the king and his companion, who stood concealed in a thicket. The king drew his bow, but

the string broke, and the arrow took no effect; the hart being startled at the sound, paused in his speed, and looked on all sides, as if doubtful which way to turn. The king, meanwhile gazing steadfastly at the creature, raised his bridle-hand above his eyes, that he might shade them from the glare of the sun, which now shone almost horizontally through the forest, and being unprovided with a second bow, he called out "Shoot, Walter, shoot away!" Tyrrel drew his bow, but the arrow went not forth in a straight line, it glanced against a tree and struck the king in its side-course against his breast, which was left exposed by the raised arm. The fork-head pierced his heart, and in an instant he expired. Sir Walter flew to his side, but he saw that his master was beyond all human aid, and mounting his horse he hastened to the sea-coast, from whence he embarked for Normandy. He was heard of soon after, as having fled into the dominions of the French king, and the next account of him was, that he had gone to the Holy Land.

Rufus had left the bed-side of his dying parent while life still lingered, intent only on obtaining the English crown; he even left the care of his interment to the hands of strangers, for it does not seem that he at all concerned himself about the matter. Now then was he also left alone, in the depth of the still forest. His companions in the chase were eagerly following their amusement, and chanced not to pass where he was lying. At length the royal corpse was discovered by a poor charcoal-burner, who put it, still bleeding, into his cart, and drove off to Winchester. The intelligence soon spread, and Henry hastened to seize the treasures that belonged to the crown, while the knights, who had

re-assembled at Malwood-Keep, thought only how the accident might affect themselves; no one caring to show respect to the remains of the unhappy monarch, with whom they had banquetted the evening before. It was afterwards observed by many, that as the corpse of the Conqueror lay extended on a board, with scarcely a vestment to cover him, so, by a reasonable coincidence, the body of his unnatural son, unwashed, without even a mantle, and hideous to look upon, remained in the cart of the charcoal-burner till the next day, when it was conveyed in the same condition to the cathedral church of Winchester. There, however, some faint show of respect was paid to what had been a king: it was interred in the centre of the choir, where, as wrote the chronicler of this sad history, many persons looked on, but few grieved. It was even said by some, that the fall of a high tower which covered his tomb with ruins, showed the just displeasure of Heaven against one, who having deserted his dying parent, sought not to repair the evils which he had done, who, neither acting justly nor living righteously, was undeserving of Christian burial.

ADDRESS TO NIGHT.

BY L. C. LEVIN.

Hail, goddess of the gloomy hour!
I love thy faint and lonely ray;
Thy deepest shadows please me more
Than all the gorgeous light of day.

I love thee when the vault of heaven
With lightning fires is sheeted o'er,
And field and forest, thunder riven,
Quake with the elemental roar.

I love thee, too, when not a breath
Breaks thy expressive stillness; when
It seems as if triumphant death
Reigned over all that once were men.

Oh! let intrusive memory lose
All thoughts of objects felt or seen,
And fancy paint in quaintest hues,
What ne'er will be nor e'er has been.

I'll think my soul, in ages past,
Was tenant of some brighter sphere;
And for some dark transgression, cast
To work its absolution here.

But, day appears—my fellow men
Rise up, like monsters from their lair;
I see myself like them, and then,
Think my lot hopeless, and—despair.

AN EVENING AT HOME.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

"Not going to the ball?" said Mrs. Lindley, with a look and tone of surprise. "What has come over the girl?"

"I don't know, but she says she's not going."

"Doesn't her ball dress fit?"

"Yes, beautifully."

"What is the matter, then?"

"Indeed, ma, I cannot tell. You had better go up and see her. It is the strangest notion in the world. Why, you couldn't hire me to stay at home."

Mrs. Lindley went up stairs, and entering her daughter's room, found her sitting on the side of the bed, with a beautiful ball dress in her hand.

"It isn't possible, Helen, that you are not going to this ball?" she said.

Helen looked up with a half serious, half smiling expression on her face.

"I've been trying, for the last half hour," she replied, "to decide whether I ought to go, or stay at home. I think, perhaps, I ought to remain at home."

"But what earthly reason can you have for doing so? Don't you like your dress?"

"O yes! very much. I think it beautiful."

"Doesn't it fit you?"

"As well as any dress I ever had."

"Are you not well?"

"Very well."

"Then why not go to the ball? It will be the largest and most fashionable of the season. You know that your father and myself are both going. We shall want to see you there, of course. Your father will require some very good reason for your absence."

Helen looked perplexed at her mother's last remark.

"Do you think father will be displeased if I remain at home?" she asked.

"I think he will, unless you can satisfy him that your reason for doing so is a very good one. Nor shall I feel that you are doing right. I wish all my children to act under the government of a sound judgment. Impulse, or reasons not to be spoken of freely to their parents, should in no case influence their actions."

Helen sat thoughtful for more than a minute, and then said, her eyes growing dim as she spoke,

"I wish to stay at home for Edward's sake."

"And why for his, my dear?"

"He doesn't go to the ball, you know."

"Because he is too young, and too backward. You couldn't hire him to go there. But, that is no reason why you should remain at home. You would never partake of any social amusement, were this always to influence you. Let him spend the evening in reading. He must not expect his sisters to deny themselves all recreation in which he cannot or will not participate."

"He does not. I know he would not hear to such a thing as my staying at home on his account."

"Then why stay?"

"Because I feel that I ought to do so. This is the way I have felt all day, whenever I have thought of going. If I were to go, I know that I would not have a moment's enjoyment. He need not know why I remain at home. To tell him that I did not wish to go will satisfy his mind."

"I shall not urge the matter, Helen," Mrs. Lindley said, after a silence of some moments. "You are old enough to judge in a matter of this kind for yourself. But, I must say, I think you rather foolish. You will not find Edward disposed to sacrifice so much for you."

"Of that I do not think, mother. Of that I ought not to think."

"Perhaps not. Well, you may do as you like. But, I don't know what your father will say."

Mrs. Lindley then left the room.

Edward Lindley was at the critical age of eighteen; that period when many young men, especially those who have been blessed with sisters, would have highly enjoyed a ball. But Edward was shy, timid and bashful in company, and could hardly ever be induced to go out to parties with his sisters. Still, he was intelligent for his years, and companionable. His many good qualities endeared him to his family, and drew forth from his sisters towards him a very tender regard.

Among his male friends were several about his own age, members of families with whom his own was on friendly terms. With these he associated frequently, and, with two

or three others, quite intimately. For a month or two, Helen noticed that one and another of these young friends called every now and then for Edward, in the evening, and that he went out with them and staid until bed-time. But unless his sisters were from home, he never went of his own accord. The fact of his being out with these young men, had, from the first, troubled Helen; though, the reason of her feeling troubled she could not tell. Edward had good principles, and she could not bring herself to entertain fears of any clearly-defined evil. Still a sensation of uneasiness was always produced when he was from home in the evening.

Her knowing that Edward would go out, after they had all left, was the reason why Helen did not wish to attend the ball. The first thought of this had produced an unpleasant sensation in her mind, which increased the longer she debated the question of going away, or remaining at home. Finally, she decided that she would not go. This decision took place after the interview with her mother, which was only half an hour from the time of starting.

Edward knew nothing of the intention of his sister. He was in his own room, dressing to go out, and supposed, when he heard the carriage drive from the door, that Helen had gone with the other members of the family. On descending to the parlor, he was surprised to find her sitting by the centre table, with a book in her hand.

"Helen! Is this you! I thought you had gone to the ball. Are you not well?" he said quickly and with surprise, coming up to her side

"I am very well, brother," she replied, looking into his face with a smile of sisterly regard. "But I have concluded

to stay at home this evening. I'm going to keep your company."

"Are you, indeed! right glad am I of it! though I am sorry you have deprived yourself of the pleasure of this ball, which, I believe, is to be a very brilliant one. I was just going out, because it is so dull at home when you are all away."

"I am not particularly desirous of going to the ball. So little so, that the thoughts of you being left here all alone had sufficient influence over me to keep me away."

"Indeed! Well, I must say you are kind." Edward returned, with feeling. The self-sacrificing act of his sister had touched him sensibly.

Both Helen and her brother played well. She upon the harp and piano, and he upon the flute and violin. Both were fond of music, and practised and played frequently together. Part of the evening was spent in this way, much to the satisfaction of each. Then an hour passed in reading and conversation, after which, music was again resorted to. Thus passed the time pleasantly until the hour for retiring came, when they separated, both with an internal feeling of pleasure more delightful than they had experienced for a long time. It was nearly three o'clock before Mr. and Mrs. Lindley, and the daughter who had accompanied them to the ball, came home. Hours before, the senses of both Edward and Helen had been locked in forgetfulness.

Time passed on. Edward Lindley grew up and became a man of sound principles—a blessing to his family and society. He saw his sisters well married; and himself finally, led to the altar a lovely maiden. She made him a

truly happy husband. On the night of his wedding, as he sat beside Helen, he paused for some time, in the midst of a pleasant conversation, thoughtfully. At last, he said,

"Do you remember, sister, the night you staid home from the ball to keep me company?"

"That was many years ago. Yes, I remember it very well, now you have recalled it to my mind."

"I have often since thought, Helen," he said, with a serious air, "that by the simple act of thus remaining at home for my sake, you were the means of saving me from destruction."

"How so?" asked the sister.

"I was just then beginning to form an intimate associa tion with young men of my own age, nearly all of whom have since turned out badly. I did not care a great deal about their company; still, I liked society and used to be with them frequently—especially when you and Mary went out in the evening. On the night of the ball to which you were going, these young men had a supper, and I was to have been with them. I did not wish particularly to join them, but preferred doing so to remaining at home alone. To find you, as I did, so unexpectedly, in the parlor, was an agreeable surprise indeed. I staid at home with a new pleasure, which was heightened by the thought, that it was your love for me that had made you deny yourself for my gratification. We read together on that evening, we played together, we talked of many things. In your mind I had never before seen as much to inspire my own with high and pure thoughts. I remembered the conversation of the young men with whom I had been associating, and in which I had taken pleasure,

with something like disgust. It was low, sensual and too much of it vile and demoralizing. Never, from that hour, did I join them. Their way, even in the early stage of life's journey, I saw to be downward, and downward it has ever since been tending. How often since have I thought of that point in time, so full-fraught with good and evil influences. Those few hours spent with you seemed to take scales from my eyes. I saw with a new vision. I thought and felt differently. Had you gone to the ball, and I to meet those young men, no one can tell what might not have been the consequence. Sensual indulgences, carried to excess, amid songs and sentiments calculated to awaken evil instead of good feelings, might have stamped upon my young and delicate mind a bias to low affections that never would have been eradicated. That was the great starting point in life—the period when I was coming into a state of rationality and freedom. The good prevailed over the evil, and by the agency of my sister, as an angel sent by the Author of all benefits to save me."

Like Helen Lindley, let every elder sister be thoughtful of her brothers at that critical period in life, when the boy is about passing up to the stage of manhood, and she may save them from many a snare set for their unwary feet by the evil one. In closing this little sketch, we can say nothing better than has already been said by an accomplished American authoress, Mrs. Farrar.

"So many temptations," she says, "beset young men, of which young women know nothing, that it is of the utmost importance that young brothers' evenings should be happily passed at home, that their friends should be your friends,

that their engagements should be the same as yours, and that various innocent amusements should be provided for them in the family circle. Music is an accomplishment, chiefly valuable as a home enjoyment, as rallying round the piano the various members of a family, and harmonizing their hearts as well as voices, particularly in devotional strains. I know no more agreeable and interesting spectacle, than that of brothers and sisters playing and singing together those elevated compositions in music and poetry which gratify the taste and purify the heart, while their fond parents sit delighted by. I have seen and heard an elder sister thus leading the family choir, who was the soul of harmony to the whole household, and whose life was a perfect example of those virtues which I am here endeavoring to inculcate. Let no one say, in reading this chapter, that too much is here required of sisters, that no one can be expected to lead such a self-sacrificing life; for the sainted one to whom I refer, was all I would ask any sister to be, and a happier person never lived. To do good and to make others happy was her rule of life, and in this she found the art of making herself so.

"Sisters should always be willing to walk, ride, visit with their brothers; and esteem it a privilege to be their companions. It is worth while to learn innocent games for the sake of furnishing brothers with amusements, and making home the most agreeable place to them. . . . .

"I have been told by some, who have passed unharmed through the temptations of youth, that they owed their escape from many dangers to the intimate companionship of affectionate and pure-minded sisters. They have been saved from a hazardous meeting with idle company by some home

H.Warren. E.Finden.

HEAD OF CHARITY.

engagement, of which their sisters were the charm; they have refrained from mixing with the impure, because they would not bring home thoughts and feelings which they could not share with those trusting, loving friends; they have put aside the wine-cup and abstained from stronger potations, because they would not profane with their fumes the holy kiss, with which they were accustomed to bid their sisters good-night.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

It is the fruit of waking hours
When others are asleep,
When moaning round the low thatched roof
The winds of winter creep.

It is the fruit of summer days
Passed in a gloomy room,
When others are abroad to taste
The pleasant morning bloom.

'Tis given from a scanty store
And missed while it is given:
'Tis given—for the claims of earth
Are less than those of heaven.

THE FIRST ORATION.

A TEMPERANCE society was to be formed in Lyonville, and of course there must be an address from some one. No public lecturer happening to be in the place, those engaged in getting up the meeting pitched upon a young man named Agnew for the purpose, and, despite of all objections and remonstrance, extorted from him the promise to act as orator for the evening. Agnew had talents, was a good talker and a warm advocate of the temperance cause. But he had never spoken in public beyond an occasional argument in a debating club, and very naturally had many serious doubts as to his success. He had only three or four days for the work of preparation. At first he tried to write an address; but he failed in this altogether. He had not the faculty of thinking with his pen in hand. Then he turned his subject over and over again in his mind, lying awake upon it half the night, and going out into the fields early in the morning to exercise himself in reading aloud or speaking, to an imaginary audience, the oration he had composed.

These performances were, upon the whole, quite satisfactory to the young orator; and by the time the meeting was to be held, he felt fully prepared to do both himself and his subject ample justice.

On the evening in question, the little village-church was filled to overflowing. For the three hours previous to the time when he was to open his address, Agnew had been repeating it over and over again, in order to have every word perfect in his memory. But as the period drew near, he felt more and more nervous. There was a weight on his breast, and a dry, choking sensation in his throat. On entering the church, and finding it so crowded with spectators, Agnew's knees began to tremble; and when he searched about in his mind for the opening portion of his address, it was no where to be found.

Seating himself on the platform temporarily erected for the purposes of the evening, he awaited, in a state of nervous anxiety, the conclusion of the preliminary ceremonies, still searching, but in vain, for the clue to his oration. Not a single portion of his intended speech could he remember, try as he would to recall it.

At last the time came. There was deep hush of expectation through the assembly. All eyes were upon him. Rising, in the trembling hope that, at the last moment, his speech would come, he said, with as steady a voice as he could assume,

"Mr. President——"

Just at that moment, the door of the church opened, and a man who sold liquor and had done more to corrupt and demoralize the young men of the village than any one in it, entered, and, with a look of defiance, walked boldly down the aisle, and took his seat just in front of the young speaker. As he did so, he perceived Agnew's embarrassment, and gave a chuckle of enjoyment.

"Mr. President," said the speaker, as the liquor-seller thus noted his confusion. His voice was steadier than before. "It is related, that, in old times, when the sons of the Lord came up to worship, Satan came also."

He paused, looking steadily at the tavern-keeper; and the eyes of the whole congregation followed his gaze.

"It is also said," he continued, "that there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth. Happily, Satan cannot now appear among us in bodily form. Many who have served Satan, however, are here, but I sincerely trust as the repentant sinners over whom heaven rejoices."

Thus opening, extemporaneously, he continued, turning his reference to the liquor-seller to such good account as to disarm his resentment, while he deeply interested both him and the whole audience. His address was most admirable, yet not a line of what he had prepared was uttered.

When he sat down and the pledge was presented, the old liquor-seller was the first to sign. So much for Agnew's first oration. He has made many since; but none that will be remembered in Lyonville as long as his maiden speech.

S. A.

WHY DON'T HE COME.

WHY don't he come?—the morning light,
In amber rays, break from the east;
He said he would come back last night,
Nor tarry at the midnight feast.

Ah, that the revel and the song
Should lure him from my smiles away,
The vigil why did he prolong
In politician's idle fray?

When the last evening's hymn was sung,
My babes a wondering silence kept,
And with his name upon its tougue,
Each little innocent has slept.

Until the waning moon was high,
A silent watch I here did keep;
But slow, the long, long hours went by,
And I retired, alone to weep.

I see him not—he little knows
The pain this faithful heart must feel:
Oh, that his own may find repose,
Nor be consumed by party zeal.

The sun is up—yet he comes not,
To light with joy our peaceful home;
These revels are with ruin fraught—
I wonder why he does not come!

MIMOSA.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

FROM MISS BREMER.

CHRISTMAS IN SWEDEN.—How cold, how gloomy it is! The window-panes are covered with ice; the morning twilight extends its hand to the evening twilight, and the dark night entombs the day. In Norland, however, the mid-day has a few bright moments; the sun sheds still a few feeble beams, then he quickly disappears and it becomes dark. Farther up in the country people know nothing more of day—the night endures for months.

They say in the North, that "Nature sleeps," but this sleep resembles death; like death, it is cold and ghastly, and would obscure the heart of man, did not another light descend at the same time—if it did not open to the heart a warmer bosom and animate it with its life. In Sweden they know this very well, and while every thing sleeps and dies in nature, all is set in motion in all hearts and homes for the celebration of a festival. Ye know it well, ye industrious daughters of home, ye who strain your hands and eyes by lamplight quite late into the night to prepare presents. You know it well, you sons of the house, you who bite your nails in order to puzzle out "what in all the world" you shall choose for Christmas presents. Thou knowest it well, thou fair child, who hast no other anxiety than lest the Christ-

man should loose his way and pass by thy door. You know it well, you fathers and mothers, with empty purses and full hearts; ye aunts and cousins of the great and immortal race of needlewomen and workers in wool—ye welcome and unwelcome uncles and male cousins, ye know it well, this time of mysterious countenances and treacherous laughter! In the houses of the rich, fat roasts are prepared and dried fish; sausages pour forth their fat, and tarts puff themselves up; nor is there any hut so poor as not to have at this time a sucking-pig squeaking in it, which must endeavor, for the greater part, to grow fat with its own good humor.

It is quite otherwise with the elements at this season. The cold reigns despotically; it holds all life fettered in nature; restrains the heaving of the sea's bosom; destroys every sprouting grass blade; forbids the birds to sing and the gnats to sport; and only its minister, the powerful north wind, rolls freely forth into gray space, and takes heed that every thing keeps itself immoveable and silent. The sparrows only—those optimists of the air—remain merry, and appear by their twittering to announce better times.

At length comes the darkest moments of the year, the midnight hour of nature; and suddenly light streams forth from all habitations and emulates the stars of heaven. The church opens its bosom full of brightness and thanksgiving, and the children shout, full of gladness, "It is Christmas! it is Christmas!" Earth sends her hallelujah on high!

And wherefore this light, this joy, this thanksgiving? "A Child is born!" A child! In the hour of night, in a lowly manger, he has been born; and angels have also sung, "Peace on earth!" This is the festival which shall be

celebrated—and well may ye, you dear children, sound forth your cries of joy! Welcome, even though unconsciously, the hour in which this Friend, this Brother, was born to you; who shall guide you through life, who shall lighten the hour of death to you, and who one day shall verify the dreams of your childhood; who shall stand beside you in necessity and care, and shall help to answer the great questions of life. Rejoice, ye happy children, whom He blesses! Rejoice, and follow after Him! He is come to lead you and all of us to God!

There are inexhaustible, love-inspiring, wonderful, entrancing thoughts, in which man is never weary of plunging. The sick soul bathes in them as in a Bethesda, and is made whole—and in them the healthy find an elevating life's refreshment. Of this kind are the thoughts on that Child—His poverty, His lowliness, His glory!

Fathers of Families.—Thou who sittest at thy table like a thunder-cloud charged with lightning, and scoldest the wife and the cook about the dinner, so that the morsel sticks in the throat of the mother and children—thou who makest unhappy wife and child and servants—thou who preparest for every dish a bitter sauce out of thy gall—shame and indigestion to thee!

But—Honor and long life to a good stomach, and especially all good to thee who sittest at thy table like bright sunshine; thou who lookest round thee to bless the enjoyment of thy family—by thy friendly glance, thy kind speech, callest forth sportiveness and appetite, and thereby lendest to the gifts of God a better strength, a finer flavor than the profoundest art of the cook is able to confer upon them—

honor to thee, and joys in abundance. May good-will ever spread the table for thee; may friendly faces ever sit round thy dishes. Honor and joy to thee!

NATURE.—The wind on the sea, the air on the mountain, the sea-like sound in the wood, the fresh, fresh breath of nature, which expels care and refreshes life—I praise you! Who has not felt himself elevated—when he has returned from the house of mourning, from the impure atmosphere of society, and from the exhaustion of business? Wonderful, powerful, care-free life in the air, in the water, and in the earth! Mighty Nature, how I love thee, and how gladly would I lead all hearts to thee! In hostility to thee, life is a burthen; in peace with thee, we have a presentiment of the repose of Paradise. Thy storms sound through the immortal harps of Ossian and Byron; in the songs of the sea-heroes—in the romances of the north, breathes thy life. The feeling heart owes to thee its best and freshest sentiments. To her also who pens these lines hast thou given new life. Her soul was sick to death, and she cast herself on thy bosom. Thou didst raise her up again; she received power to lift herself up to God.

SELFISHNESS AND EGOTISM.—It is indeed a terrible sight, that of a man who has so completely smothered every thing divine in his nature, that nothing remains but a horrible egotism. To such a one nothing is sacred; to accomplish his will and to satisfy his humor, he hesitates at none, no, not the most criminal means, and finds a pleasure in making himself a tormentor.

THE FAR NORTH.—So poor, so waste, so gloomily does nature here present herself—monotonous, but great! Great,

since she is eternal, without change, without disquiet. Proud and immovable in her poverty, she casts from her the industry of men, the affluence of agriculture, and renounces every joy, but at the same time every fetter. She turns away her countenance from life, draws the winding-sheet around her, and seems to rejoice herself in everlasting repose.

Life's Moonlight.—There is also a moonlight in human life—a moonlight in the hearts of men. It ascends cheerfully after a disquieting, stormy day. It has the reconciling of light and shade; a bright twilight; a still melancholy; a soft slumbering of feeling; a wo—but it also is a benefit: then are shed quiet tears, gentle and refreshing as the dew upon the scorched-up valleys. Often, however, is it a long time before this repose, this heavenly light, descends into the heart; often is it tempested so long.

The Bridal Hour.—We array ourselves for marriages in flowers; and wear dark mourning-dresses for the last sorrowful festivity which attends a fellow being to his repose. And this often might be exactly reversed. But the custom is beautiful—for the sight of a young bride invites the heart involuntarily to joy. The festal attire, the myrtle wreath upon the virgin brows; all the affectionate looks, and the anticipations of the future, which beautifully accompany her—all enrapture us. One sees in them a new home of love raised on earth; a peaceful Noah's ark on the wild flood of life, in which the white dove of peace will dwell and build her nest; loving children, affectionate words, looks, and love-warm hearts, will dwell in the new home; friends will enjoy themselves under its hospitable roof; and much beautiful activity, and many a beautiful gift will thence go forth, and

full of blessing diffuse itself over life. There stands the young bride, creator of all this—hopes and joys go forth from her. No one thinks of sufferings at a marriage festival.

And if the eyes of the bride stand full of tears; if her cheeks are pale, and her whole being—when the bridegroom approaches her, fearful and ill at ease—even then people will not think of misfortune. Cousins and aunts wink at one another and whisper, "I was just so on my wedding-day—but that passes over with time!" Does a more deeply and more heavily tried heart feel perhaps a sigh arise within, when it contemplates the pale, troubled bride, it comforts itself, in order not to disturb the marriage joy, with, "O that is the way of the world!"

Misfortunes.—When a heart breaks under the burden of its sorrows—when sickness strikes its root in wounds opened by pain, and life consumes away slowly to death, then none of us should say that that heavily-laden heart should not have broken; that it might have exerted its strength to bear its suffering. No; we would express no word of censure on that prostrated spirit because it could not raise itself—before its resurrection from the grave.

But beautiful, strengthening, and glorious is the view of a man who presents a courageous and patient breast to the poisoned arrows of life; who without defiance and without weakness, goes upon his way untroubled; who suffers without complaint; whose fairest hopes have been borne down to the grave by fate, and who yet diffuses joy around him, and labors for the happiness of others. Ah, how beautiful is the view of such a one, to whom the crown of thorns becomes the glory of a saint!

I have seen more than one such royal sufferer, and have always felt at the sight, "Oh, could I be like this one—it is better than to be worldly fortunate!"

But I must here remark a difference. There is a misfortune in which we see a higher hand, an inevitable fate; it is like a thunder-stroke out of the clouds. But there are sufferings of another kind, of which the torture resembles a perpetual needle-pricking. These proceed from the hand of man; these arise in families, where married people, parents, children, only live one with another to make home a hell: there are the plagued and the plaguers; it were difficult to say which are most worthy of pity—the unhappy ones! The first kind of misfortune is most easy to endure. It is much, much easier to suffer under the hand of God, than under that of man. Lightning from above gives death, or light and exhilaration; the prick from the hand of man wastes away like a slow cancer; it embitters the heart—bitterness is the simoom of life; where it blows, there exists a desert. But even here, is there a means of deliverance. There is an angel-patience which blunts the wounding point, which sanctifies the sufferer under his pang, and at length improves others by this means. There is a Socratic courage which converts all Xantippean shower-baths into refreshing rain; there is a hero-mood that breaks the chains which it finds too heavy to be borne. Many a tormented one proves himself, but he proves himself before a higher eye; he may, if he will, prevent his heart becoming embittered, for that is the worst that can happen to him.

REMEMBEREST THOU ME.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

I LOVED thee when thou wert a fairy thing
Of less than sixteen summers; and thy form
Was as a flower of beauty's fashioning,
Bright in the sunshine, drooping in the storm.
Thy laughing eyes were of that deep clear blue,
In which the soul was seated like a star,
Throned in its kindred heaven.—I would strew
Gladness around thee, fair one! though afar
Our streams have parted, ne'er to mingle more.
Thou hast encircling thee in thy bright home
The fond ones of thy girlhood,—and thy door
Still looks on scenes where once we loved to roam;
(I bless thee, dearest!) and thy golden tress
Lies even now before me, and is wet
With tears that come from memory's fount and press
Its spirit depths full sadly.—Where we met,
Is pictured to the sense; the bower, the beechen tree,
On which our names were graved; the little stream,
That gliding onward mingled with the sea;
The sun just setting, while his crimson beam,
Falls slantingly upon the tiny sail
That gems the still blue waters. Thou art there.
And I am by thee, and thy lashes veil
The tears that glisten through them; while a prayer
Comes whispered from thy lips—bless thee! bless thee!
That prayer was breathed for me and—this is but
A dream of what hath been.

VISIT TO FATHER MATHEW.

BY COL. WM. SHERBURNE.

On leaving the beautiful and chaste City of Dublin, which may be ranked second only to the City of Edinburgh for its magnificent mansions, I was presented with letters to the Very Reverend Theobald Mathew at Cork; to the Earl Montagle, late Chancellor of the British Exchequer and Member of the House of Lords, residing near Cork; to the Lord High Sheriff of the County of Cork; and numerous others of equal rank and standing in Ireland, all of which placed me in a position, while on my rambles over an island so enchanting in prospect, clime and soil, to the traveller, made me forget the famishing thousands, or my danger as a foreigner travelling amid subjects armed at every point and ripe for rebellion, incendiarism, and bloodshed. Yet, after a pleasant jaunt, by railway and coach, I arrived in safety at the City of Cork, and took my quarters at Cotton's Imperial Hotel. The following morning I called to deliver my letters of introduction and pay my respects to Father Mathew, (so termed in Ireland,) whose humble abode I found a few squares from the hotel over the Lee in a narrow, obscure street. In front of the house was a large number of the poor, waiting to have an opportunity to see the great Apostle of Temperance and obtain the usual morn-

ing blessing, with something also to keep them from star vation. Making my way through the motley crowd, amid a hundred cries of "a penny, your honor, in the name of God!" I gave the usual summons, and was invited into the office of the good Father's private secretary, on the right of a narrow passage, the floor of which was covered with straw, thrown carelessly down, for the purpose, as I was afterwards informed, of letting the poor mendicants wipe their feet of the mud brought in from the street before entering the office. The secretary, on learning my object, my letters and country, expressed much regret that Father Mathew was absent from town on a mission of mercy; but said that he would return that evening, and hoped I would leave my letter and card, as he would feel rejoiced to see and take by the hand a citizen from a country that had saved millions from starvation by its most generous sympathy in the great time of need.

Soon after breakfast the next morning, while reading the morning paper near the front window in the parlor, a cab drove rapidly up the street and reined up at the Imperial; and while gazing out to see a large number of the poor Irish in front and around the cab, I was aroused at the entrance and announcement of mine host of the name of Father Mathew, who, with all the courtly grace of a finished gentleman, bade me welcome to Ireland, and regretting that his absence on the day previous had deprived him of the pleasure of welcoming me at his own domicil. The deep-felt gratitude, towards the American citizens, he expatiated upon until tears filled his eyes; and when describing the horrors of the famine and what he had seen and passed through during

that awful visitation of Providence, it seemed completely to unman the good Father, who rose, and with measured steps walked the room for a while in silence, apparently to recover his agitated feelings and change the too-painful subject. On the taking leave, he said, with his usual bland smile, while holding my hand, that he should expect me to dine with him on the next day with a few select friends, to whom he should be pleased to introduce me. On waiting on the good Father to his cab we found, still collected, a large number of the poor, who, on his approach, knelt on the pavement to ask a blessing as he passed out to enter his carriage. Many followed the carriage some distance up the street.

I had the impression, like thousands of others, that Father Mathew was a small man, of advanced age, and my astonishment was great on seeing a gentleman in the prime of life, of true Chesterfieldian grace in every movement, and with handsome form and features. Father Mathew may be termed one of nature's true noblemen. His dress was a suit of black with small-clothes and boots of high polish up to the knee, when in the street or making short visits; in private, at home, he wears a well-made neat shoe, after the style of the old English gentleman.

At the humble residence of the Apostle of temperance, on the next day, I was introduced to the Lord Mayor, several of the corporation and two or three priests. We dined in the same room in which we all met, and when dinner was announced, Father Mathew did me the honor of placing me at his right hand with the Lord Mayor on his left. We had an excellent dinner, with pure water; tea and coffee followed while the dessert was on the table, a part of which had been

sent from the United States by a lady as a present to Father Mathew. All the time we were at the table, a constant crowd of the poor destitute Irish were in front of the house, looking up to the windows, most anxiously wishing for some of the crumbs that fell from the good Father's table. While sipping our coffee, Father Mathew rose and whispered me to excuse him for a few minutes. His object was, to order his servant-man to divide all that was left of the dinner among those who crowded the door in front, as far as it would go, and then to request them to return to their homes and he would see them another time; all of which was fulfilled, and all left on their way rejoicing, blessing the name of Father Mathew.

REMEMBRANCE.

'Tis something, if in absence we can trace
The footsteps of the past: it sooths the heart
To breathe the air scented in other years
By lips beloved, to wander through the groves
Where once we were not lonely; where the rose
Reminds us of the hair we used to wreathe
With its fresh buds—where every hill and vale,
And wood and fountain, speak of time gone by,
And Hope springs up in joy from Memory's ashes

POETRY OF MR. HAYNES BAYLY.

The songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly have been the most popular of our times next to those of Moore. They are things generally slight in substance, yet invariably elegant and pleasing. Some are airy and cheerful beyond even Mr. Moore's best ditties of the same kind; others express, in a manner which the public felt to be original, the pathos arising from some of the less happy relations which rest beneath the smiling exterior of refined society. From a memoir prefixed to an edition of Mr. Haynes Bayly's lyrical works, published by his widow, we learn that he was connected by birth with the aristocracy of England, and the sole heir of a gentleman of property near Bath, who had pursued the business of solicitor in that city. By a fate rare with poets, he was nurtured in the lap of luxury; but it will be found that misfortune claimed her own at last, and that his latter years were spent under the pressure of difficulties which seem next to inseparable from literary avocations. He was an inattentive school-boy, preferring, even at seven years of age, the business of dramatizing stories from his picture-books to that of mastering his tasks. He composed verses under the age at which Pope and Spenser attempted them. Educated at Winchester school, he was devoted by his father to the legal profession; but it was found impossible to confine him to

such duties, and after a severe struggle with the paternal wishes, he was allowed to study for the church. This was a voluntary-assumed pursuit, but it did not prove the less uncongenial when tried; and, finally, it seems to have been found by all parties that it was vain to prevent the subject of our memoir from giving himself entirely to that for which his faculties seemed primarily fitted—elegant literature.

While he was studying at Oxford, he formed a fond attachment to a fellow-student who fell into consumption and died. At an early age of the youth's illness, his sister, who resided at Bath, ventured on the somewhat extraordinary step of corresponding with Mr. Bayly, to ascertain her brother's real state; for the accounts which had hitherto reached the family were only calculated to excite alarm without giving satisfactory information. This increased the interest which our poet felt in his friend's condition, and he soon gave himself entirely up to the duty of watching beside his sick-bed. He used to read to him for hours during the intervals of the slow fever which was consuming his life. He soothed him in the hour of pain and suffering, and at the last closed his eyes in peace. His whole conduct, and a monody in which he expressed his feelings on this occasion, make manifest the extreme kindness of nature which distinguished Mr. Bayly. Afterwards, his acquaintance with the young lady was renewed at Bath, whither he returned immediately after the decease of her brother. He was overwhelmed with thanks for his attentions to the lost one by the bereft family, and invited constantly by the afflicted parents to fill the vacant seat at their table; in short, he soon became as one of themselves. The sorrowing sister poured forth her grief

the poet sympathized, and "pity is akin to love." It was certainly not surprising that an attachment begun under such circumstances should have strengthened daily; and when the lover declared his sentiments, it of course became necessary to inquire into the probability of his being able to raise a sufficient income to allow of their marrying with prudence. Mr. Haynes Bayly was entirely dependent on his father, who was not then disposed to come forward for such a purpose. The young lady had nothing of her own, and her father, Colonel ———, would not make any settlement on her. How were matters to be arranged? They were both too wise to think of living upon love, and, after mutual tears and sighs, they parted—never to meet again. The lady, though grieved, was not broken-hearted, and soon became the wife of another. Mr. Bayly fell into deep melancholy, to alleviate which he was induced to make a journey to Scotland. It was at this time, and with reference to his own feelings, that he wrote his well-known song, "Oh, no! we never mention her;" also one less known, but perhaps more remarkable for the generosity of its sentiments:—

I never wish to meet thee more, though I am still thy friend;
I never wish to meet thee more, since dearer ties must end;
With worldly smiles and worldly words, I could not pass thee by,
Nor turn from thee unfeelingly with cold averted eye.

I could not bear to see thee 'midst the thoughtless and the gay;
I could not bear to view thee, decked in fashion's bright array;
And less could I endure to meet thee pensive and alone,
When through the trees the evening breeze breathes forth its cheerless moan.

For I have met thee 'midst the gay, and thought of none but thee;
And I have seen the bright array, when it was worn for me;
And often near the sunny waves I've wandered by thy side,
With joy that passed away as fast as sunshine from the tide.

But cheerless is the summer! there is nothing happy now;
The daisy withers on the lawn, the blossom on the bough:
The boundless sea looks chillingly, like winter's waste of snow,
And it hath lost the soothing sound with which it used to flow.

I never wish to meet thee more, yet think not I've been taught,
By smiling foes, to injure thee by one unworthy thought.
No—blest with some beloved one, from care and sorrow free,
May thy lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me.

A year spent in Scotland, and a subsequent gayer residence in Dublin, re-established the poet's spirits, and he now began to publish his songs. Returning, in 1824, to his father's house of Mount Beacon, near Bath—being now twenty-seven years of age—he formed a new attachment, equally peculiar in its circumstances, but more fortunate in the event. He was introduced by a friend at an evening party given by Mrs. Hayes, whose soirees at Bath were frequented by the talented, the young and the gay. Mrs. Hayes had an only daughter, who, having heard with delight the ballad of "Isabel," expressed the greatest anxiety to see its author; the friend just alluded to being one of Miss Hayes's suitors, was requested by her mother to convey an invitation for her next party to the *beau ideal* of her daughter's fancy. The appointed evening arrived—the poet saw, and was fascinated with Miss Hayes; and, on conversing with Mrs. Hayes, discovered that she and his own mother had been friends and school-fellows in their young days.

This circumstance laid the foundation of an intimacy which ceased only with his life. His friend was then little aware that he was introducing to her, whose hand he himself was seeking, her future husband; for so it proved.

He came, he saw, but did not conquer at once; for the young lady, though she could not but acknowledge that Mr. Haynes Bayly was very charming and agreeable, was nevertheless disappointed at not finding him *exactly* what her youthful imagination had portrayed. Seeing, therefore, that he was "*épris*," without her having any intention of captivating him, she persuaded her mother to shorten their stay at Bath, and take her to Paris. Mrs. Hayes reluctantly complied, as she much wished her daughter to encourage Mr. Haynes Bayly's suit; but when she found her daughter's mind was set on going abroad she wisely allowed her to do so; for Miss Hayes, when absent from the poet, missed his witty and delightful conversation and his attentions, which were entirely devoted to her, so much, that her mother's wish was more forwarded by absence than it would have been had she remained at Bath. Mr. Haynes Bayly was, however, not discouraged by her intended departure—as appears from the poem addressed to her, of which the following is a specimen:—

Oh! think not, Helena, of leaving us yet;
Though many fair damsels inhabit our isle,
Alas! there are none who can make us forget
The grace of thy form, and the charm of thy smile.

The toys of the French, if they hither are sent,
Are endeared by the payment of custom-house duties.

Ah! why do not *duty* and *custom* prevent
The rash exportation of pure British beauties?

Say, is there not *one* ('midst the many who sighed
To solicit your favor)—one favorite beau?
And have you to *all*, who popped questions, replied,
With that chilling, unkind monosyllable—NO?

Your mansion with exquisite swains has been thronged,
With smiles they approach you, in tears they depart;
Indeed, it is said that a man who belonged
To the Tenth, sighed in vain for a tithe of your heart.

And are you still happy? Could no one be found
Whose vows full of feeling could teach *you* to feel?
A girl so expert at inflicting a wound,
Should surely be now and then willing to heal.

Then leave us not; shall a foreigner own
The form we have worshipped as if 'twere divine?
No, no, thou art worthy a Briton alone,
And *where* is the Briton who would not be thine?

The pair were made happy by wedlock at Cheltenham, in 1826. The heir of a wealthy gentleman, and united to an elegant woman who had also considerable expectations, there seemed every reason to augur for Haynes Bayly a long course of happiness. They spent part of the honeymoon at Lord Ashtown's villa at Chessel, on the Southampton river; and here occurred a little incident which gave rise to the most popular of the poet's songs: a large party was stay

ing at Lord Ashtown's, and the day before it broke up, the ladies, on leaving the dining-table, mentioned their intention of taking a stroll through his beautiful grounds, and the gentlemen promised to follow them in ten minutes. Lured by Bacchus, they forgot their promise to the Graces, and Mr. Haynes Bayly was the only one who thought fit to move; and he in about half an hour wandered forth in search of the ladies. They beheld him at a distance, but pretending annoyance at his not joining them sooner, they fled away in an opposite direction. The poet, wishing to carry on the joke, did not seek to overtake them; they observed this, and lingered, hoping to attract his attention. He saw this manœuvre and determined to turn the tables upon them; he waved his hand carelessly and pursued his ramble alone; then falling into a revery, he entered a beautiful summer-house, known now by the name of Butterfly Bower, overlooking the water, and there seated himself. Here, inspired by a butterfly which had just flitted before him, he wrote the ballad, "I'd be a butterfly." He then returned to the house, and found the ladies assembled round the tea-table, when they smilingly told him they had enjoyed their walk in the shrubberies excessively, and that they needed no escort. He was now determined to go beyond them in praise of *his* solitary evening walk, and said that he had never enjoyed himself so much in his life; that he had met a butterfly, with whom he had wandered in the regions of fancy, which afforded him much more pleasure than he would have found in chasing them; and that he had put his thoughts in verse. The ladies immediately gave up all further contention with the wit, upon his promising to show

them the lines he had just written. He then produced his tablets, and read the well-known ballad,

I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,

to the great delight of his fair auditors.

It should perhaps be here remarked, that the poet foretold his own doom in this ballad; for it will be seen by his early death, that his nerves were too finely strung to bear the unforeseen storms of severe disappointment which gathered round him in after years. On the same evening he composed the air, to which Mrs. Haynes Bayly put the accompaniments and symphonies, and it was sung the following evening to a very large party assembled at Lord Ashtown's, who encored it again and again.

For several years Mr. Bayly lived in the enjoyment of the utmost domestic happiness. Possessed of fortune, brilliant talents, and manners universally pleasing, no lot could apparently have been better cast. Although not called to literary exertion by necessity, he wrote and published many beautiful lyrics, which generally attained great popularity: he composed a novel, *The Aylmers*, which met with success—and began to write for the stage. At length, in 1831, came the blight of misfortune. A bad speculation of his father's and his own in coal mines, and the faithlessness of the agent upon his wife's property in Ireland, reduced him to comparative poverty. The fine nervous system of the amiable poet was ill calculated to bear up against such calamities: for a time, his spirits were so sunk, that he was totally unable to command his mind to literary composition. A short residence abroad served to restore him in some degree, and

he resumed the pen with feelings which he has embodied in an Address to the Spirit of Song :—

I welcome thee back as the dove to the ark :
The world was a desert, the future all dark ;
But I know that the worst of the storm must be past,
Thou art come with the green leaf of comfort at last.
Around me thy radiant imaginings throng,
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song !

I welcome thee back, and again I look forth
With my wonted delight on the blessings of earth ;
Again I can smile with the gay and the young ;
The lamp is relighted, the harp is restrung.
Despair haunts the silent endurance of wrong ;
I welcome thee back again, Spirit of Song !

Some deeper feelings which still abode with him are expressed in a birth-day ode, which he soon after, in pursuance of a custom, addressed to his wife :—

Oh ! hadst thou never shared my fate,
More dark that fate would prove ;
My heart were truly desolate,
Without thy soothing love.

But thou hast suffered for my sake,
Whilst this relief I found,
Like fearless lips that strive to take
The poison from a wound !

My fond affection thou hast seen,
Then judge of my regret,
To think more happy thou hadst been,
If we had never met.

And has that thought been shared by thee?
Ah no, that smiling cheek
Proves more unchanging love for me
Than labored words could speak.

But there are true hearts which the sight
Of sorrow summons forth;
Though known in days of past delight
We know not half their worth.

How unlike *some*, who have professed
So much in friendship's name;
Yet calmly pause to think how best
They may evade her claim.

But ah! from them to thee I turn;
They'd make me loathe mankind;
Far better lessons I may learn
From thy more holy mind.

The love that gives a charm to home,
I feel they cannot take;
We'll pray for happier years to come,
For one another's sake.

From this time Mr. Bayly's life was in a great measure that of a man writing for subsistence. In this new character he exhibited marvellous industry, insomuch that, in a few years, his contributions of pieces to the stage had amounted to no less than thirty-six, while his songs ultimately came to be numbered in hundreds. But severe literary labor, united to corroding anxieties, proved too much for his delicate frame, and he sunk, in 1839, under confirmed jaundice. He lies buried at Cheltenham, under a stone which his friend Theodore Hook has thus inscribed:—"He was a kind

parent, an affectionate husband, a popular author, and an accomplished gentleman." Most sad it is to reflect how he thus came to realize his own playfully-expressed wish :-

What, though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day!
Surely 'tis better when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away.
Some in life's winter may fail to discover
Means of procuring a weary delay—
I'd be a butterfly; living, a rover,
Dying when fair things are fading away!

The poems and songs of Mr. Haynes Bayly will not be entitled to a high place in the literature of our age; a certain air of insubstantiality attaches to them all; the pathos rarely goes down to the springs of the human feelings, and the humor scarcely exceeds the playfulness which marks elegant society in its daily appearances. Yet, considering him as what he really was, the poet of modern fashionable life, he must be allowed the merit of having reflected this successfully, both its gravities and its levities. He must be allowed, moreover, to have possessed in an eminent degree the comparatively rare power of producing verses which readily danced along in connection with music. Withal, an amiable and virtuous nature shines throughout all his varied compositions.

THE THREE ORPHANS.

BY MISS EMMA HEMPLE.

Dreaming of the shadowy past
And the future, dim and vast,
In the sun-set hour so fair,
Mused the orphan sister there.
On her brother's laughing brow
Lingered not a shadow now;
And the baby, clasped from harm,
Fondly, on her weary arm,
Only saw a world of light,
Wrapped in beauty soft and bright.

They were happy—dreaming not
Of their thorny checkered lot;
All forgetful of the days
When a mother watched their plays,
And their father smiled to hear
Happy voices greet his ear;
When the tempter had not come
Darkening their peaceful home,
And the ruin was unwrought
Which the poison cup had brought

Then in memory floated by
That dear mother's sunken eye;
Household comforts, one by one,
Parted with, till all was gone,
And their mother drooped and died,
And their world grew drear and wide.

And no loving, sheltering arms,
Folded them from outward harms;
And there came no warm caress,
The poor orphaned ones to bless.

In the dreaming orphan's heart
All these shadows bore a part;
Yet a hope was blent with all—
God, who "sees the Sparrow's fall,"
Will not let those children know
All the bitterness of wo.
And her heart, so warm and true,
Will be mother, sister, too;
Hoping on and hoping still,
Through all sorrow, care and ill.

FAREWELL.

It hath a sad, sweet sound—"Farewell."
When loved lips murmur it;
For 'tis the breaking of a spell
We fain would bind us yet.
Then fades Love's rapturous mystery,
And slowly move the loitering Hours;
For bleak and bare Reality
Usurps the realm of flowers.

W. Drummond Engd. by W. Ramer

THE NOONTIDE DREAM.

JOHN BICKER,

THE DRY DOMINIE OF KILWOODY.

"De'il break your leg if ye get out over this door, the night, to any of your drunken companions. Do ye think I am to be getting out of my warm bed, to be letting you in at a' the hours of the night, I wish the first drop of whiskey ye tak, wad gang like boiling lead down your throat."

Such were the mild remonstrance and exclamation of scolding Tibby to her husband, John Bicker, the dry schoolmaster of Kilwoody. John answered with great mildness:

"Ah, Tibby, the whiskey's nae so strong now-a-days, woman; its mair like water than onything else. Ye ken this morning, Davy and I drank a whole mutchkin afore breakfast and were ne'er a bit the waur of it."

"The mair's the pity," retorted Tibby, "the de'il's ay good to his ain, but out of this house ye shall not stir till morning!"

"Ony ower the way to Saunders Glasse's," returned John; "I gave Davy and Rob my hand, that I would come, and I'll nae stay very long: indeed I maun gang, Tibby."

"Ye'll gang ower my back, then," exclaimed Tibby, placing herself between John and the door, "and ye'll get the mark of my ten nails as deep as I can houk in yer face. I'm ower easy and good natured with ye, ye vagabond, and that's the way ye leave me to gang after your drunken sand beds, that would soak in as muckle whiskey as would fill our goose

dub; ne'er-do-weels, that have their stomachs paved wi' whin stanes."

John stood and wriggled his shoulder, and scratched his head, at this announcement of a determined blockade. He tried to appease the enemy, but in vain. He knew his own strength, but was unwilling to exert it. A vigorous attack would have in a moment procured him his liberty; but this, John was afraid would be attended with too much clamor; and perhaps be productive of consequences he might afterwards be sorry for. He, therefore, determined to call off the attention of his infuriated spouse by a seeming acquiescence, and so take advantage of some lucky opportunity of effecting nis escape. But this system of tactics had been tried too often before, and Tibby seemed determined it should not succeed this time, as she cautiously barred the door of their little cottage, and placed herself so as to have full view and command of that weak part of the garrison. John was turning, disconsolate, to the fire-place when his feelings were roused to the full pitch of resolution by the voice of a friend on the outside.

"John, we're biding for you; what keeps you, mon?"

It was the voice of David Gourlay, and the sound was irresistible. John flew to the door, which he unbolted in a twinkling, burst from the enraged grasp of his wife, who fell upon the threshold in the momentary struggle, and, ere she could recover the use of her tongue or her limbs, the schoolmaster of Kilwoody, nimble as the mountain-deer, bounded over the hills with the all-inspiring emotions of newly-recovered liberty, and anticipations of social delight. Tibby, seeing all her plans frustrated and her determinations

thwarted, could only give vent to her feelings in imprecations against her husband, and the direst wishes as to his fate.

"I wish he may never enter this door again alive," she exclaimed. "May I have the satisfaction of stretching him on his dead-dale. I hope this nicht he'll taste his last drop of whiskey in this warld. It wad gi' me the greatest pleasure that on Sabbath next he was laid in the kirk-yard of Kilwoody, the graceless wretch!" here she sobbed with passion. "O that I saw him in his dead claes, and the black bits of boord on ilka side o' him."

The day had been moist and warm, but, towards evening the clouds began to discharge their contents in torrents and one of those sudden transitions, from mildness to the most piercing cold took place, which are so often wofully felt by the valetudinarian about the close of autumn. John, however, (the hero of our tale,) was snug and comfortable in the warm corner of Saunders Glasse's clean sanded parlor, where every fresh potation of whiskey toddy seemed to inspire him and his companions with warmer and more affectionate regard for each other. The solitary song gave way to the universal chorus. The storm that raged without, was lost in the joyous uproar which expressed all the rapture of social feeling within. Long before midnight, John and his four jovial companions had vowed to stand by each other, "come weal, come wo."

Scolding wives, squalling children, to-morrow's labor, to-morrow's care, were all forgotten and the hour of parting, like the hour of death, if it crossed the imagination for a moment, was chased away by the loud sounding laugh, the cordial shake of the hand, and the fresh flowing bumpers.

Scolding Tibby, as the only gratification of revenge which was in her power, bolted carefully the door, moved all the pieces of furniture which were portable, to strengthen the fortification and went to bed at an early hour, vowing that her drunken husband should find no shelter within his house from the howling storm which now threatened, every moment, to overthrow their little dwelling. Wakeful to enjoy the success of her manœuvres, Tibby did not sleep; she listened, with the utmost anxiety, betwixt every pause of the hurricane, and watched for her husband's return, that, if possible, she might add insult and reproaches to her merciless refusal of admittance.

The hour of one had tolled its solitary note from the parish kirk of Kilwoody, when the attentive ear of Tibby distinguished the sound of some one fumbling about the door in search of the latch. It was the next moment gently lifted, but the door still remained immoveable; a knock was then heard, but still Tibby kept silent. "Aperite portum! open the door," cried the Dominie, in a tone, which, evidently, showed the state of inebriety in which he had returned.

The vengeful denial stood trembling on Tibby's lip, but she repressed it, rightly judging the silence with which she treated his request would add to her petitioner's embarrassment. With the exultation of successful revenge, she heard his knocking, his threats, and his entreaties, and so callous was she to his sufferings, that in a short time wearied with the tumultuous passion to which her mind was a constant prey, she fell fast asleep.

About six in the morning she was awakened by the sound of several voices at her door, and, ere she could half dress

herself to appear with decency, she distinguished, amid a confusion of tongues, the alarming expressions of:

"Ay, ay, he's gone at last. Wae's me, John, it's an awfu' thing! at yer ain door too, stiff and cauld: it's an awfu' thing!"

Tibby removed the barricading and opened the door. She pierced among the small crowd, which was now fast increasing, and beheld her husband lying without sense or motion on the ground.

"John! John!" she exclaimed, with terror, "dinna lay there, mon; come to yer ain warm bed, I didna mean to hurt ye."

"Nae bed will ever warm him," exclaimed one of the bystanders; "a dreadful life ye led him, in this warld; and I'm sure he canna be waur used in the neist."

Tibby stood motionless, whilst two or three of the stoutest young fellows in the crowd carried the body within doors and laid it on the bed.

"There never waur sic a nicht under heaven," exclaimed one, "as last nicht; none but the heart of a monster wad have refused shelter to a dog in sic a storm."

"Oh!" cried another, "she'll find a judgment come ower her afore she dies; it's to be hoped honest John's now in glory; but as for you, ye limmer, an awfu' end will be seen of you."

Tibby was not of a disposition to allow herself to be baited, thus, with impunity; and put to her shifts, she stoutly defended herself.

"It was a' owing to his drunken, graceless ways," she retorted, "I told him how it wad be, and I did a' that I could

to keep him from that den at Saunders Glasse's; but it was ordained to be the death of him."

"That's a mair sensible word," said Willy Clew, the weaver, who was also an elder of the kirk, "that's a mair sensible word, than I wad have expected o' ye; for if Providence, for its ain ends, ordained that John Bicker was to die, no a' the warm firesides between this and Loch Leven wad hae saved him, had he been put just in the middle o' them."

Every body assented to the truth of this sage observation, and Tibby, by the lucky hint, obtained a respite from farther animadversion on her conduct. The visiters, one by one, dropped off, eager to enjoy the momentary attention they might command by being the first to communicate the dreadful event, to the quidnuncs of the parish of Kilwoody. All the old women, as they sipped a little glass of comfortable aqua-vitæ raised their eyes to heaven and inveighed most bitterly against the sin of drunkenness. The wives, in many an energetic lecture, set forcibly before their husbands' eyes the dreadful fate of the dry Dominie, and the men retorted that it "could not be all the whiskey in Saunders Glasse's change house that could have affected the well-seasoned stomach of Johnny Bicker; but that he owed his death, poor man, to that termagant cat-o'-thunder, his wife, who had left him exposed, all night, to sic dreadfu' weather."

There are some consciences, which have so much antipathy to the stings of self-reproach, that, let their actions partake of ever so much turpitude, the most innocent, and even the most praiseworthy motive is assigned to them. Tibby was one of this class; and, to hear her expressions, as she undressed the inanimate body of her husband, one could not

have supposed that her obstinacy had had the smallest share in his destruction.

"Wae's me, John, you wad na hae come to this untimely end, if ye had ta'en the advice o' your ain Tibby. Ye wad hae stopt, comfortably, by your ain cosie fireside, and no tempted Providence at a' the hours o' the nicht; weel did I ken that nae good could come of it, and muckle wark I had, to try to keep ye at hame. But no; ower my back ye wad gang!"

Tibby was here interrupted in her cogitations by auld Alice, who had been summoned thither by the rumor which, by this time, had obtained a pretty extensive circulation. This withered sybil had been so long accustomed to all the paraphernalia of mortality, that deaths and funerals were the chief sources of her enjoyments.

Alice kept an exact register, in her own mind, of all that had died, or were likely to die, in the parish of Kilwoody; could name all the otherwise unrecorded tenantry of the churchyard, and, as if she expected to survive all the present generation, was at no loss in assigning, even to every living inhabitant, his or her future cold and narrow mansion. Indeed, the region of death seemed to be the element in which she lived. With a ready tact, and handiness of manner, which showed that her heart went with her work, she closed the dying eyes of one, stretched out another, decently, on the board which, in Scotland, is called the "dead dale," and which is placed under the corpse previous to its coffining: and dressed a third in the fancifully cut and ornamented garb of the grave, the work of her own taste and ingenuity, which alas! was only to be exhibited for a moment and withdrawn

from mortal sight forever. An expected death produced a feeling of calm satisfaction in the mind of Alice; but a sudden event, of the kind we have just related, seemed to be a supernumerary favor conferred by fortune, in her kindest moments. Alice, therefore, no sooner heard of the circumstance, than she flew to offer her services. While she kindly enquired into the particulars of the affair, her interrogatories were mingled with the sagest reflections on what she termed the workings of Providence, and many a wistful look she cast to the bed, eager for the signal to begin her operations.

"A we drap of water, Tibby; and just tak' the chill aff it. A bonny, weel formed corpse as e'er I saw, sin' the day Tam Mickleson drapped aff. Haud ye up the jaw bone, till I fasten this firmly about the lugs. That's richt. Na, na, you mauna tie it there; pit the bonny locks just aneath the nicht-cap. I wish we had the dead dale here, for we canna straught him weel without; a' the joints get sae stiff. If they be supple the morn's morn, I'se tell you what, it's a sure sign they'll be mair ganging the gate he's gane afore the year be out."

Alice had thus far proceeded, when they were joined by a much less disinterested visiter, Tam Mowat, the wright, by whom all the coffins in the parish of Kilwoody had been made, to measure, for the last twenty years, for he kept none of those ready-made articles which are to be seen in many of our cities requiring only to be lined and finished off at an hour's notice. The bracing air of Kilwoody, in spite of two Edinburgh medical professors who had lately set up, to amend the constitution of its inhabitants, seemed so obstinately favorable, at least to the corporeal sanity that Tam Mowat, with

the assistance of an apprentice or two, could execute any order as soon as wanted.

The personage we have mentioned spoke very kindly to the widow and still kindlier to auld Alice, whom he considered as a kind of jackall to his profession. He had called, he said, only to see his honest, worthy neighbor, after the woful and melancholy accident.

"There was nae a man in the parish," he said, "he was mair fond o' than Mr. John Bicker; and he believed there was nae another man of sic learning left in a' Kilwoody; but this," he added, "is betwixt oursels, and ye need tak' na notice o' it."

Tibby assented to the truth of all these encomiums, yet still the man of wood had the mortification of not being nearer his purpose. After as many hints and manœuvres, as might have been beheld with admiration by a city dealer, Tam ventured to hope,

"That his auld friend wad be decently interred, becoming the respectable manner he had aye lived in."

"God forbid he shud na," rejoined auld Alice, "and I'll see the grave houked, myself, in the nor' east corner within a fit o' Babby Wishart's head stane. They never liked yin anither when living, but they'll sleep quietly thegither for a' that."

The wright, without any further orders, took out his rule and began to measure the length of his old acquaintance.

"A sax feet coffin will be just the thing," said he, "and——"

"Five feet and a half," interrupted Tibby, "John was only five feet and a half."

"I'm no one," answered the wright, "that likes to stint

things; I aye mak' it a point to give a corpse plenty of room. It's a hard thing that a man's to be strautened in his coffin, whate'er he was in the warld. Let me see, what age will I call him?"

"Twa-and-thirty, next September," answered Tibby, "and be sure you mak' it strang and firm."

"Leave it a' to me," returned Thomas, who was impatient to take his leave, having accomplished the end of his visit.

The two ladies, however, insisted upon his taking a glass previous to his departure. In a few minutes after, the dead dale arrived, and Alice, with alacrity, pursued her willing task. She stretched the feet nearly parallel te each other, laid the hands by the side and spread the fingers open; then, laying a sheet over the whole body, she placed a plateful of salt on the stomach to keep of the influence of any evil spirit. Refreshing herself with a dram, she took her leave, assuring Tibby that she would return in the evening, to watch the whole night by the side of the corpse, an attention which the country people in Scotland never omit paying to their deceased friends.

In our large cities there are two ways of being carried to our long, last home. In a hearse with nodding plumes, attended by our friends, in mourning coaches, or borne upon the shoulders of undertaker's porters, followed in regular files by all those whom duty and affection summon to the melancholy office. In Scotland there is a third, the only one practised among the poorer class; the coffin is laid upon two or three poles, which are supported on each side by the friends of the deceased, who, alternately, relieve each other, until they arrive at the grave.

When a Scotchman dies, his relations think they cannot show a greater mark of respect to his memory, than by securing a numerous attendance at his funeral. For this purpose, they immediately order circular letters to be printed. They bear the signature of the nearest relative or friend and are drawn up in formal terms, announcing the fatal event, the time and place of interment, with an invitation to attend the funeral. These letters are sent to every person with whom the deceased is supposed to have had the most distant acquaintance, so that it not unfrequently happens that, amongst the crowd which accompanies a man to his grave, there are found some who had scarcely any knowledge of his person. On the day of interment, as the persons invited are too numerous to be admitted within doors, they wait in the street. Each is dressed in a complete suit of black, so that it is, in general, necessary, for the pettiest tradesman or mechanic, supposing him to be a man in a settled line of business, to be provided with this article, (colored clothes being considered inadmissible and indecorous,) as it may chance for him to be invited to twenty of these occasions in the course of a year, many of which he may find it imprudent to decline. The funeral is seldom delayed beyond the third day. After the crowd have waited for some time, the coffin containing the body, is brought out and placed with the feet forward. The nearest relations gather round the head, and the rest follow, promiscuously, without any order or solemnity, some talking over the news of the day, or, between every pinch of snuff, relating anecdotes of the deceased. In this manner they advance to the place of interment. No clergyman is seen in official attendance, no burial ceremony is performed; the body

is let down into the grave; the company uncover for a moment, the aperture is closed up, and all but the immediate friends of the deceased disperse to their respective homes, none, but the latter description of persons returning to the desolate mansion. It may be proper, also, to remark; that in no case are women allowed to accompany even the nearest and best beloved of their friends.

To return to the thread of our story. Alice was punctual to her appointment, and Tibby, feeling little inclination to sleep, became the partner of her vigils. The large eight-day clock, which had clicked for many a year in the farthest corner of the parlor, had been, as is customary on such occasions, condemned to temporary silence, and the tabby cat, who had hitherto roamed unrestrained was, by Alice's direction, imprisoned in a solitary out house. Tibby and her friend sat themselves down on each side of a comfortable fire, and, placing the large family Bible on the table between them, they read, or endeavored to read, chapters, alternately, wisely passing over the hard names which now and then occurred, neither of them being great adepts at dissecting polysyllables. This, together with a little village scandal, a ghost story or two and now and then a small drop of comforting liquor, enabled the ladies to pass the night without much uneasiness.

The next day, at noon, Tibby was rather surprised at the entrance of two clean, neat, and rather fashionably dressed young men, who, uncovering as they approached, with a great deal of politeness informed her, that they were Messrs. Cronic and McGruel, surgeons and apothecaries from Edinburgh, who had lately commenced practice in the parish of Kilwoody, and that they had called to solicit her permission

to view the body of her husband. Tibby, unable to divine the cause of what she considered their singular curiosity, would fain have denied their request; but she was not a little abashed by their manner, which, though gentlemanly, was familiar and confident. She, almost involuntarily, muttered some term of acquiescence. The two Esculapian philosophers approached the bed, and touched the body in several places; their observations and remarks were made, according to Tibby's report, in Latin: at least, what, to her, seemed just as intelligible. By their manner, however, she guessed that they differed in opinion; but after a few minutes of wordy contention, they fixed upon a method of elucidating the subject; a method, which, as there is no such thing as a coroner's inquest in Scotland, they knew could only be put into practice by the consent of Tibby. This was, to examine the interior of the deceased, to search for the cause of his sudden departure; the body exhibiting appearances by no means common in apoplexies. Tibby no sooner heard this request, than she lost all the respect with which she had hitherto treated them. She flew into a violent rage, and, being joined by auld Alice, who that moment entered with part of the grave paraphernalia, and who soon understood from the ejaculations of her friend the cause of the dispute, such a clamor ensued, that the two Galens of Kilwoody thought it best to make a timely retreat.

"What!" cried Alice, "gie honest John Bicker to the doctors, like a hangit man, for a' the Edinburgh collegeners to glowr into the inside o' him!"

"God keep us a'," added Tibby, "what the de'il do they want to see? Our John was shaped like ony other decent

mon. I'se warrant there were nae follies about him, mair than about ony other."

"Never mind, Davy Gourlay and Saunders Webster," answered Alice, "will sit up the nicht to see that nae harm happens to the gude mon, and we'll have a gude deep grave houked for him, the morn's mornin. I never thought those doctor chiels ower canny. There's Saundy Gordon, he's been cloghering and spitting his insides out for thae twa or three years, and they've been aye gieing him this bottle and that bottle. Ouch dear, I think it's fleeing in the face of Providence; and the doctors will have it a' to answer for, some day."

On the morrow, which was the day appointed for the interment, the sable crowd, as is usual on such occasions, assembled. About half an hour previous Tam Mowat had arrived with the coffin. The body had been dressed with great neatness by the dextrous hands of auld Alice; a glass of wine was handed to each of the few persons who had entered the dwelling, and Tibby was desired by the wright to take the last look at her inanimate husband. It was then that the emotions, which she had hitherto succeeded in suppressing, became irresistibly manifest. She was for a few minutes convulsed with sobbing; this was luckily succeeded by a plentiful shower of tears, and—but we did not set out with the intention of writing a pathetic story: suffice it to say, that the dry Dominie was soon enclosed in that narrow boundary, which, but for a short time, prevents us from mingling with our kindred earth. The sad reliques of mortality were borne to the door; the velvet *mort-cloth*, as it is called in Scotland, was thrown over it, and the procession,

moving on, soon arrived at the church yard of Kilwoody. Alice watched it from the window and was not a little surprised at observing the two surgeons, Messrs. Chronic and McGruel among the crowd of mourners. She was morally certain that these gentlemen were not in the number of the invited; but she deferred her comments on this singular circumstance to a more convenient opportunity. The reader, perhaps, may have already guessed the motives of the above named gentlemen, in endeavoring to ascertain the exact spot of interment. The difference of opinion which had arisen between them at the house of John Bicker, had continued on their way home, and, like all other disputes, had ended in confirming each party in his own particular opinion. As they had been disappointed in their application to make a regular dissection, they were determined that the dry Dominie of Kilwoody should again visit the upper air. In the larger cities of Europe or in some of our own, as New York, &c. &. workmen might have been easily found to effect this premature resurrection; but, in Scotland, we believe the offer of future independence could not have bribed the poorest peasant to the sacrilegious operation. The two men of science, therefore, were resolved, in the "witching time of night," to take the labor upon themselves; and, accordingly, being provided with a pick-axe, shovel and some other implements, they, about an hour after midnight, set out with caution and noiseless footsteps, through the village, to violate the spot where so many generations of the natives of Kilwoody had, hitherto, rested in peace.

The church-yard of Kilwoody was situated on a rising ground which seemed to have been fashioned by art for the

purpose for which it was then employed. It was surrounded by a wall on the outside, nearly ten feet high, but little more than half that height in the interior. In some places, where this wall had been broken down, it was repaired, like many of the fences in Scotland, with rough, unshapen stones, the angular points of which, rudely fitting together, served to give it some degree of solidity without the use of mortar. We may here remark that the barren appearance of these fences, frequently impress the English traveller in this country, as well as in Scotland, accustomed as he is, to the verdant enclosures of his own country, with an idea of sterility, which is, by no means, justly imputable to the soil. The night was serene and mild; but the multitude of stars which spangled the deep blue sky, made it lighter than the two surgeons wished for. Shrouded in thick great coats and fur travelling caps, and bearing the implements for disintering the Dominie, they soon arrived at the church-yard, where the rough protuberances of the uneven walls enabled them easily to reach the top. Having attended the funeral for the sole purpose of noting the situation of the grave, they had no difficulty in immediately commencing their labor. This was comparatively easy, as the earth still lay loose and light; yet, ere they had arrived at the coffin, the tender skin of their hands, unaccustomed to such friction, began to convey no very pleasant sensation. They persevered, however; and, at last, had the satisfaction of hearing, by the hollow sound, that they had reached the surface of John Bicker's narrow dwelling. In a little time, they cleared the whole extent, and with their tools, wrenching open the lid of the coffin, soon effected the resurrection of the Dominie.

"Where is the bag?" said one, to the other; and it was soon discovered that each had carelessly depended on the other for the provision of this necessary article. This was vexatious; for the risk of detection in the conveyance was thereby considerably increased. However, they were forced to trust to that good fortune, which had hitherto favored their enterprise, and, placing the body carefully on the grass, at some little distance, by the side of a distinguishable tombstone, they began, with alacrity, to re-fill the grave with earth and again make up the hillock, neatly covered with turf, which, to the eyes of a whole contemporary generation, marks the peaceful resting place of even the lowliest and humblest of the Scottish peasantry.

While they were employed in this operation, and had nearly completed their labor, they were alarmed by the sound of a deep, hollow groan. It broke, for a moment only, the surrounding stillness; and, indeed, passed away almost as quick as the instant of its perception. The two surgeons, however, started up, stared aghast at each other, and, without uttering a word, listened most attentively. Their whole souls for some moments seemed to be in their ears; but all was silent.

"Did not that seem like a groan?" muttered McGruel.

"Hush!" replied the other, catching hold of his friend's hand.

They again bent themselves in the attitude of listening; but all was still—the air was even calmly still, and they again began to adjust the turf.

"It must," said Chronic, in a low tone, "have been the sighing of the wind among the tombstones; and yet, in my ear, nothing could sound so like a groan."

"Let us make what haste we can," returned his friend, "there may be other living creatures beside ourselves, even in the precincts of this church-yard."

The moment their work at the grave was completed, they carried the body to the wall. There, placing a rope under the arm-pits, they slid it gently down the deep exterior; and, leaving it there, leaped back into the church-yard to secrete their tools in the corner of a dilapidated tomb, which, at a very remote period, had contained the bones of some favorite retainer of the ancient barons of Kilwoody. Every thing being prepared for their departure, McGruel first mounted the low wall, at the spot where he had deposited the corpse of the Dominie. Previous to his meditated descent on the outside, he darted his eye through the gloom below, as if measuring the extent of the leap, when suddenly uttering an exclamation of terror or surprise, he rushed back to his friend.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the amazed surgeon, "he is moving from the wall!"

His companion, inspired more by curiosity than alarm, looked immediately over, and to his utter astonishment, beheld John Bicker, the dominie, seated, as well as he could distinguish, at some little distance on the ground.

"I must be certain," said Chronic, "that this is no delusion. Follow me."

So saying, he leaped from the wall and was immediately imitated by his companion. They ran to the spot, and, without giving themselves time for reflection, grasped the dominie in their arms.

"Are you really a living man?" said McGruel, with great earnestness.

"Where am I?" returned the Dominie in a low, languid and feeble voice, which marked the extreme degree of debility to which he was reduced.

"Thank God!" answered Chronic, "we have come to deliver you from a death, at which the imagination shudders. Had we been but a few moments later you might have suffered the short but horrid consciousness of being in the grave."

The Dominie by his actions seemed unable to comprehend the meaning of their words, and appeared nearly fainting, when the two surgeons placed to his mouth a bottle of wine which they had brought as a cordial for themselves. The few drops he swallowed revived him, and McGruel disrobing himself of his great coat, wrapped it carefully round him. Whilst they were about this charitable act, John Bicker, by the feeble light, perceived the habiliments of mortality with which he was clothed, and, with a shuddering of horror, demanded an explanation.

"There is time enough for that," replied the surgeons, "when you are more recovered. Try if you are able to walk, with our support; we shall conduct you to our home, where you shall obtain the quiet repose and invigorating medicines you seem so much to need.

The Dominie felt sufficient strength to move along, leaning on the arms of the two surgeons. On their way they gave him a full explanation of the causes of his late condition; a narrative to which he listened with the deepest interest, intermingled with those shuddering emotions, which we feel on looking back at any dangerous situation in which we have been placed, our deliverance from which has been effected neither by our own wisdom nor courage, but by a fortunate circum-

stance upon which we could never again depend. It was at this moment that his new friends took an opportunity of setting forth to him, the necessity, the importance, and the blessings of temperance. It is needless to detail, to the reader, what was said on the subject, but every word sank deep into the heart of the Dominie. With a mind capable of higher pursuits and an elevation of ideas, inspired by the partly classical education he had received, he now felt a loathing at the vulgar and sensual debauchery, into which the ardent sociality of his temper had seduced him. This frame of mind was, no doubt, strengthened by the recollections, which momentarily pressed upon his imagination, of the horrid fate which seemed to have been averted from him by a special interposition of Providence.

"I'll make nae solemn promises," said he, as he raised his eyes to the multitude of stars which bespangled the deep, dark azure sky; I'll make nae solemn promises to heaven, for that, perhaps, would be a presumptuous confiding in my own strength; but let thae bonny, twinkling lights bear witness, at least, how I wish to become an altered man."

"This, to you," replied McGruel, "is a new starting post of existence; let every step of your future course be in the path of prudence and virtue."

The Dominie seemed absorbed, for a few moments, in deep abstraction. He had, evidently, made up his mind to some resolution which he did not then disclose; he only ended his reverie by the exclamation,

"All believe me dead; and but to one I shall be dead!"

On their way to the dwelling of the surgeons, they necessarily passed the public house of Saunders Glasse, where the

schoolmaster had so often rioted away his substance and so lately endangered his existence. It is hard to describe the shuddering of horror with which he approached the place This was not a little increased by the sounds of jovial merriment, that arose from the drunken crew within. Begging his new friends to stop, for a moment, he applied his eye to a broken part of the window shutter and beheld his former companions, with joined hands, in a circle, round a large bowl of punch, reeling and shouting, with all the vociferation of delirious inebriety. The effect of this scene was heightened by the sable garb of mourning, still worn by the party, all of them having been, the preceding day, at the funeral. The Dominie, at this moment, could not resist the opportunity afforded him, of endeavoring, however ludicrously, to effect the reformation of his former associates. Raising his well known voice as much as his slowly-recovered strength would permit him; the surgeons having, previously, thundered on the window shutters, with their fists, to command attention, he thus addressed them:

"Besotted drunkards! is the little reason that God has given you, so puir a gift, that you find your greatest pleasure in its destruction? Winna my awfu' fate warn you? Maun I come frae the grave to preach, to you, repentance?"

The momentary silence which followed this address was soon interrupted by drunken Davey Gourlay, who, striking his fists with great vehemence on the table, exclaimed,

"May I taste never anither drap, if that binna Johnny Bicker's voice and, dead or alive, de'il may care, we'll drink thegither;" so saying, he snatched up one of the bumpers staggered towards the door, and the party on the outside

might have soon been detected to have been of this earth's gross substance, had they not, immediately, withdrawn. Drunken Davey, disappointed in finding the object of his search, staggered back again. "It was Johnny Bicker's voice I'll swear," he exclaimed, "but what the de'il did he say!"

The whole company with the exception of Saunders Webster, expressed their total want of recollection; the latter, hiccoughing as he spoke, asserted that he remembered it perfectly well.

"We were a' desired," said he, "to take a warning that people of reason had the gift of getting drunk in the grave."

"The very words!" vociferated all the party, "for mind ye," added drunken Davey, "the ither warld is the land of spirits, and as this is Britain, why it maun be British spirits, the very words Saunders Glasse has painted aboun his door."

The accuracy of Davey's logic, was, without farther examination, taken for granted, the party again filled their bumpers and, as far as their growing insensibility would allow, the former scene of thoughtless uproar was resumed.

The two surgeons, without farther interruption, conducted the revived Dominie to their genteel, clean, and comfortable dwelling. Having supplied him cautiously with nourishment, they caused a bed to be prepared for that repose, which was chiefly wanting for the recovery of his strength. In a few moments he fell into a deep sleep and his attentive hosts, who visited him from time to time, beheld, with satisfaction, that his slumber was of a kindly nature which promised speedy renovation to his languid frame. He continued in this state

the whole of the day and it was not till evening that he awoke, wonderfully refreshed in body and mind, when he bethought himself of putting in practice the project he had conceived in the early part of the morning. He arose, dressed himself in clothes which had been left for that purpose in his bed-room. Fearful lest his new friends would oppose what they might consider his premature departure, he stole, softly, to the door; and, hoping to escape unperceived in the increasing darkness, cautiously crept along, taking the nearest way to his own home.

Tibby had, that evening, twenty times oftener than was necessary, stirred the large coal fire, till it blazed in the chimney, and trimmed the lamp, which hung over the mantle piece. She had busied herself all day to get rid of the uneasy thoughts which oppressed her; and during day-light, assisted by the kind condolence of her neighbors, she had pretty well succeeded; but towards evening, as these visitors departed, the dreary sense of her hopeless, lonely situation, almost overcame her. Among the peasantry of Scotland, the widow is supposed to possess a sacred claim on the good will and attention of all that surround her. Heaven is supposed, peculiarly, to interest itself in her cause, consecrating her blessings and avenging her injuries; yet with all this, Tibby, when necessarily left alone, felt as if the world did not now contain one being in whose interests she could participate. She looked around her, till every object that met her eye seemed to lay its heavy load upon her heart. She gazed at the glowing embers of the fire and hardly felt the scalding tears which trickled down her cheeks. She now turned to the bed, which, but yesterday, had exhibited the most mourn-

ful spectacle she had ever beheld. A nearer object now more deeply interested her, the vacant chair at the fireside, where her husband had held his seat, by prescriptive right; a magisterial throne, which Tibby, amid all her rebellions, had never dared to usurp. It was now empty and, as if to get rid of its forever hopeless vacancy, with despairing sobs, she threw herself into it. The consciousness that she had been, to say the least, unkind and unrelenting, tore her heart with agony.

"Oh! that he had died in peace with me," cried she. "If I could hae seen him but for a moment. He was ower kind to me and I did nae deserve it—but nae matter," she added, bursting into a flood of tears, "it winna be lang afore we lie in ae cauld grave thegither."

At this moment the sound of some person at the door assailed her ear; but, how was she astonished, when she heard the well-known voice of her husband, saying:

"Dinna be frightened, Tibby! dinna be frightened, my woman!"

She started from her seat and, looking round, beheld him within the threshold. Tibby trembled with agitation, without the power of uttering the faintest cry of terror.

"Dinna be frightened," reiterated the Dominie, "dinna be frightened, my lassie; not for the warld's wealth wad I harm ye."

Saying these words, he made a motion to approach nearer, when, with a confused idea of supernatural danger, Tibby snatched up the large family Bible which lay upon the table. The sacred volume is, in Scotland, supposed to be the most effective shield with which a guiltless heart can be guarded in

the dangerous intercourse with disembodied spirits, and Tibby grasped it firmly in her arms. She fixed her eyes, intently, on her husband's countenance and saw it not only beaming with affectionate regard, but that there was nothing the least unearthly in its appearance. She soon found herself so far recovered, as, with faltering voice, to mutter something which seemed an inquiry as to the object of his awful visit.

"Ye ken, Tibby my dear," said the Dominie, "ye ken that your father, a wee while afore he died, sold a' his kye, and gev you the siller, now ye never wad tell me where ye had hid it: this is my first business wi' ye, my woman."

"There, there," said Tibby, pointing with eagerness to a corner under the farthest bed-post; "fifty-four pounds, saxteen shillings."

John easily found the money, and, securing it in his pocket:

"Now, Tibby," said he, "gie me your hand; will ye gang alang wi' me?"

"No! no!" replied Tibby, while an icy coldness ran through her veins, "no! not till God's time come."

"But I'm alive, woman," returned the Dominie, "alive and as well as ever I was in my life. I was only in a fit; the doctors got me out of the grave;—convince yourself that I am alive."

Ere Tibby was aware, she felt one of her hands grasped in both those of her husband.

"Do you not feel," he added, "that I am flesh and blood?"

Tibby's terror yielded to the conviction of her senses, as she suffered her husband to impress the warm kiss of affection on her lips.

"I am a reformed man, Tibby," said he. "I see the folly, the madness of my former conduct——"

"And I see the cruelty of mine," interrupted his wife, as she hung upon his shoulder.

"Let us leave this place, for ever," returned the Dominie; "my former worthless associates believe me dead, and we canna hae a better opportunity of parting wi' them; with this little money we'll gang to Edinburgh and begin some line of business, where, if industry, frugality and temperance, ever meet their reward, we maun thrive. Greet nae mair, Tibby, dry your e'en; will ye come wi' me?"

"Oh! to the warld's end," was the ready answer, and they both immediately set about making preparations for their departure.

The silver teaspoons, marked with husband and wife's initials joined in an involving cypher, the guidman's watch, articles which are hardly ever wanting in the dwellings of the Scottish peasantry, were easily stowed about their persons, and the more ponderous part of their property Tibby, by her husband's direction, transferred in writing to the care of the two surgeons. Thus prepared, they set out, the darkness of the night favoring their concealment and were soon arm in arm, with the most vivid hopes and ardent resolutions, on the great road to Edinburgh. Early next day, the whole village of Kilwoody was not a little alarmed by the news of the disappearance of the dry Dominie's widow. It was sagely conjectured, that the apparition of her husband had in revenge for her usage of him carried her away, bodily, to the other world. The whiskey topers at Saunders Glasse's had some confused remembrance of having seen or heard the phantom

on the way to its unhallowed purpose, while not a few of the old women, on being made acquainted with the circumstance, perfectly recollected perceiving an extraordinary blue flame, the preceding evening, hovering around the Dominie's dwelling. Some had even heard what they called an "awfu' and indescribable noise," which must have taken place at the moment when the vengeful spirit flew through the air with his prey. Auld Alice blessed herself that John Bicker could have no quarrel with her, as she had made his grave clothes of the neatest pattern, and Tam Mowat, the wright, protested that wherever the soul of the dry Dominie might then be, he was sure his body was safe betwixt "sax good pieces of wood as ever were planed."

John Bicker and his wife, on their arrival at Edinburgh, rented a small store in the grass market, and laid out their little sum of money in dry goods and hosiery. They wrote an account of their proceedings, to their friends, the two doctors, who feeling a wish to promote their interests, furnished them with recommendations to several respectable persons. This increased their business and credit and every day saw them making gradual advances to a comfortable independence. John soon transferred his stock to larger premises in the Lawn Market. The rest of his history may be related in a few words. He at last settled near the Tron Kirk, at the time when the line of houses in High street joined that edifice, the South bridge not being then projected. Having been fortunate in his speculations as a wholesale merchant, he was chosen one of the baillies of the city. [This office is nearly the same as that of alderman in New York.] In this honorable situation, he acquitted himself

with impartiality and considerable talent, and those who beheld him in the municipal chair, dressed, officially, in black, with the golden chain of dignity and the medallion of justice depending from his neck, could never have recognised in the grave magistrate, the drunken, dry Dominie of Kilwoody.

THE WIDOW TO THE BRIDE.

BY MARY N. MEIGS.

I saw thee wedded, lady,
At the altar's holy side,
As with roses 'mid thy shining hair
Thou stood'st a happy bride.
The soft light o'er that joyous band,
A tender radiance shed,
While priestly word and marriage ring
Proclaimed thee duly wed.

I saw the wedded, lady,
With the love-light on thy brow,
And I caught thy low-breathed whisper
Of the holy marriage vow,
And by the quick pulsation
In my bosom's inmost core,
I knew thy heart was throbbing,
As it ne'er had throbbed before.

I saw thee wedded, lady,
And my thoughts went roving back
To a bridal day, which long ago,
Illumed life's sunny track;
When, like thyself, I vowed to love
Through weal and wo for life,
And with the golden circlet, claimed
That sweetest name, of *wife*.

Oh! marvel not, if, 'mid the smiles
That graced thy nuptial hour,
Mine eyes were wet with burning tears
Which fell like summer shower:
It was not envy of thy lot,
Nor sorrow at thy bliss;
I would not that thy cup of joy
One shining drop should miss.

But oh! 'twas memory, memory's power,
Which thus my spirit bowed,
I knelt again as once I knelt,
And vowed as once I vowed.
Methought I stood as thou didst stand,
The loved one at my side—
Then looked upon my darkened robes,
The widowed, not the bride!

Yet, lady, though my heart was sad,
As sad it oft must be,
Heaven's best and holiest benison,
'Twould still call down on thee:
Joy to the bride! Love's brightest wreath
For thee may true love twine,
And be thy wedded life as blest,
And oh! *less brief*, than mine.

THE HUNGARIAN WIFE.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Wake! hearts beloved! the midnight stars
Move, hushed, through yonder sky;
Love's hand hath loosed thy dungeon bars,
Love bids thee wake and fly!
A swift ship goes across the main,
Free shores our coming wait;
Our land still wears her galling chain,
Our homes are desolate.
Yet still our hearts give out the cry,
As from the battle's van,
"Hungaria! Hungaria!
Death to the Austrian!"

Ah! what avails the burning word
That stirs the soul of life?
Our wounded country bears her sword
All broken from the strife.
The Austrian and the Muscovite
Have woven wide her pall,
And the Moslem's bond-word holds, to-night,
Her glorious sons in thrall.
Haste! haste, beloved! and still our cry,
In yon blest land shall be
"Hungaria! Hungaria!
Our home, and Liberty!"

THE BURIAL AT SEA.

BY REV. THEO LEDYARD CUYLER

A GREAT many Temperance Stories have already been written; some humorous, and some pathetic; some fictitious, and some, like the following, "founded on fact." Many of the ablest pens in our land have been employed in portraying the miseries and the fate of those who "tarry long at the wine; who go to seek mixed wine." It may seem, therefore, highly presumptuous in me to ask the reader to give me his attention while I tell him, in a very few words, *My Temperance Story.*

One evening, as I was coming out of the harbor of Liverpool, on board the noble packet ship ——, I stood, leaning over the railing of the quarter-deck, watching the steerage passengers, as they were cooking their suppers in the midships below. It was a picturesque sight. As the small peat fire in the brazier threw its flickering light on the wild, ragged group, I was strongly reminded of the gipsey gangs that still infest some of the rural districts of England. Most of them were Irish; but I could detect occasionally the burly face of the English peasantry; and there was an old German, in close scull-cap and long, blue gown, who sat stirring his porringer, like some alchemist over his magic bowl.

Just beneath where I stood, I noticed, particularly, a pale, delicate woman, bending over the fire, preparing her humble

meal. Sometimes she would turn around, and listen to a rough, red-faced man, who addressed her in no very gentle tones; and sometimes she would stop to play with two rosy children, who sat by her on a chest. Her form was slender, and she had once been handsome; and there was an unmistakable air of refinement in her gentle manner, and the attempted neatness of her coarse dress, that made her, among the squalid objects around her, like Wordsworth's peasant girl, "a sunshine in the shade." When their scanty meal was ready, she took the youngest child by the hand, and beckoned to the surly fellow behind her, who followed her down the gangway, swearing fiercely as he went.

A flattering prospect, thought I, for this delicate creature, who is doomed to leave home and kindred in the tender keeping of such a brute. A porcelain vase would as well be trusted in the hands of a savage! For a young wife and mother to go far from her native land into the wilds of an American forest, is hardship enough, even with the best of protectors; but a drunken husband "who can bear?"

For some days after, I noticed, by his unsteady gait and rude treatment of every one who approached him, that he was continually under the excitement of drink, of which he had smuggled a considerable quantity on board. This was once very common, especially among the Irish emigrants, whose generous liberality to the seamen sometimes endangered the safety of the ship. But, thanks to a merciful God, who has sent to suffering Ireland the GREAT APOSTLE of Temperance, this evil is well-nigh done away, and the emigrants from that country are now remarkable for their quietness and sobriety.

This man, I observed, from the effect of continued intoxication, soon became quarrelsome; and, one day, in the heat of a scuffle on the forecastle, he was pitched upon the main deck, and his head struck upon the iron cable coiled over the windlass. He was taken up insensible; and a physician, who happened to be among the cabin passengers, was called down, and pronounced his recovery hopeless. In the evening, I went down to visit him. A steerage is at best but a noisome place—to a sick man, it must be a very "black hole of Calcutta." The squalid beings who herded together in the same cabin, were gathered in silent groups at the farther extremity, and many had retreated to the main deck. He was in the last stages of a violent fever, accompanied with a most frightful delirium. Over his poor pallet, bent one woman—the same delicate form I had noticed on the first evening; and in the intervals of his paroxysm, her deep-drawn sighs could be distinctly heard. It was nothing to her now that he had so lately abused her, and reviled her, and even cursed her, while performing for him offices of kindness. He was in his dying agonies; and she was his wife, and that was enough.

I could be of no service there, and the scene was too much for me to bear. When I returned to the saloon of the vessel, handsomely garnished and brilliantly lighted, and found my fellow-passengers lounging on the sofas, with a novel in their hands, or gathered around the whist-table, laughing and jesting, I was forcibly reminded by the contrast of the strange world in which we live, where joy and sorrow are brought into startling proximity; and where, as in a great city, there is often but a thin wall separating the travails of birth from the

gayety of the bridal party and the still chamber of death. The next morning, when I came on deck, I observed an unusual soberness on every face. A group were collected around the mainmast, gazing silently at some object on the deck below. I came up behind them, and looking over the railing, I "*felt* that it was a corpse!" After the summary fashion on board ship, it was inclosed in blankets, bound around with coils of rope, and stretched upon a plank. To the feet, a large weight was soon attached, and the whole was then swung over the ship's side and made fast with ropes.

As soon as breakfast was concluded, the boatswain piped all hands to the burial. The steerage passengers were seated on the long-boat and the water-barrels, and the cabin passengers were gathered on the quarter-deck. When the poor widow had come forward, and taken her seat on a little cabin-stool set for the purpose, with her two children by her side, the captain commenced reading the burial service. That nobly eloquent service never sounded to me more solemn. When the captain had concluded the words, "We therefore commit his body to the deep," the signal was given. A heavy plash was heard, and the unsightly mass sunk "like lead in the mighty waters." There was a general rush to the ship's side, as soon as the plunge was heard: but a few bubbles merely were seen rising to the surface—the only memorials that shall ever rise to mark his resting-place.

During the day, the wind died away, and by night we were perfectly becalmed. I passed the evening, as I did many while at sea, in walking the deck, and enjoying the calm quiet of an ocean solitude. Not a breath of air was stirring. The sails were idly flapping against the mast, as the ship

swung slowly to and fro on the long glassy swells. The moon had just risen from the bosom of the sea, and poured its broad stream of light, which played and flashed on the slow undulations of the waters. While I stood watching this peculiarly beautiful appearance of the rays upon the ocean, which every one who has been to sea must have observed, I saw a female come up from the gangway, and, creeping up upon the pile of spars where the body had laid, sat down and gazed intently down into the water. It was the poor widow. She had no grave to go to; she could only look upon the treacherous sea, which had so suddenly swallowed up all that was left of him she had so long loved. When I looked at the heart-stricken woman, solitary and forlorn, bereft even of her "broken reed," and left with her helpless children, alone, in the middle of the wide ocean, my heart ached for her. To my mind, the miserable object which had been so unceremoniously cast away, seemed scarce worth a tear. Not so to her. He was her husband, the father of her children, who had not yet sinned away all her early love, and whose degradation and wretched end drew forth all her compassion, and united it to the inextinguishable affection of the wife.

Her case excited great interest among the passengers, who, as a substantial proof of their sympathy, raised a handsome sum to defray her immediate expenses on arriving in a strange land. When I took her this tribute of their sympathy, I asked her some questions relative to her circumstances and her history. This she willingly gave me. It was the old familiar tale—beginning with the golden days of her girlish love; the vows plighted before the altar of the

village church; and the little ivied cottage, with its woodbine trailing over the door, and contentment seated by its humble fireside. There, she was as happy as the day was long. Then came the temptation—the *fatal first glass*, offered by an old comrade, was soon followed by the second, and this sooner still by the third; and, before he was aware, he had become a confirmed drinker. She saw it, and warned; but it was too late. And then came upon her the long agony which no one who has not felt it knows; the days which brought no light, and the nights which brought no rest; the hours of weary watchfulness; the hopeless labor from morning till night, watered by many an unbidden tear; the slow ooze of the heart's blood, drop by drop, wrung forth by the iron hand of despair! All his cruel treatment, and all his neglect, she bore with a woman's fortitude; and, woman-like, she returned caresses for every blow. At the end of five years, everything was gone. The landlord, who had borne with him very patiently, at last informed him that, as there were so many sober men out of employment, he could not afford to employ a drunkard. There was no resource but the *workhouse* and the *beadle;* and I do not wonder that these have terrors, even for the most miserable. Her brother had left England when he was a boy, and was now in a comfortable "situation" in the city of New York. Thither their landlord offered to send them, if they were willing to go. This kind offer they gladly accepted; and the snug cottage, and its woodbines, and its once happy fireside, were, with many lingering looks, left behind them for ever. The painful sequel of her story I have already given.

The rest of my homeward passage was, as such a passage

should be, delightful. The first sight of the Neversink hills, rising above the monotonous waste of waters, threw me into raptures. All day long I sat on deck watching the familiar objects, as they gradually came in sight; and never did home seem half so dear to me. The bay of New York never was half so beautiful; and the white cottages on the banks looked like miniature pasteboard creations, after being so familiar with the heavy stone structures of old England. The last gasp of a wind which had been dying all day, had just borne us within the Narrows, when a steamboat hove in sight to take us to the city. We had been telegraphed, and all expected friends. The poor widow, who had been invited, as a mark of respect, to take her place, when she chose, on the quarter-deck, came to me, and asked if I did not think her brother might be on board? I told her that perhaps he did not know when she was coming; but when the boat drew alongside, and she looked hurriedly over the mass of strange faces, she appeared much disappointed. I suggested to her that she might not know him after an absence of so many years. "Oh, yes!" said she, in surprise. "He was a brave lad, and as handsome as ye ever saw. Poor fellow! the day before he went away, he took out of his earnings, and bought me this ring. Isn't it very pretty?" I could not deny the beauty of a brother's gift, plain as it was, though it doubtless shone as brightly in her eyes as if it were set with diamonds. As the news-boats came round us when we entered the harbor, the simple-hearted woman was on the look-out for her "brave lad" in each of them, little thinking that by this time he was grown into a care-worn man.

It was night-fall when the ship rounded to the wharf; and

the officers of customs forbade us to remove our luggage until the next morning. Before I left the vessel, I looked about, among the hurry and confusion, for the friendless woman and her children; and it was some time before I found her, sitting in one corner of the dark steerage, with one of her children sleeping in her lap, and the elder weeping in sympathy with her mother's grief by her side. She had hitherto borne her trials with wonderful composure; but the sense of her utter forlornness in a strange land, with no one to care for her or her fatherless children, was too much for her broken spirit, and she sobbed aloud. I could do nothing for her; I could only get a promise from the captain to see that some temporary provision should be made for her, if no friends appeared; and I stepped ashore more thankful, I trust, than before, for the home to which I was coming.

Some will read this simple narrative, perhaps, and feel an increased sympathy for the suffering condition of the English poor, which, even under such circumstances, makes them seek an asylum three thousand miles across the sea. Some will see in it only a beautiful exhibition of female constancy and fortitude. But there is a deeper moral still. It only unfolds another page in that great record of sin, and sorrow, and shame, caused by the damning vice of intemperance. It is but a story of every-day life. The contrast between the happy peasant girl in her ivied cottage and the desolate widow, homeless and forsaken, weeping at night over her fatherless children in a strange land, is a contrast that is presented on almost every page of that accursed volume. Many a sad record, indeed, has been washed out by the tears of timely repentance; but the volume is not yet full! While the

thirst for gain shall prompt man to pander to his brother's appetites, and while an absurd custom maintains its cruel tyranny, there are many dark pages yet to be written.

It was a great relief to me, next morning, on going down to the ship, to hear that a well-clad, honest-looking fellow had presented himself at the gangway as her brother, and had taken her to his own home. What has become of her since, I have no means of knowing; but if this book should ever fall into her hands, she may find it hard to restrain a tear when she reads *my Temperance Story*.

NEVER GIVE UP.

NEVER give up! There are chances and changes,
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one;
And, through the chaos, high wisdom arranges
Ever success, if you'll only hope on.

Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup;
And of all maxims, the best as the oldest,
Is the true watch-word, *Never give up.*

THE WILD-WOOD FLOWER.

BY MRS. MARY ARTHUR.

Far down and away in a shadowy place,
Where the sunshine crept in faintly,
And the vines swept low with a drooping grace,
And the leaves were still and saintly;
Where the wind forgot its rushing tones,
And whispered softly past,
Though out on the hill-side its voice was wild,
And the skies were overcast:
There—passing a happy life away,
Drinking the morning dew,
And making fragrance all the day,
A sweet wild-wood flower grew.

Through all its life no human eye
Had ever bent above it.
But it caught sweet glimpses of the sky,
And learned from these to love it.
And when leaves were parted o'er its head,
The sun-touch brought it bliss,
And it quivered down to its glowing heart,
At its brightest, faintest kiss;
For the little flower had never heard
Of the wide world's light and stir,
And she dreamt in her happy simple 107.
That the sun was bright for her.

But their came one day to the forest dim
A woodman stout and bustling,
And the pleasant quiet seemed naught to him,
Or the wind's uncertain rustling:

He peered about among the vines
With a searching prying eye,
And he crushed the moss with a heedless tread,
And dashed the trailers by;
'Till he found at last what he came to seek,
A sapling straight and tall,
And the trunk he broke, with a heavy stroke,
And laughed to see it fall.

Down—down with a sobbing, thrilling crash,
With its treasures clinging o'er it,
And light flew in with a blinding flash,
And scared the shades before it.
A wide quick gleam, around—above—
The little flower fell,
And she saw that the sun, her own dear love,
Kissed every flower as well:
And the leaves pressed close on her burning heart,
And she bowed her pallid head,
And before the day had passed away,
The wild-wood flower was dead.

MY OWN FIRESIDE.

A GENTLE form is near me now;
A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
And ask what joys can equal thine:
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
Than here—my own fireside?

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

BY KATE SUTHERLAND.

CHRISTMAS had come round again—merry old Christmas, with his smiling face and wealth of good cheer; and every preparation had been made by the Arlingtons for their annual Christmas party, which was always a gay time for the young friends of the family.

Some hundreds of miles away, in a quiet New England village, lived Mr. Archer, an uncle of Mr. Arlington. He was a good man; but being a minister of the old school, and well advanced in years, he was strongly prejudiced against all "fashionable follies," as he called nearly every form of social recreation. Life was, in his eyes, too solemn a thing to be wasted in any kind of trifling. In preaching and praying, in pious meditation, and in going about to do good, much of his time was passed; and another portion of it was spent in reflecting upon, and mourning over, the thoughtless follies of the world. He had no time for pleasure-taking; no heart to smile at the passing foibles or merry humors of his fellow-men.

Such was the Rev. Mr. Jason Archer—a good man, but with his mind sadly warped through early prejudices, long confirmed. For years he had talked of a journey to the city where his niece, to whom he was much attached, resided. This purpose was finally carried out. It was the day before

Christmas, when Mrs. Arlington received a letter from the old gentleman, announcing the fact that she might expect to see him in a few hours, as he was about starting to pay her nd her family the long intended visit.

"Uncle Archer will be here to-morrow," said Mrs. Arlington to her husband, as soon as she met him after receiving her letter.

"Indeed! And so the good old gentleman has made a move at last?"

"Yes; he's going to eat his Christmas-dinner with us, he says."

"So much the better. The pleasure of meeting him will increase the joy of the occasion."

"I am not so sure of that," replied Mrs. Arlington, looking a little serious. "It would have been more pleasant to have received this visit at almost any other time in the year."

"Why so?"

"You know his strong prejudices?"

"Oh, against dancing, and all that?"

"Yes; he thinks it a sin to dance."

"Though I do not."

"No; but it will take away half my pleasure to see him grieved at anything that takes place in my house."

"He'll not be so weak as that."

"He thinks it sin, and will be sadly pained at its occurrence. Is it not possible to omit dancing for once?"

"At the party to-morrow night?"

"Yes."

Mr. Arlington shook his head, as he replied—

"Don't think of such a thing. We will receive him with

true kindness, because we feel it towards the good old man. But we must not cease to do what we know to be right, thus disappointing and marring the pleasure of many, out of deference to a mere prejudice of education in a single person. When we go to see him, we do not expect that any change will be made out of deference to our prejudices or peculiar opinions; and when he comes to see us, he must be willing to tolerate what takes place in our family, even if it does not meet his full approval. No, no; let us not think for a moment of any change in affairs on this account. Uncle Archer hasn't been present at a gay party nor seen dancing for almost half a century. It may do him good to witness it now. At any rate I feel curious to see the experiment tried."

Mrs. Arlington still argued for a little yielding in favor of the good parson's prejudices, but her husband would not listen to such a thing for a moment. Everything, he said, must go on as usual.

"A guest who comes into a family," he remarked, "should always conform himself to the family order; then there is no reaction upon him, and all are comfortable and happy. He is not felt as a thing foreign and incongruous, but as homogeneous. To break up the usual order, and to bend all to meet his personal prejudices and peculiarities, is only to so disturb the family sphere as to make it actually repellent. He is then felt as an unassimilated foreign body, and all secretly desire his removal."

"But something is due to old age!" urged Mrs. Arlington.

"Yes; much. But, if age have not softened a man's prejudices against a thing good in itself, I doubt very much if a deference to his prejudice, such as you propose, will in the

least benefit him. Better let him come in contact with a happy circle, exhilarated by music and dancing; and the chances are, that his heart will melt in the scene rather than grow colder and harder. The fact is, as I think of it more and more, the better pleased am I that uncle Archer is coming just at this time."

But Mrs. Arlington felt troubled about the matter. Early on Christmas morning the old gentleman arrived, and was welcomed with sincere affection by every member of the family. Mr. and Mrs. Arlington had a daughter, named Grace, who was just entering her eighteenth year. She was gentle and affectionate in disposition, and drew to the side of uncle Archer in a way that touched the old man's feelings. He had not seen her before this, since she was a little girl; and now, he could not keep his eyes off of her as she sat by him, or moved about the room in his presence.

"What a dear girl that is!" was his remark to her mother many times during the day.

"She's a good girl," would simply reply Mrs. Arlington, speaking almost without thought. Grace *was* a good girl; her mother felt this, and from her heart her lips found utterance.

It seemed, all through the day, that Grace could not do enough for the old man's comfort. Once she drew him into her room, as he was passing her door, to show him some pictures that she had painted. As he sat looking at them, he noticed a small, handsomely bound Bible on her table. Taking it up, he said—

"Do you read this, Grace?"

"O yes," she replied; "every day." And there was such

a light of goodness in her eyes, as she looked up into his face, that Mr. Archer felt, for a moment or two, as if the countenance of an angel was before him.

"Why do you read it?" he continued, after a pause.

"It teaches us the way to heaven," said Grace.

"And you are trying to live for heaven?"

"I try to shun all evil as sin. Can I do more?"

All the minister's creeds and doctrines, and confessions of faith, which he had ever considered the foundations upon which Christian life was to be builded, seemed, for a moment or two, useless lumber before the simple creed of this loving, pure-hearted maiden. To seek to disturb this state of innocence and obedience by moody polemics, he felt, instinctively, to be wrong.

"Perhaps not," was his half abstracted reply; perhaps not. Yes, yes; shun what is evil, and the Lord will adjoin the good."

"Yes, yes; she *is* a good girl, as her mother says," was frequently repeated by uncle Archer during the day, when he would think of Grace.

Evening came, and young and old began to gather in the parlors. The minister was introduced to one and another, as they arrived, and was much gratified with the respect and attention shown to him by all. Grace soon drew around him three or four of her young friends, who listened to what he had to say with an interest that gratified his feelings. Nothing had been said to Grace of her uncle's prejudice against dancing; she was, therefore, no little surprised to see the sudden change in his manner, when she said to a young lady in the group around him—

"Come! you must play some cotillons for us. We're going to have a dance."

After going with the young lady to the piano, and opening it for her, Grace went back to her uncle, whose face she found deeply clouded.

"Aint you well, uncle?" she asked, affectionately.

"O yes, child, I am well enough in body," was replied.

"But something troubles you, uncle—what is it?"

By this time a number of couples were on the floor, and at the moment a young man came up to Grace, and said—

"Shall I have the pleasure of dancing with you this evening?"

"Not in the first set," replied Grace; "but I will consider myself engaged for the second, unless you can find a more agreeable partner."

"Do you dance, then?" asked uncle Archer, gravely, after the young man had turned away.

"Dance?" Grace was in doubt whether she had clearly understood him.

"Yes, dear."

"Certainly I do, uncle. You don't think there is harm in dancing?"

"I do, my child. And, I am sure that, after what you said about reading your Bible and trying to live for heaven, your admission greatly surprises me. Religion and dancing! How can they have an affinity?"

"Good and evil can have no affinity," said Grace, in reply to this remark. "Evil, I have always understood to be in a purpose to do wrong. Now, I can dance with a good purpose; and, surely, then, dancing cannot be evil to me."

"Dance with a good purpose! How can you do that, my dear?"

"I have often danced with the sole end of contributing my share to the general enjoyment of a company."

"Strange enjoyment!" sighed the old parson.

"The timing of steps, and the orderly movement of the body in concert with musical harmonies, often affects the mind with exquisite delight, uncle. I have enjoyed this over and over again, and have felt better and happier afterwards."

"Child! child!" replied the old man; "how it grieves me to hear you say this."

"If there is sin in dancing, uncle," said Grace, seriously, "tell me wherein it lies. Look at the countenances of those now on the floor; do they express evil or good affection?—here, as I have been taught, lies the sin."

"It is a foolish waste of time," returned the old man; "a foolish waste of time; and it is an evil thing to waste the precious time that God has given to us."

"We cannot always work or read. Both mind and body become wearied.'

"Then we have time for meditation."

"But even thought will grow burdensome at times, and the mind sink into listlessness and inactivity. Then we need recreation, in order that we may afterwards both work and think better. Music and dancing, in which mind and body find an innocent delight, effect such a recreation. I know it is so in my case; and I know it is so in the case of others. You do not say that dancing is a thing evil in itself?"

"No." This was admitted rather reluctantly.

"Then if it be made to serve a good end, it is a good thing."

"But it is often made to serve evil," said the minister.

"Then it is an evil thing," promptly answered Grace; "and so every good gift of heaven may be made an evil thing to those who use it for an evil purpose. You know it is said that a spider extracts poison from the same flower where the bee gets honey. The deadly nightshade draws life from the same rain and sunshine that nourishes and matures the wheat, from which our bread is made. It is the evil purpose, uncle, that makes a thing evil."

"Could you pray on going to bed, after an evening spent in dancing?" asked the old man, confident that he had put a question that would clearly show his niece her error. To his surprise, Grace answered, with a beautiful smile on her face—

"O yes; and I have so prayed, many and many a time; not failing to return thanks for the pleasure I had been permitted to enjoy."

"Thanks for mere carnal pleasure!"

"All things are good that are filled with good affections," said Grace. "We are in a natural world, where all pleasure and pain affect us in the natural degree most sensibly. We must come down, that we may go up. We must let our natural joy and gladness have free course, innocently, that they may be changed into a joy that is higher and spiritual. Is it not so, uncle?"

Now, the old man had not expected to find such a nice head on so young a body; nor did he expect to be called upon to answer a question, which came in a form that he was not prepared either to negative or affirm. He had put all natural

pleasures under the ban, as flowing from the carnal mind; and, therefore, evil. As to filling natural pleasures with spiritual life, that was a new position in theology. He had preached against natural pleasures as evil, and, therefore, to be abandoned by all who would lead a heavenly life. Before he could collect his thoughts for an answer satisfactory to himself, two or three ladies gathered around them, and he discreetly forebore to make any further remarks on the subject. But he felt, as may be supposed, very uncomfortable.

After the first set was danced, one of the young ladies who had been on the floor, and who had previously been introduced to the old gentleman by Grace, came, with color heightened from excitement, and her beautiful face in a glow of pleasure, and sat down by his side. Mr. Archer would have received her with becoming gravity, had it been in his power to do so; but the smile on her face was so innocent, and she bent towards him so kindly and affectionately, that he could not find it in his heart to meet her with even a silent reproof. This young lady was really charming his ear, when a gentleman came up to her, and said—

"Anna, I want you to dance with me.

"With pleasure," replied the girl. "You will excuse me for awhile, Mr. Archer," said she, and she was about rising as she spoke, but the old man placed his hand upon her arm, and gently detained her.

"You're not going to leave me?"

"No, not if my company will give you any pleasure," replied the young girl, with a gentle smile.

"Please excuse me." This she addressed to the person who had asked her to dance. He bowed, and turned away.

"I am glad to keep you by my side," said Mr. Archer, with some seriousness in his manner.

"And I am glad to stay here," was promptly answered, "if my company will give you any pleasure. It does me good to contribute to others' happiness."

The old man was touched by this reply, for he felt that i was from the heart. It sounded strangely to his ears from the lips of one who had just been whirling in the mazy dance.

"There is no real pleasure in anything selfish," he remarked. "Yes, you say truly, it does us good to contribute to the happiness of others."

"For this reason," said Anna, "I like dancing as a social recreation. It is a mutual pleasure. We give and receive enjoyment."

The old minister's face grew serious.

"I have been to three or four parties," continued the young girl, "where dancing was excluded, under some strange idea that it was wrong; and I must say, that so much evil-speaking and censoriousness it has never been my lot to encounter in any company. The time, instead of being improved as a season of mental and bodily recreation, was worse than wasted. I know that I was worse instead of better on returning from each of these companies, for I insensibly fell into the prevailing spirit."

"That was very bad, certainly," remarked Mr. Archer, before whose mind arose some pictures of social gatherings, in which had prevailed the very spirit condemned by his young companion. "But I don't see how you are going to make dancing a sovereign remedy for the evil."

"It is not a sovereign remedy," was answered, "but it is a

concert of feeling and action, in which the mind is exhilarated, and in which a mutual good-will is produced. You cannot dance without being pleased, to a greater or less extent, with your partners on the floor. Often and often have I had a prejudice against persons wear off as we moved together in the dances, and I have afterwards discovered in them good qualities to which I was before blinded."

"Uncle," said Grace to the old man, just at this moment, bending to his ear as she spoke, and taking his hand in hers, —"Come! I want to show you something."

Grace drew him into the adjoining parlor, where another set was on the floor. Two children, her younger brother and sister, were in it.

"Now, just look at Ada and Willy," whispered Grace in his ear, as she brought him in view of the young dancers. Ada was a lovely child, and the old uncle's heart had already taken her in. She was a graceful little dancer, and moved in the figures with the lightness of a fairy. It was a beautiful sight, and in the face of all the prejudices, which half a century had worn into him, he felt that it was beautiful. As he looked upon it, he could keep the dimness from his eyes only by a strong effort.

"Is there evil in that, uncle?" asked Grace, drawing her arm within that of the old man's.

"Is it good?" he replied.

"Yes; it is good," said Grace, emphatically, as she lifted her eyes to his.

Mr. Archer did not gainsay her words. He, at least, felt that it was not evil, though he could not admit that it was good.

Spite of the dancing, which soon ceased to offend the good old man, he passed a pleasant evening. Perhaps, he enjoyed the Christmas party as much as any one there.

Nothing was said, on the next day, by any one, on the subject of dancing; though Mr. Archer, especially, thought a great deal about the matter. Some ideas had come into his mind that were new there, and he was pondering them attentively. On the third day of his arrival, he had a severe attack of rheumatism, from which he suffered great pain, besides a confinement to his room for a couple of weeks. During that time, the untiring devotion and tender solicitude of Grace, touched the old man's heart deeply. When the pain had sufficiently abated to let his mind attain composure, she sought to interest him in various ways. Sometimes she would read to him by the hour; sometimes she would entertain him with cheerful conversation; and sometimes she would bring in one or two of her young friends, whom he had met at the Christmas party. With these, he had more than one discussion, in his sick room, on the subject of dancing, and the old minister found these gay young girls rather more than a match for him. During a discussion of this kind, Grace left the room. In her absence one of her companions said to him—

"Grace is a good girl."

A quick light went over the old man's countenance; and he replied, with evident feeling—

"Good? Yes; I look at her, sometimes, and think her almost an angel."

"She dances."

The old man sighed.

"She is a Christian."

"I wish there were more such in the world," said he unhesitatingly.

"And yet she dances."

"My dear child," said Mr. Archer, turning with an affectionate smile towards his young interlocutor, "don't take such an advantage of me in the argument."

"Then it is settled," was continued, in triumph, "that if dancing is not a Christian grace, a maiden may dance and yet be a Christian?"

"God bless you, and keep you from all the evil of the world," said the old man, fervently, as he took the young girl's hand and pressed it between his own. "It may be all right! it may be all right!"

Grace came back at the moment, and he ceased speaking.

From that time the venerable minister said no more on the subject, and it is but fair to believe, that when he returned home he had very serious doubts in regard to the sin of dancing, which had once been as fairly held as if it had been an article in the Confession of Faith.

THE STRAWBERRY GIRL;

OR, THE OLD POCKET PISTOL

BY BRO. PRINCE.

'You go on your visit to-day, brother Frank, I understand, and I want the keepsake you promised me;" said Ann Linden, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of sixteen, to her brother, who was fixing a pocket pistol, while around him lay a pair of ball-moulds, a shot-pouch, and a powder-flask. "But O, mercy! what are you doing? You are not going to take that old pistol with you surely, dear, dear brother?"

"Yes, but I am, sis.," replied he. "This old pistol, as you call it, I expect will be the means of making my fortune."

"Be the means of your death, more likely, I am afraid," retorted she, sorrowfully. "O, don't take it with you, brother—some accident may happen; it may burst, or go off and kill you."

Frank Linden stopped a moment and looked up at his sister, who stood by his side, and he saw tears standing in her eyes.

"Why, Ann!" said he, "what dangers you imagine You need not fear,—the old pistol will never do any hurt to

me. I have not yet loaded it or fired it; but thought I might, when I got to my uncle's in the country. But here, you may take a lock of my hair for the keepsake, if you are afraid you will never see me again;" and he laughingly held his head towards her.

"Heaven forbid that I should never see you again," replied Ann; "but, brother, that would be a choice keepsake," and she took her scissors, which hung by a steel chain from her belt, and clipped off a lock of Frank's hair, the longest she could find. "There," said she, "I will keep that until you get married and make your fortune, and then give it to your wife, if that old pistol does not make a cripple of you and prevent such an event. I do wish you would throw the useless, dangerous instrument away."

"Ann, I tell you this old pocket pistol will be the means of affording me a great deal of pleasure, and the instrument, perhaps, of making my fortune. Remember, sis., what I tell you;" and he continued his work of cleaning and fixing it.

His sister turned and left him, saying she could not conceive what pleasure could be derived from an old pocket pistol; nor any prospect of its being the means of making his fortune, or any other person's.

Frank and Ann Linden were the son and daughter of a respectable upholsterer in New York, who, though not rich, yet was well off and doing a comfortable business. Frank was about twenty years of age—had graduated from college, and, ere he commenced the study of law, a profession he intended to pursue, was going to spend a few weeks in

the country, at his uncle's, living in the interior, near the Pennsylvania line. Fishing, hunting and rambling through woods and fields, he was not much accustomed to; yet he anticipated fine sport, and left home in goods spirits for an absence of four weeks.

The old uncle whom he visited had no children, and had been a widower for some ten or twelve years, having with him, as housekeeper, a widowed sister of his deceased wife, a Mrs. Jones, who had one daughter about the same age of Frank, named Elsie Jones.

The old gentleman, Frank's uncle, received him with all the hearty welcome of a man fond of his relations, and more particularly so, as Frank was a favorite, being named after him. He had not seen him for some years, and was surprised at viewing a handsome, stout-built young man, large enough, as he said, to lift a barrel of cider into the tail of a cart, or to mow all day; and he chuckled and laughed, as he turned him round, exclaiming, "Frank, my boy, you are stout enough for a farmer!"

"No doubt I am, uncle," replied Frank, "and you will find I can do justice to farmer's fare, likewise;" as just at that minute Mrs. Jones announced that dinner was ready, and he followed his uncle to the table, where a large dish of beef and pork, with sundry kinds of vegetables, such as turnips, potatoes, and cabbage, were smoking by its side

The uncle had no fault to find with his nephew for not doing ample justice to his table, as a day and a night's ride over a rough road, and several hours' fasting, had, though he was somewhat fatigued, given him a fine appetite.

After dinner, the old gentleman retired and took a nap, and Frank sauntered off into the fields, and from thence strayed to a piece of woodland, through which murmured a purling brook, where, on the margin, he seated himself, watching the little ripples of the stream, and noticed occasionally the darting glimpse of a speckled trout, which seemed to catch his shadow, and then vanish from his sight.

For some time he amused himself in looking at the stream, and in witnessing also the gambols of a gray squirrel, that alternately leaped from the trunk of a fallen tree that was near, and then ascended the body of one that was standing, and after an absence of a moment, would be seen again on the fallen tree. He thought of his pocket pistol, and wished he had brought it with him, imagining he might shoot the nimble animal. At length he arose, and, crossing the brook, wandered through the woods until he came to a large tract of cleared land, at the extremity of his uncle's domains.

As he leaped from a fence into an open field, he heard a sudden scream, when, looking forward, he saw a young girl, with her hair streaming from her head and her bonnet hanging from her neck, running as if for life, uttering loud, piercing cries; in one hand she held a basket, and in the other a stout stick,—behind her, from the distance he was off, he could see nothing. Her screams, however, aroused him, and he sprang forward to meet her. As they neared each other, he discovered an enormous black snake, of the racer breed, with his head erect; he had a white ring around his neck, and was close upon her. The snake

seemed to move with velocity, about one-third of its length erect above the ground. Its eyes shone like two sparks of fire, and with mouth open and forked tongue protruded, it seemed intent on its victim.

Frank had never seen a snake of this species before; but he knew their bite was harmless, yet their powerful coil dangerous. The young girl, who, he thought, might be about fifteen or sixteen years of age, appeared frightened almost to distraction. She was pale and colorless, and seemed ready to drop to the earth, as he came up and sprang between her and the snake, seizing the stick from her hand as he passed. A few feet only separated the girl from the swift serpent as he jumped between them; and ere he was aware of it, the reptile was coiling around one of his legs, and winding its way up his body.

Frank Linden was unused to fear, and in imagination always thought he could face anything; yet a cold kind of feeling ran over him for an instant, at the discovery that the snake was coiling around him; but he recovered himself in a moment, and boldly seized the serpent below the head with one hand, with a view of destroying it in his nervous grasp. On seizing it, the snake instantly uncoiled itself from his leg, and in spite of his exertions gradually worked itself through his firm grasp, by immediately coiling its lower part around his arm, winding its folds so tight as to pain him. Throwing down his stick, in vain he strove to tear the reptile from his arm with his other hand; for its tenacious grasp baffled all his strength in the effort.

As Frank sprang past the girl, she had stopped and

turned round, and stood panting from the exertion of running; gazing, with horror depicted on her countenance, at the sight of the snake writhing and struggling in his iron grasp. Finding he could not tear it from his arm, Frank felt for his pocket-knife; but with one hand he could not open the blade, and he held it towards her, requesting that she would open it.

Trembling, she approached, and putting her basket on the ground, took the knife from his hand and opened the blade. In the mean time, Frank grasped with both hands the snake, that was gradually slipping through his clutch.

The young girl's terror in a measure seemed to abate now; and as he held the reptile with both hands, he directed her to cut it from his arm, when in an instant she inserted the blade of the knife between one or two of the coils, at once severing the snake into three parts, which relaxed its tenacity, and fell to the ground, when Frank threw the part remaining in his hands also to the earth, and soon dispatched all remains of life in the dissevered pieces.

He had now time to look at the girl, to whose rescue from a horrid death, perhaps, he had so fortunately arrived. She was neatly dressed in a home-made striped frock, fitted to her light, graceful form, leaving her neck bare, except what was covered by the cape of her sun-bonnet, which was made of the same material with her frock. Her dark, expressive eyes now glistened with pleasure, as he stepped towards her and took up her basket, which he discovered was nearly

full of delicious-looking strawberries, which she had been gathering.

Without alluding to the recent scene, he smilingly complimented her on her success in gathering so many luxurious berries, and taking three or four out, he ate them, praising their flavor. Still holding her basket, he then civilly requested that he might carry it, and see her safe to where she was going.

The crimson that mantled her face and neck vied with the color of the fruit she had been picking, as she curtsied and thanked him, modestly yet timidly replying that she was so frightened that company home would be a favor; and Frank took the artless girl's arm, put it within his, and they crossed the field together towards the road that bounded the farm of his uncle.

"Where did you gather these delicious berries, Miss?" asked he; "pardon me, I do not know your name, or I should address you by it."

"Julia Sefton is my name," she quickly replied. "We live a short distance down the road,—the strawberries I gathered in the field adjoining the one you saw me in, which I was crossing, intending to carry them to Elsie Jones, for the nephew of Mr. Linden, who, she told me, he expected this evening from New York, to pay him a visit. They are quite a treat to people from the city."

"Indeed! Then, Miss Julia, these strawberries were intended for me; for my name is Frank Linden, and I am the nephew of Mr. Linden, to whose house you were going."

Julia blushed and looked down, casting a side glance at

him, rather pleased, though a little confused at what she had said; and she tried to mend the matter, by saying that Elsie Jones was going with her,—but when she called in the morning she could not go, and begged of her to bring some, if she gathered any.

Frank laughed, and told her she could go with them yet to his uncle's—saying he should certainly now claim a part of her berries.

"And cannot you eat them at my mother's just as well? We have some maple-sugar and sweet cream; and mother, I know, will not be offended at my bringing you there, seeing you have been so kind to me. You will go, won't you, Mr. Linden?" asked she, looking earnestly and innocently up into his face.

"Call me Frank Linden, Julia! I am not old enough to be a Mr. yet. Yes, I will go to your mother's with you; but you need not tell her about the snake, because I am afraid she will not let you go after berries again," said he, smiling at her earnest tender of hospitality to him.

"O never fear that, Mr. Frank!" quickly returned she,—"mother will let me go;" and her eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"There! there is Mr. again! Do call me plain Frank, and leave the Mr. off!" exclaimed he, looking coaxingly at her.

"Well, then, Frank! Frank Linden! which shall I call you?—tell me?" asked she; and for the first time her shrill laugh rang loud over the fields. "It is so odd to call a man only just by his plain, first name!"

"But Julia," said he, "I am no man yet, and plain Frank suits me best. My sister Ann always calls me so; and now I am away from home, I want some one to remind me of her. I think your red cheeks and your eyes resemble hers very much."

"Do they?" answered she, "then I will call you Frank;" and she blushed, she knew not why, as they passed along.

Julia was pretty, and the excitement of the scene she had passed through, and the exercise of running, together with the warm weather, had given an additional color to her fine-formed countenance, which, when she was smiling, showed two rows of regular, beautiful white teeth, peeping from between a pair of cherry lips, while a slight dimple danced on one of her fresh blooming cheeks.

Frank, as he gazed at her, was completely struck with surprise at seeing so much real beauty in the country. He thought his sister handsome; but Julia was more pretty, just then, in his eyes. As they walked on, they talked of wild-flowers and birds, honey-bees and grey squirrels, until they came to the fence by the road, where they could see the little white house, the residence of Mrs. Sefton, Julia's mother. It was partly hid by several large trees, but one white end was peeping out through the foliage. Here Frank was going to set the basket down and help Julia over the fence; but she withdrew her arm from his, and stepping on a piece of board that rested on one of the lower rails, lightly sprang over into the road, and laughingly reached out her hand, telling him she would help him over. He declined her gallantry, however, but handed her the

basket of strawberries, and clambered over, evidently evincing that he was a novice at the leaping of fences in the country.

A moment or two now brought them to Mrs. Sefton's house; and Julia, pushing open the front door, took Frank into the best room, and handing him a chair, hastily untied her sun-bonnet and threw it on the table, requesting him to raise one of the windows, while she would call her mother.

Frank did as he was requested, and, seating himself, took a survey of the humble apartment. In one corner stood an old-fashioned clock, which was ticking away, the hour hand pointing to nearly five. Eight or ten common wooden chairs, painted black and flowered with yellow, were set round the room; between the two front windows hung a mahogany-framed looking-glass, with a landscape-painting at the top, and over the whole of which was a piece of green gauze. In the fireplace on one side of the room was a large bunch of green ivy-bushes, interspersed with wild-flowers, and on the bushes were fastened about a dozen blown egg-shells, that had been dipped in melted bees'-wax, looking yellow, and presenting the appearance of lemons hanging among the green leaves. On the mantle-piece were two brass candle-sticks, which shone like burnished gold; and standing by the jambs of the fireplace stood a pair of brass-headed shovel and tongs, and within the jambs were a pair of andirons with urn-shaped brass tops. A home-made, striped rag-carpet was on the floor; and under the looking-glass stood a cherry table, with a polish of bees'-wax, shining equal to any modern high-finish; while in one cor-

ner of the room stood a bureau or desk, it answering the double purpose, and on the top of which was a book-case about half filled with books. These articles, and an old-fashioned, round-top stand, with a large family bible covered with green baize, constituted all the furniture of the best room. A coarse painting of a man in the olden costume of small clothes, shoes with large buckles, ruffled wristbands to his shirt, and a long-waisted coat with enormous large buttons, was hung on the whitewashed wall on one side of the room, while over the mantel-piece were two or three dingy gilt frames, hanging against the chimney, containing profiles cut from paper, and placed on black silk, showing the side of the form of faces.

Frank had scarcely cast his cursory survey over the room, when Julia again made her appearance, accompanied by her mother. The old lady was dressed in a dark-colored calico frock, over which was a check apron, tied around her waist. She wore a common, middle-aged-woman's cap, and though her countenance looked care-worn and somewhat old, yet there were traces of beauty still remaining on her face. As she entered the room, Frank arose, and was introduced to Mrs. Sefton by Julia; the old lady curtsying and smoothing down her starched apron, as she took a seat opposite him.

Mrs. Sefton, like many other ladies, was talkative; she remembered his father and mother—when they were married—what a pretty little boy he was when a baby—how handsome his father used to be, and thought he resembled him uncommonly. All of which Frank listened to, and

laughed, and humored the old woman, praising her nice little house, and complimenting her daughter Julia.

In the mean time Julia had changed her home-made frock for a neat calico one, and was seen flying round in the adjoining room; and in a few moments came in and moved out the cherry table, spreading over it a table-cloth that vied in whiteness with the pure snow, and as if by magic, soon had it covered with tea-things, with the accompaniments of a blue bowl of rich cream and a large dish of strawberries; and Frank observed that her hair, which had hung in dishevelled tresses when they arrived, was now neatly combed and hanging in ringlets over her neck and shoulders, with a fresh-blown rose pinned among a cluster of curls on one of her temples.

"Julia, I see, has set the table," said the old lady, addressing Frank; "her strawberries will be a treat to you, I suppose;" and leading the way, they sat down, Julia pouring the tea, and helping him to strawberries and cream. To say that Frank Linden did not enjoy himself, would be belieing his looks and feelings—he was perfectly enraptured; and after spending a pleasant hour, he rose to depart.

Julia accompanied him to the door, and he made her promise that on the morrow she would be ready to go with him and gather strawberries, provided her mother had no objections.

On Frank's return to his uncle's, the old gentleman was inquisitive to know where he had been; but Frank evasively answered, telling, however, all the places he had wan-

dered over, at the same time studiously avoiding all mention of his adventure with Julia Sefton.

It leaked out notwithstanding, the next day, by the way of Elsie who early called on Julia to go after berries, and he artlessly told her about the snake scene, and of Frank's accompanying her home.

Every pleasant day for a week or two Frank, Julia and Elsie were off gathering strawberries. Each had a basket, and Elsie competed with Julia in gathering the greatest quantity, always getting her basket full first, not so much from her being more expert, as from other little circumstances, such as, that if Julia came across a spot where they were thick, she called Frank, (who not being very expert, filled his basket slow,) and directed him to the thickest clusters; and then half joking, and half from some other cause, he would occasionally take a handfull from her own basket and put them into his; and again she frequently had to stop and listen to some little story of his; and sometimes, when picking side by side, she was obliged to playfully push Frank away, as his fingers were sure to come in contact with hers and take hold of them, pretending he thought them berries, while she would stop and box his ears for taking her hand for the vines.

Every rainy and unpleasant day Frank was sure to go a fishing in the brook which ran along near Mrs. Sefton's house, and to be gone all day; yet he never catched a chub or trout, but might have been seen, instead of being on the margin of the brook angling for fish, to be sitting alongside of Julia in the loom where she was weaving, helping her tie

the threads, fix the quills in the shuttle, and occasionally wanting to whisper something in her ear, because he pretended the loom made such a noise he thought she could not hear,—always making a mistake in getting his mouth to her ear, by placing it to her lips; and when he went away, would always brag to Mrs. Sefton how much Julia and himself had wove. But the old lady averred, that with all his help, Julia did not weave scarcely any when he was there; and occasionally scolded her when she went into the room and saw how little she had accomplished.

At length the four weeks of Frank's visit to his uncle expired, and he was to go the next morning. He never knew so short a month, and Julia, who dreamed and thought of nothing but Frank, wondered why he should stay so short a time.

"Then I shall never see you again, cousin Frank," said Julia, when he told her he was going; for they had added the endearing name of cousin to each other, for that kind of relationship that existed between them, or as a substitute for a more tender title. "And you will forget your cousin Julia when you get to the city. I wish you had never come to visit your uncle!" and she leaned her head against his breast, with both arms around his neck.

"I shall never forget you, cousin Julia," replied Frank, pressing her to his bosom. "Have you no relations in the city that you may one day visit? because then I might see you."

"Alas! I know not," sobbed the poor girl; "but then if I had, it would not be like seeing you here,—and then I

am a poor girl, and you will move among the rich. It is right I suppose for us now to part; but, Frank, you will sometimes think of me, won't you?" and she looked up into his face, with tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Yes, I will think of you, and love you too," answered he, kissing the tears from her face. At length he bade her farewell, telling her always to remember him, and that he should never forget her.

The next day, by the roots of one of the large trees in front of their house, on the spot where she had parted with Frank, Julia found a pocket pistol. She knew it belonged to him, for it had the initials of his name "F. L." rudely marked on a little silver plate on the stock. She took it and put it in her trunk, resolving to keep it until she again saw him. It would be a kind of remembrance, though she felt she needed nothing just then to keep him in her recollection. A little wad of paper was stuffed in the muzzle of the pistol, which Julia discovered when she put it into her trunk, and as it was probably put there by Frank, she did not remove it; as every thing now that related to him in her possession was a treasure to her.

Julia's parents were English, who had come to this country early, and located on the spot where her mother now resided. They were poor, and she was their only child. Mrs. Sefton had been a widow about a year, her husband having for some years before his death been out of health, so that when he died there was little left for his wife and daughter. They, however, managed to live in the same house, and by industry and economy, with the help

of a cow and about a couple of acres of land, got along quite comfortably. This was their situation when Frank Linden became acquainted with Julia.

About one year rolled on after Frank Linden made his visit to his uncle. He had commenced the study of law, and amid his studies, amusements, and pleasures in the city, thought but little of Julia Sefton. It is true, occasionally some little circumstance would remind him of the artless, pretty strawberry girl who had so enraptured him, and for the first time enlisted the feelings of love in his breast; and though at such times some misgivings of conscience would come over him, for awakening in her gentle bosom hopes of his lasting attachment, yet he excused himself, and would as much as possible banish the recollection of her from his mind. When he first returned from his visit, he spoke in rapture of Julia to his sister Ann, and described her as one on whom his memory would linger with delight. She joked him frequently of his country love, and often reminded him of the extravagant encomiums he bestowed on her; and then all the dear recollections of his visit and Julia Sefton would rise up before him, and he would laughingly tell Ann that Julia would one day, perhaps, become her sister.

In the mean time Julia, by the way of Elsie Jones, who still resided at Frank's uncle's, learnt that he was studying law; and though she never expected to see him again, she continued to cherish his image in her recollection.

One day she was unusually depressed in spirits,—her mother had gone to assist a neighbor, in whose bounty they

were continually sharing; and she was left alone at home. She went to her trunk for something which she wanted, and in removing some articles to find it, lifted out, accidentally, Frank's pocket pistol, which lay among them. It fell on the floor and suddenly exploded, startling her so much, that it was some moments ere she recovered herself sufficiently to pick it up. She never dreamed when she put it there that it was loaded; and the thoughts that something serious might have occurred made her feel thankful that she had escaped injury. Picking up the pistol from the floor, she stood looking at it, as she had frequently done when visiting her trunk; and she thought of Frank, until the tears filled her eyes. All at once the smoke of burning paper arrested her attention, and she discovered that the wadding that had been discharged from the loaded instrument was smoking in one corner of her room. She instantly ran and put it out, and looking on the floor, near the now extinguished wad, saw the little roll of paper that was in the muzzle of the pistol. Looking at it a moment, she carelessly picked it up, and discovering that there was printing on it, unrolled the kind of stopple and stood by the window, listlessly glancing her eyes over what was on it. It seemed to be a piece of an old newspaper, torn from among the advertisements that had been printed a year or two previous. As her eyes thoughtlessly ran over some of the old notices, they rested on the following:

"INFORMATION WANTED!—Information is wanted respecting the whereabouts or place of residence of one Leander Sefton, and his wife and child, who emigrated to this country from England some years

since, the place of their location not being known by their friends Any one knowing the family will confer a favor on them by sending information to this office, or the family themselves will learn something of great importance to them by calling at No. — Broadway, New York."

This, in addition, was duly signed and dated as a public advertisement. What could it mean? The information required most certainly alluded to their family. Julia was not born when they came to this country, but she had frequently heard her father and mother talk of their friends in the old world, regretting that all communication was suspended, and they and their connexions were buried to each other. She read the notice over and over again, and longed for her mother to come home. As it drew towards night, she stood in the door and watched for her coming, and so impatient was she, that minutes seemed as hours to her.

At length, Julia discovered ner mother far up the road, slowly wending her way home, and she could not wait until she arrived, but ran off to meet her. The old lady saw Julia running towards her, and could not for her life imagine what was the matter. Julia soon, however, came up, and in hurried accents communicated the contents of the advertisement she had discovered.

Mrs. Sefton was surprised beyond measure. There could be no doubt but that they were the persons sought for. Her husband, she knew, was a connexion of a wealthy family of the same name in England, and in his early days it was supposed that he would inherit an estate

of some thousands on the death of an uncle; but that uncle they heard had died, and it was said that he left the property to another.

After a day or two advising, it was decided that Julia should proceed to New York, and make application at the place designated in the advertisement; and accordingly preparations were made for her to go on the important expedition.

Unused to travelling and inexperienced, Julia knew nothing of the ways of the world. There were four passengers in the coach in which she took her passage to New York, all males, two of them rather aged, and the other two were young men. Her youthful appearance and pretty looks attracted attention from the young men; and unprotected as she was, her situation made her feel unpleasant After an hour or two, however, one of the elderly gentlemen, a Quaker, who lived in the city, seeing how she was situated, felt interested for her, and kindly took her under his charge, benevolently paying every attention to her she needed during the numerous changes and stoppings; and they reached the city the next day in the morning, stopping at the stage-house in the Bowery.

Here her Quaker friend, after getting a room for her accommodation, and having her trunk carried to it, left her; and Julia retired, that she might, after taking some refreshment, be ready to go out, and transact the business of her journey.

She soon finished her toilet operation, and partook of a comfortable breakfast. The room she occupied looked into

the street, and was over the stage-office; and just as she had got ready to go out, she heard voices below, one of them saying, "Here, take my card up to her—I know it must be a lady I have seen!" and in a moment more she was surprised by a servant at her door, who entered and handed her a card, with the name of "Frank Linden" written on it.

"O, where is he?" she involuntarily exclaimed, as she saw the name; and confused and overjoyed, she looked at the servant entreatingly.

"He is below, Miss," answered the servant. "Shall I send him up?"

"O, do!" she hastily and innocently replied, and the servant stared at her and left the room.

"How fortunate this is!" joyfully murmured she to herself; and in an instant more the door was thrown open again, and she was in the arms of Frank Linden.

Frank had been walking that morning, and accidentally stopping at the hotel after the stage arrived, saw the name of Julia Sefton on the book, as taken from the way-bill, and had immediately inquired for her.

It took but a few moments for Julia to tell Frank what brought her to the city,—the circumstance of her discovering the notice on the piece of old newspaper, and the probability that it was for them, the name of her father, and the other members of the family in number, all corresponding.

After the excitement of their meeting had a little subsided, Frank accompanied Julia to the place mentioned in

the advertisement; and hearing the particulars, his surprise and joy were scarce less than hers on finding that the fact was, a large legacy in funds had been left to her father in England,—in case of his death it was to go to his heirs, of which Julia was the only one.

After putting her business in a proper train, Frank took Julia home to his mother and sister, introducing her, relating the object of her visit to the city, her success, and the prospect of her becoming an heiress to a splendid fortune.

The Linden family received Julia as the acquaintance of Frank, tendering her the hospitalities of their house, and paid her every attention in their power; and as she had necessarily to stay in the city a few days, she made their house her home.

Frank's law studies, somehow, for a few days failed to draw him to the office; he found it more pleasant to be sitting with his sister Ann and Julia than to be poring over Blackstone,—he was attending a *suit* at home, and he gained his cause; for, ere Julia left, they had exchanged vows.

The morning after Frank had won his *suit*, as he was making a confidant of his sister, alone by themselves, Julia accidentally came into the room, just as Ann was saying to her brother, "And where is that old pistol, that has blown to light the fortune of your beloved?"

"Ay, where is my pistol, Julia?" asked Frank, looking towards her, "I told Ann that it would be the instrument of making a fortune."

Julia blushed at the tell-tale looks of Frank, as she re

plied, "It has indeed been a fortunate instrument," and she went to get the pistol out of her trunk.

Julia did not return home unaccompanied; and on Frank's third visit to see his uncle, some few months after, she returned to the city with him as his bride.

Ann, who had now indeed got a sister in Frank's pretty Strawberry Girl, as she embraced her as his wife, delivered over the lock of hair, saying, "Here, Julia, is your husband's keepsake to me. I was to hand it over when he got married."

Julia took the lock of hair, kissed and returned it again to Ann, saying that as she had Frank himself, she could well spare that much of him, requesting her to keep it in remembrance of her brother and for her sake; and laughingly clipping off one of her own golden curls, which she presented, told her she could now have a part of each, hoping she would never love them less for the keepsake.

Frank Linden finished his law studies, and became quite eminent at the bar. In after years, when a group of young black-eyed, cherry-cheeked Lindens were fondling around him, and Julia, one of them, said, "Come, pa, tell us a pretty story," he related the preceding; and when they had listened, and asked the name of the story, he laughed and sent them to ask their blushing ma, telling them he believed it was called "*The Strawberry Girl, or the Old Pocket Pistol.*"

RECORDS OF LITERARY LIFE.

NO. I.

THE AUTHOR'S BENEFIT.

BY B. B. BLANK, GENTLEMAN DE JURE.

"WHY don't you try the stage, Blank?" said a fortunate son of commerce to an *un*fortunate son of commas, with whom the good and great man had once most graciously condescended to pass the evening and partake of a bottle of wine.

"I *have* tried it," was the laconic response of the man of letters.

"You got the piece brought on the stage, didn't you?"

"I did."

"Then, of course, you had a benefit?"

"I had, and such a benefit, too, as I shall not be likely to forget."

"What do you mean, Blank? the piece wasn't damned, surely, on the author's benefit night?"

"'Worser than that,' as the Fat Boy said."

"Worse than that! It couldn't be worse than that. Damnation is the climax of all misfortunes either in this world or the next. But drop your mysticisms, and let us hear all about it, at once."

"I cannot promise you *all*; but you shall hear a *part*.

But before beginning, and while there is yet time to recall your rash request, I give you notice that a *whole* composed of *many* such parts, would, as the Yankee says, be 'pretty considerable.' So, if after this warning, you persist in your rash request, your anger and your *énnui* be upon your own head."

"Be it so, only proceed—I am becoming interested."

"'He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar,' saith the proverb; so here goes:

"I believe I never told you that, in the course of my literary career, I had once been a journalist. No matter. I couldn't make it go, and that would be an end of it, only that I believe that you could not well understand how I 'fell in' to the one walk, without knowing something of how I 'fell out' of the other. In my mind my connection with the press and my connection with the stage are so indissolubly connected that I could not conveniently think or speak of the one without thinking or speaking of the other. You cannot understand why this should be the case at present, but you will fully appreciate it by and by.

"You no doubt recollect the case of Mr. Weller's friend, the cobbler, who had been ruined by having had money bequeathed to him. I always thought his case a strange one, but I consider my own quite as strange. I lost public confidence by convincing the public that I was honest. We hear a great deal almost every day about honest and independent journals. Believe me, my dear sir, there is no such thing in existence. The possession of such a phenomenon would make a nonentity of a nabob in a single

year. My own party admitted that I was a clever enough writer, but decidedly too candid for a politician, while our opponents denounced me day after day, as a daring and dangerous incendiary; at once an enemy to society and a traitor to the commonwealth. It could not be that they attached to myself personally, or to the press under my control, sufficient importance to justify such incessant and systematic persecution; but their object must have been to stab the party, to which I had dedicated my services, through the side of its too fearless champion. Our folks, however, were 'too wide awake' to give them the chance, for they prudently and quietly washed their hands of a concern that they soon perceived was calculated to do them more harm than good.—Thus rendering the prayer of the philosopher, 'to be *saved* from his *friends*,' entirely superfluous so far as they were concerned; they having effected that consummation for themselves, without any necessity for providential interference.

"There is, I believe, no species of infatuation short of absolute madness to compare with the unyielding perversity that prompts the proprietor of a falling newspaper to persist in its publication. Neither the desertion of his last friend, nor the absorption of his last farthing, can admonish him to pause in his suicidal career; but led on by a sort of mocking monomania (for it cannot properly be called hope,) similar to that which clings to the culprit at the gallows foot, he persists from day to day, till either the mill-agent refuses another ream of paper, or the sheriff lays hands upon the press. And, indeed, even then, it is ten to one,

that his diseased imagination will present the vision of some great capitalist or influential politician, coming and asking what is the matter, and, upon learning the state of the case, laughing at the very idea of permitting *such* a print as the ——— to go down for the want of a few thousands.

"It was during the exhaustion that is almost certain to succeed one of those terrible and mysterious paroxysms, that I first thought of writing for the stage. The severe regimen prescribed, not by an eminent physician, but by an empty purse, had completely reduced my malady and restored my reason. Actuated by the instinct of self-preservation, I had rented an apartment at three dollars per month, which, though it might have been amply carpeted by and ordinarily-sized shawl, was to suffice, in 'its own proper person,' for sitting-room, sleeping-room, library, office, and study; not to mention (for, in truth, they were scarcely worth mentioning,) its additional duties in its capacity of pantry, kitchen, and cellar. It was therefore in the most picturesque and secluded nook of this most picturesque and secluded mansion, that, polishing and combining the fresh and vigorous conceptions of genius by the most mature judgment and severe artistic skill, I produced the immortal work that was destined to 'accrue to my benefit,' in fame and fortune, in the manner following:

"The fate of my journal, though it had not much shaken my own faith in my own abilities, in the abstract, had nevertheless inspired me with doubts as to the capacity of the public to appreciate my talents. With becoming

modesty I concluded that the latter were of too high an order to be properly estimated by any save the most enlightened portion of the most enlightened community; and it was therefore with considerable misgivings as to its fate, first with the manager, and subsequently with the managed, that I began and finished what I believed in my own heart to be a perfect gem of dramatic art.

"How I lived, or rather how I existed, during the period of its creation, would, if faithfully and forcibly communicated to the public, confer a 'benefit' upon medical science and domestic economy, compared with which the '*Author's* Benefit' would be almost as nothing.* My books, wearing-apparel, &c., remained at the residence of the only relative who had latterly taken *any interest* in my affairs, and with whom I had been *occasionally* stopping during the last days of my unfortunate newspaper. My uncle (for in *that* relation did the kinsman in question *stand* to me), though a good enough sort of man *in his way*, and not wholly indifferent to the claims of *ordinary* poverty, had but little sympathy for *absolute* destitution. Therefore to wait upon him, in person, haggard and empty-handed as I then was, would, I was well enough aware, be much more likely to excite his indignation than to inspire his pity: and I had sufficient experience of the prying and not over delicate temperament of the testy old gentleman, to convince me

* I might, at some time, have been tempted to reveal the secrets of my prison-house, but for two causes, one of which was, that I did not believe society had merited such a service at my hand; and the other was not merely an apprehension, but a positive conviction, that the speculators in breadstuffs would have the record earned by the hand of the common hangman.

that before surrendering my property to any third person whom I might depute to receive it, he would demand an *amount* of *satisfaction* which I was not just then in a condition to afford. So that even the miserable resources which I might otherwise have derived from these last remnants of my property were thus effectually cut off; and I was left to the operations of providence on the better feelings of the better few of my former non-paying subscribers: for it is but justice to the upper or more patronising class of my friends and *supporters* to state, that they had, with a delicacy of feeling that does them eternal honor, latterly avoided me altogether. With the tact peculiar to refined and cultivated minds, they must either have concluded that, in my altered circumstances, their presence would be mortifying to my pride, or else that their countenance, at such a juncture, might inspire *hopes* that it would be equally disagreeable to combat and imprudent to realize. But to proceed with my story. Like the criminal whose trial approaches, my excitement became intense, as my drama began to approach its close: but when, through the agency of a friend, it was eventually placed in the hands of a manager, and when some days had elapsed without my hearing anything on the subject, my hopes and my agitation began to subside together.

"In the meantime my every resource had become exhausted. Another instalment of rent was, for some days, due, and my landlord, though still modest, was evidently becoming melancholy. Winter had fairly set in; and I had warmed myself by the 'last fagot that my last farthing

had purchased;' and was cold again. 'Every person and every occurrence' seemed to conspire against me. Even a dog, probably discovering through the a-Cute-ness of his 'noble instinct,' that I was a person to be 'Put down,' had contributed his mite to that consummation, by tearing the skirt off my only coat.

"While my affairs were thus evidently approaching a crisis, I had one morning quite unexpectedly found a sixpence in the pocket of an old vest, and as there had been a heavy fall of snow the night before, I was just calculating (now that I had the power of making a choice) whether it would be better to *buy arsenic*, and stay within doors, or *borrow a shovel*, and start out and try my fortune as a cleaner of sidewalks. The instinct of gentility which had once been the most potent ingredient in my composition, and which even yet was not wholly eradicated from my system, at once suggested the preference of dying like a gentleman to living like a sweep. It (the instinct aforesaid) moreover insisted, that when men and angels had abandoned me, there was *one* who had not; but with the consideration of a brother, had furnished me with the means of reaching himself, where there could be little doubt I would meet a hearty and warm reception: and that to appropriate the remittance to any other use, than that contemplated by the generous donor, would be, at once, an act of black ingratitude and of base dishonor.

"Considering the late scarcity of specie on the premises, and the care with which every receptacle of that description of property had been 'cleaned out,' the turning up of the

sixpence could scarcely be attributed to anything short of supernatural agency. And taking it for granted that *some* power had miraculously interfered, the sum remitted was so much worse calculated to procure a meal than to purchase a medicine, as to indicate clearly enough that my unknown benefactor had made the advance for the purpose of enabling me to terminate rather than protract my miserable existence. If the amount had been fifty, or even twenty-five cents, there might have been some room to doubt the exact intentions of the giver, but as it was, there was nothing to leave 'the mind in any sort of suspense as to the meaning.' At least so it appeared to me, and in vindication of the faith that was in me, I had already reached the street, when what would undoubtedly have been the last stage of my mortal pilgrimage, was suddenly interrupted by a boy's stopping me to inquire for the residence of a Mr. Blank. I told him that I was the person whom he sought, and hastily requested to know his business. He as hastily produced a letter which he said was from Mr. ——, the manager to whom had been submitted my play, and handing it to me took his leave.

"What mysterious and inconsistent creatures we are! an hour before I could have put a loaded pistol to my head, or a poisoned cup to my lip, with an unshrinking purpose and a steady hand, and *now* my agitation was such that I was scarcely able to break the seal of a letter! I did, however, break it at last, and learned from its contents that my play had been accepted, and that my presence was required at the theatre, the next morning, for the purpose

of hearing certain suggestions in regard to some slight alterations that the manuscript required before being placed in the hands of the actors. On the whole the communication was as gratifying as I could have desired, unless it had actually covered a remittance. The temperature of my room rose at least thirty degrees in as many seconds, and before the hour was out, I had about as much idea, either of becoming a suicide or a sweep, as I had of inflicting personal chastisement on the man of the moon.

"The sudden change in my prospects affected not only a very perceptible revolution in my own bearing, but also in that of my friends. They were all *so* glad: though it was nothing but what must have been expected. They had known all along that a man like me could not be *long* kept down. By the way, it was probably this conviction that prevented them all from offering me the slightest assistance to rise. But now that I was upon my legs, there was no lack of hands to brush the dust off my garments, and thereby obliterate all indication of my recent fall. Didn't I want money, was the demand of one. Didn't I need 'a reg'lar new fit-out o' clothes,' was the question of another. Like the erudite and excellent Jedediah Cleishbotham, I partook, in a 'moderate degree,' of the good things offered by both; and before even the week, whose beginning had witnessed my all but confirmed resolve of quitting the world entirely, had fully reached its close, I had taken, as it were, a new lease of existence; and, vanity apart, was already about as favorable a specimen of the ex-journalist as you would be at all likely to encounter. So that, on the whole,

it is but justice to the unknown benefactor, already referred to, to admit, that whatever might be his 'intentions,' whether, as Mr. Free would say, 'vartuous' or otherwise, his trifling donation had, *for so far*, been fortunate to me, or at least coincidentally the precursor of a very uncommon run of good luck.

"The incessant vigilance of the energetic and experienced manager was not long in bringing my fate, as a dramatist, to the test of a fair trial; and as it is rather the effects of the speculation upon the fortunes of the author, than a particular history of the production itself, that I propose to communicate, I will let it suffice to state, that the charge of the press, and the verdict of the play-going public (the judge and jury in such cases), were as favorable as I could have either reasonably hoped or desired. The piece had a good run, as it is called, for several successive nights; and at length the managerial conscience came to the conviction that it was now time that the originator should derive some advantage from a speculation, for so far, sufficiently successful.

"In accordance with this praiseworthy conviction, the 'Author's Benefit' was announced in due form; and apart from the habitual and well-known good nature of the general public on such occasions, I had reason to believe that there were certain circumstances involved, calculated to render such benefit what, I believe, is technically denominated a 'bumper.'

"I have already intimated my high admiration of the refined and unobtrusive delicacy that had, almost uniformly,

marked the course of my friends *towards** me, subsequent to the fall of my unfortunate journal, and also of the ready and generous outburst of satisfaction with which I was welcomed back to their circle the moment that there was even a prospect of my being able to enter it on terms that would not be humiliating to myself. But, strange to tell, there were others who, either from their natural distrustfulness, could not, or from their instinctive hatred of whatever is lofty and refined, would not, see the matter in the same light in which I viewed it; and some of these even carried their scepticism or their malice so far as to publish a series of very ungenerous and offensive strictures upon the relative position of 'Shakspeare and his Friends,' in one of the most meddling and, I am sorry to say, not the least influential, of the daily papers.

"Now, whatever may have been the amount of my indignation at this daring invasion of the sanctity of private friendship, I could not but foresee that, so far as my coming benefit was concerned, it must be, on the whole, *beneficial.* In the first place, it was calculated to give the affair an unusual degree of notoriety; and, secondly, if there *were* any of my friends who felt that their conduct had, in any degree, justified the malice or misconception to which it had been exposed, the 'benefit' was sure to be seized by them as an easy and graceful opportunity of quietly giving the lie to the insinuations of their traducers; as it afterwards enabled them to say, or, what was still better, enabled others

* The word 'towards," as it occurs in the text, is, of course, *not* to be "taken in its literal sense."

to say for them, 'If the friends of Mr. Blank, knowing that they had a *gentleman* to deal with, *did* not impertinently invade the sanctity of his humble retreat during his temporary obscurity, had they not, when a legitimate and appropriate opportunity of bettering his circumstances, without wounding his feelings, presented itself, come to the rescue, *as friends ought?*' And that I had not overestimated the circumstances, public and private, that bore favorably on the 'coming event,' I had the satisfaction of seeing amply demonstrated, by the presence, at an early hour, of, perhaps, one of the largest and most respectable audiences ever convened on the mere occasion of a common theatrical performance.

"I need not say that, during an existence much more frequently and deeply marked by disappointment and humiliation than by honor and triumph, this was the proudest moment. But a moment, and a moment only, it was destined to be; for after two or three manifestations of impatience by the audience for the *rise* of the curtain, the manager presented himself, and after expressing his own extreme sorrow and mortification at the circumstance, stated that the person who had hitherto so successfully represented the principal character in the new piece had recklessly, and, he might add, criminally rendered himself entirely unfit for appearing before them on the present occasion; and as a proper substitute could not now be obtained, he proposed, with their permission, to offer for their present amusement something else; and that the consummation of the highly meritorious purpose which, to their great honor,

had brought them together in such multitudinous numbers, would be postponed till some more fortunate occasion, when he hoped to be able to obviate the very possibility of further disappointment.

"A murmur, evidently of dissatisfaction, was the only response: and thus ended the 'first act,' if not of the new play, at least of the kindred drama of 'The Author's Benefit.'

"If the 'evil genius' that had, almost from my childhood, dogged my footsteps, baffled my energies, and thwarted all my better purposes, was still, as it would seem, resolved to exercise its sinister influence in my affairs, it was evident that the energy of my new colleague, the manager, would give it something to do. True to his late promise, the bills soon again announced the *Author's Benefit* in imposing form, with the additional, and highly important announcement, that the principal character was to be sustained by Mr. ———, a new theatrical star whose effulgence had lately burst upon and dazzled an astonished and admiring world.

"From all this you will perhaps conclude that if the evil genius aforesaid, had had any agency in making the man, who should have appeared on the former occasion, '*un*capable,' its geniusship had proved itself as shortsighted in its malignity as if it had been an ordinary mortal; as the circumstance had only the effect of removing an ordinary performer, to have his place supplied by one who brought to the task all the talent and eclat of a distinguished master. Be this, however, as it may, such were the promising, nay

even highly imposing auspices under which my second benefit, or rather the second *section* of my benefit, was ushered in.

"With the view of having a quiet and uninterrupted opportunity of observing the general effect of my own handiwork, and especially of discovering now near the performers would come to the realization of my own conceptions of the respective characters, I made my way, with some difficulty, to a box opposite the stage, and took my seat close beside a genteel and intellectual-looking man, when the commencement of the play at once attracted all my attention.

"The early part of the performance, which, of course, was merely preliminary, passed off pleasantly and popularly enough, but on the 'first appearance' of the strange actor, I was astonished to find that the applause which greeted his advent was mingled, or rather accompanied, with unmistakable manifestations of a very different character.

"What is the meaning of this? I mutterd to *myself*, but loud enough, it would seem, to be heard by my quiet neighbor, who *replied* by *asking* me if I had not been prepared for something of this sort.

"I answered in the negative.

"'Then you have not read this morning's ——?'

"I had merely glanced over a portion of its columns, but had not had leisure to read it with any attention.

"'You are not then aware,' continued my new acquaintance, 'that this strange actor is accused of having, on a certain occasion, offered a wanton and public insult to our

country;* and that consequently his sojourn amongst us is not likely to be either a pleasant or a profitable one. For my own part, I must confess myself one of that unpopular class, known as lovers of law and order, and would, at present, much rather be allowed to enjoy the play, in which I feel already interested, than witness any insult to the National Honor avenged on such an occasion, and in such a manner, as this.'

"There was no time for further comment. Every portion of the densely crowded house was now in one tremendous uproar: one party going for the play and the player, and the other (the more formidable and reckless, if not the more numerous one) equally intent to cut short the career of both.

"As I have neither leisure, inclination, nor ability to give even a faint description of the scene that ensued, I shall substitute for the attempt, one, or rather both, of the somewhat trite, but still serviceable phrases, which the

* As, in this age of literary scepticism, there might be found some even of so "little faith" as to doubt the authenticity of "The Author's Benefit," and to regard it rather as a clumsily-concocted *romance*, than as a simple and genuine sample of auto-biography, narrated, as itself declares, for the temporary amusement of a friend, and afterwards committed to writing, at his request: and as such "unbelievers," in attempting to sustain their imputations by "internal evidence," would be likely to point to the circumstances detailed in this part of the narrative as bearing too striking a resemblance to those connected with the tragedy of Astor Place, for mere coincidence; I therefore most solemnly declare, that, so far from such resemblance, which I readily admit, being entitled to any weight as an evidence against the genuineness of the whole, the work, if I may so dignify it, was in manuscript, with those incidents which are *now* resemblances included, at least eighteen months before the unfortunate event that made them such occurred.

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'wisdom of our ancestors' has left for 'such case made and provided'—namely, that the scene in question is 'much more easily imagined than described;' and 'to be duly appreciated must have been really seen.'

"You will now perceive what, as an old dramatist, I did not choose to put you in possession of, by an *undramatic* anticipation—namely, that in 'standin' trait,' and in the transfer or substitution thereby effected, my 'familiar' spirit, as I may well call it, had in no degree invalidated its claim to be considered a 'cute genius' as well as an 'evil' one. Its (for a time) 'hidden purpose' in that transaction is now, I think, sufficiently apparent.

"As might have been expected of a person so well accustomed to failure and disappointment, I was now pretty thoroughly convinced, that whatever notoriety, or, if you please, immortality, I might have derived from my Benefit, it was likely to be a misnomer in the general and most important acceptation of the term. I had, moreover, learned with astonishment, but from a source whose purity I had no reason to doubt, that the foundation upon which I had lately erected my hopes of pecuniary salvation was, unless on the very surface, a mere 'bed of sand:' in other words that my friend and patron, the manager, though popular and plausible in his manners, had hitherto so 'managed matters' that *all* the *advantages* of *every* speculation in which he engaged, had uniformly accrued to *himself;* and *all* the *disadvantages* as uniformly to his less fortunate *colleagues*.

"The pressure of necessity, almost the only motive power

that could ever give me either energy or alacrity, and aided, as it now was, by the torture of suspense, impelled me to seek an immediate interview with his Managerial Highness, and to come to a fair, or even an *unfair* understanding with him at once. And having obtained the desired opportunity, I began by declaring my entire conviction that the difficulties that had hitherto surrounded our connection were entirely owing to the visible ill-luck that had, with scarcely an interval, haunted myself and my affairs from my childhood till the present hour; and that such being my conviction (a conviction sustained alike by former experience and recent occurrences), I could not, in honor or justice, persist in involving a more fortunate patron, who had endeavored to serve me, in consequences which, I was aware, had their root in my own sinister and mysterious destiny.—That the early success of the piece was, at least, presumptive evidence that, so soon as my immediate or pecuniary interest should cease to be involved, the ordinary tide of fortune, which had been temporarily affected by such interest, would return to its accustomed channels, and to the ordinary performance of its natural ebbs and flows.—That I was, therefore, come to 'renounce forever' all further *interest* (pecuniary, of course) in the affair; and that for such renunciation I was willing to accept the nett proceeds of the house, on either of the evenings which had been set apart for my benefit.

"Of this not apparently unreasonable proposal, however, the manager did not at all approve, though there was nothing in such disapproval that appeared either unreasonable in

itself or uncomplimentary, so far as I was concerned. The 'Author's Benefit,' he was resolved, should have, at least, another chance. Its abandonment at such a point, and under such circumstances, would, he argued, be as undignified as injudicious, and altogether such a concession to the threats of a 'cloudy morning' as he was neither accustomed nor disposed to make. Moreover, the adoption of such a course would, he insisted, be especially unjust to me, so far as my literary reputation was concerned. My friends had never yet had an opportunity of judging of my production, and as nothing but the fact of the pecuniary interest of *their* friend being involved could ever bring them out in such numbers as they had before congregated in, they would never have such an opportunity as would be afforded by another benefit. Furthermore, the slander or misconception which had been the cause of the late disturbance had been fully and satisfactorily explained, and those very persons who took a lead in that disgraceful affair were now most anxious for an opportunity of obliterating the recollection of the part they had acted, by rushing into the opposite extreme. So that the piece would still have the advantage of the distinguished talents of which it was so likely to be deprived.

"The 'manifest destiny' apprehension upon which I had mainly rested for a justification of my intended course, he absolutely laughed to scorn; declaring his perfect willingness to incur his share of the consequences, though my ministering angel' should do its worst. In short, he was resolved that my adjourned benefit should be immediately

announced; and as I had no plausible ground for further objection, announced it was.

"I recollect having once met a very worthy clergyman, at the house of a widow whose first husband had been shot dead by robbers at her side, in the bridal chamber, during the honeymoon, whose second, scarcely two years afterwards, had broken his neck by a fall down stairs; and the question having arisen as to the probable fate of the *third* (for she was still young, handsome, and comparatively rich, and therefore not likely to be a widow long), the clerical opinion was, that, as the third time was the charm, the natural, or rather *supernatural*, conclusion would 'consign *him* to the gallows.'

"I should be sorry to do the motives of any, but more especially those of my own friends, the slightest injustice; but in view of the fact that the latter had already acquitted, nay, more than acquitted, themselves honorably as to any claim that I could have had upon them, I cannot even yet wholly banish the suspicion that it must have been some such presentiment as the foregoing, in regard to the final result of this my third attempt to wrest fame and fortune from the grasp of Fate, that could again bring them out, as they did come, in even more overwhelming numbers than on either of the former occasions. And as to the general public, all the anticipations of my far-seeing colleague seemed even more than realized. The house, as I have just intimated, was not only crowded to an uncomfortable and even dangerous excess, but hundreds, as I was told, had to go away without being able to gain admittance on any terms. The

reception of the formerly obnoxious actor proved that the reaction upon which the manager had calculated was not only extensive but complete; and as, little to the credit of human nature, men are generally more ready to respond to the new-born admiration of converted opponents than to reward the tried fidelity of older friends, the personage in question seemed to outdo himself, or at least to soar far above even the most extravagant anticipations that had already been formed of his talents as an almost unrivalled artist.

"The piece had reached the crisis of development, and the excitement, of course, was at its highest pitch, when, preceded by a slight but perceptible disorder on the stage, the appalling word '*Fire!*' fell upon our ears, with all its terrible significance. The scene that followed I leave to your own imagination; and if it can vividly depict the state of things that might be *naturally* supposed to occur, if, by some powerful intercession or special act of Divine grace and mercy, *all* the inhabitants of the lower regions were allowed *one* minute, *and no more*, to escape from their hitherto hopeless captivity, by two or three narrow and difficult points of egress, you may come near realizing 'a scene in a theatre,' such as the most incessant and enthusiastic play-goer had, perhaps, never witnessed before.

"With the most horrifying sights and sounds stunning my already half-stupified senses, I was borne in the direction of one of the doors, where, for a time, I believe, I struggled as desperately as the best; but an overwhelming wave of the maddened multitude pressing on from the rear, I experienced a crushing sensation, such as might have been

produced by some powerful machinery, and then, no doubt much to my immediate ease and comfort, lost consciousness altogether.

"When I recovered my senses, I found that I was again within the classical retreat that had witnessed, in my regard, the early coyness and subsequent condescensions of the dramatic muse. I had, *perhaps* fortunately, still retained possession of it, though for some weeks past a sojourner at one of the fashionable hotels, the proprietor of which had, as Pecksniff would say, very *naturally* failed to recognize me when presented in the forlorn condition in which I had been picked up in the street. And hence, to borrow the language of commerce, I was 'still to be found at the old stand.'

"I had, it appeared, been recognized by some 'friends of the stiff,'* who, in the confusion, had providentially stumbled upon me as I lay in the gutter, nearly naked, entirely insensible, and apparently dead. Yes, my dear sir, such is the instability of human greatness! In such deserted and inglorious condition was I found in the immediate vicinity of my recent triumphs; nay, upon a spot to which I must certainly have been borne upon the shoulders of a shouting multitude!

"In perfect accordance with, and confirmation of, my theory, that I was another *Tineman*, upon a small scale, and that the blows that had, of late, so mysteriously fallen upon those by whom I was surrounded had been covertly

* The phrase applied by the elder Free, in his official communications, to denote the nearest of kin or connexion to the deceased.

aimed at myself, I learned that, of the sufferers by the late catastrophe, I had the honor of being the chief. By a dispensation which, under the circumstances, was as miraculous as it was merciful, no one, save myself, had sustained serious injury. I did, it is true, hear of one old lady who pertinaciously clung to the idea that *she* had been trampled to death; but as her case presented none of the usual symptoms of such a fate, and as the medical authority was moreover decidedly against her, she secured but few adherents to her opinion, and was compelled to retire, in disgust, to her former home, where she was said to have made a desperate but ineffectual attempt to terminate an existence, thus unnaturally forced upon her, by swallowing a strong dose of warm brandy and oysters.

"To say that the *fire* at the theatre had ended, as it began, in *smoke*, would be claiming for it no exemption from the ordinary fate of fires, as most, if not all, others do the same; but it *had* differed from the generality of its class in the somewhat important particular of having at no time emitted any fiercer or more destructive property. So that the manager, with his usual good fortune, had escaped comparatively scathless; a circumstance at which I heartily rejoiced, not more for his sake than my own; as he had, therefore, no pretext, if he should chance to desire one, for withholding at least a portion of the proceeds of the strange, strangely-protracted, and strangely-terminating Benefit, which, with all its strangeness, had, undoubtedly, produced sufficient to *benefit somebody*. Who that fortunate somebody was eventually to be, was now the question,

and a question which the temper exhibited by certain gentlemen, who had lately honored me with a succession of calls, was likely to bring to a somewhat immediate issue.

"As I think your interest in the whole affair must, by this time, be pretty well 'used up,' I will not trouble you with a particular account of the number and variety of my attempts to impress upon my late colleague the unequivocal justness of my claims, and what was still more important, to inspire him with a disposition to settle them. Let it suffice to say, that they were all entirely fruitless. Indeed it would appear that, as his special mission was to *manage* others, he had, to prevent mistakes, been endowed with the prerogative of being entirely *un*manageable himself.

"He did not, however, go so far as to absolutely deny that I had claims; but that *he* also had claims must not be forgotten. He had had losses too, for which he must be indemnified, in the first place, and as the extent of those losses could not yet be ascertained, I must rest contented, at least, for the present.

"With the truthfulness of his intimation that the extent of his *losses* in the transaction was somewhat hard to ascertain, I was perfectly satisfied. But the *resting contented* was not quite so easily '*realized*,' with my house, which *should* have been my castle, at least two-thirds of the day in the undisputed occupation of my creditors.

"'Howsever,' as an old friend of mine used to say, at the end of some five or six weeks after the *fire*, and like a patient and discreet, but withal dignified plenipotentiary

who has vainly exhausted every legitimate means to obtain a peaceful recognition of his country's claims, I brought the fruitless negotiation to a close, by formally demanding—not my passports, but what in my case was perfectly identical—my *Manuscript*.

"The bearer of this, my last diplomatic note, returned with an intimation that the great man would himself call upon me in the course of an hour; and to this one promise he was faithful.

"At about the termination of the stipulated period, a rap which told of offended dignity as plainly as a rap could, raised me from a sort of half-slumber, half-reverie, to which I was then subject; and on my uttering the words, 'Come in,' the manager, more richly dressed, and altogether more dignified and imposing in his appearance than I had ever before seen him, entered the room. To my offer of a seat he paid not the slightest attention; but broke in by remarking that he had had the honor of receiving a note from me.

"Yes, I had taken the liberty of writing for the purpose of recovering my manuscript.

"'There it is, then!' he rejoined, flinging, as he spoke, a package, which I had not till then observed, directly in my face, and after regarding myself and my humble residence with a momentary but deliberate look of the most withering contempt, turned towards the door, which, from the very limited dimensions of the apartment, was, of course, not far distant.

"But near as it was, he was not destined to reach it in

safety and in triumph. Stung to absolute madness, by the first gross insult that I had ever received, and that, too, offered by one who had already so deeply wronged me, I seized a heavy walking-stick which I had used since my accident, and which therefore lay on the table before me, and with *one blow* brought the strong and proud man prostrate and bleeding to the floor. But no wonder that that blow told: it was the expression—the embodiment—of the indignation and revenge of a spirit long irritated, and now wantonly outraged.

"I am confident that, even in my frenzy, I did not repeat the blow, and when my excitement had sufficiently passed away to allow me to contemplate the effects of my unwonted fury, I saw that my enemy was still prostrate and motionless. At first I did not feel any great apprehensions as to the consequences, knowing, as I did, that he was an extremely strong, robust, and healthy man, in the prime of life, and had received but one blow of an ordinary-sized stick, wielded by an arm that had never been a strong one. But when eventually becoming alarmed at the length and unbroken stillness of his swoon, I stooped down to examine his condition more closely, I found that, though there was still something like warmth in the vicinity of the heart, the extremities were cold and pulseless, nay already stiffening—that—Father of Mercy—he was *dead!*—

Distracted as I was, I had presence of mind sufficient to induce me to take my hat, and to put the few shillings I possessed in my pocket; and I had also the courage to tell the nearest apothecary, with what degree of composure I

know not, that an accident had occurred at No. — —— st. where his services might be required.

"My wisest course would now have been to deliver myself up at once to the proper authorities, and declare the truth, which both the appearance of the room and of the deceased, as well as what was known of both our characters, would have strongly corroborated: and as there had been but one blow struck, and that in the heat of passion, and under strong provocation, my punishment might have been a comparatively light one. But though the propriety of such a course may possibly have presented itself to my distracted and terrified imagination, it could have no effect; as Flight—Flight—and *Distance* from that fatal room and its silent inhabitant, were the absorbing ideas of my mind and the sole impulses of my actions. And so powerfully and rapidly did they impel me, that, without other agency than that of my own weak limbs, unnerved, as they were, by recent illness, and still more recent and exhausting excitement, before that fatal day had terminated in midnight, I was at least forty miles both from my victim and the scene of his sacrifice. And it was now, in the deep solitude of the dark forest, and in the unbroken stillness of midnight, that I had first leisure and power to compute the full advantages which I had actually derived from my *Benefit;* and the results of my calculation were—Bankruptcy, Fugitation and Murder, in possession; and in reversion, or prospect, the Gallows and a Dishonored Grave!

"Having thus, as I trust, convinced you, that my connection with the stage was somewhat more interesting than

advantageous, and that I have no great reason to anticipate any very brilliant results from a renewal of it, I would now dismiss the subject with, as the orators say, 'returning you my most sincere thanks for the patience with which you have heard me throughout.' But as you may, perhaps, be still somewhat curious to know how it is that I am again in the same city where I was the agent in so terrible and tragical an occurrence, and free, and even apparently willing to avow the act, I will, with your permission, endeavor to account for the circumstance, in as few additional words as possible.

"Know then, that, after a pilgrimage of some weeks, eleven successive nights of which I had passed under 'the blue vault of heaven,' which, both for my own sake and that of Poetry, I am sorry to say, did not always look so *blue* as I sometimes did myself, under its influence,* I came to a place in what was *then* the western wilderness, where some hundreds of men were engaged in digging a canal. By a singular coincidence certainly, the contractor to whom I applied for employment chanced to be an old friend and even a distant relative of my own. And despite the disguise that I had intentionally assumed, powerfully aided as

* In addition to some two or three ordinary thunder-storms, I had, during this more interesting than altogether agreeable portion of my experience, not merely the privilege of beholding, but the honor of encountering one of those magnificent outbursts of 'natural temper' called Tornadoes, which, in my own presence, and in a moment, reversed the position of the largest trees, and, as I was told, in the neighboring valleys brought navigation to such a pitch of perfection and convenience, in a few hours, as enabled the denizens of the favored region to embark from their sleeping-room windows, and, in some instances, from their very bedsides!

it was by the effects of the trials through which I had recently passed, he knew me at once. And when, in very natural and unfeigned surprise, he asked me what, in the name of Misfortune, could have brought me there, and in such a plight, as I was never a good hand at a lie, and as I had moreover full faith in his friendship and honor, I, without hesitation, confessed to him the whole truth.

"I will not, of course, in what was to be but a sort of verbal postscript, inflict upon you a treatise on the pleasures of canal-digging in the wilderness, but will let it suffice to say, that both my employer and co-laborers (for which may God bless them!) did all within their power to render it to me, forlorn fugitive that I was, as endurable as possible.

"I had, I should suppose, been some three weeks *laboring* in my new vocation, when I was one night, at a late hour, aroused from a troubled sleep to learn that the general wished to see me immediately, in his own tent.

"That my retreat had been discovered was the only natural conclusion, and if escape were still possible, my present 'city of refuge,' humble and unenviable as it certainly was, must be exchanged for a state of much greater precariousness and still more utter desolation. By the time, however, that I had reached my immediate destination, I had regained my wonted composure, and was pretty well prepared to encounter the very worst. At all events, I was not in hands to trifle with my suspense, and soon learned the cause of the unwonted summons. A son of my friend and employer had just arrived from the seaboard, and had brought him a number of newspapers, in one of

which he had accidentally discovered a paragraph which he believed of sufficient interest to me to justify an invasion of my repose. He pointed it out, and it read nearly as follows:

"'UNPARALLELED BASENESS.—Our readers need not be informed that, some six weeks ago, that emperor of dramatic purveyors, ——, narrowly escaped falling a sacrifice to the fury of one of his bards; but they may not be aware that when it was discovered that the vital spark was not wholly extinguished, he was, for the sake of greater convenience, removed to the hospitable residence of his friend Mr. ——, where his wants and wishes were not only anticipated by the numerous and well-qualified officials of that magnificent establishment, but where his recovery was facilitated by the active and unwearied superintendence of certain members of the family: and of a surety, it *will be* news to most of them (and news that they will scarcely be willing to credit) when they learn that the author of such munificent hospitality has been rewarded by the recipient with the seduction of his beautiful, highly accomplished, and hitherto amiable and virtuous wife. Such, however, is undoubtedly the fact. The guilty couple departed for Europe in the Havre packet of Saturday, and the most unfortunate and deeply-injured husband is to embark for London at noon to-day.

"'As our paper is just going to press, we have neither room nor leisure for comment, but will return to the subject to-morrow.'

"The state of my feelings, after perusing the foregoing, would furnish an important proof, if proof were wanting, of how completely circumstances can alter cases. Almost from my very childhood I had regarded gross breaches of confidence and hospitality as the most unmitigated indignity that could be offered either to God or to Society; and now an absolute devil, nay the very fiend whose special mission it was to suggest and mature the whole transaction, could not have gloated over that paragraph (the formal record of his own success) with such unmingled ecstasy as I did

And is there any one so stupidly insensible as to wonder that such should be the case? Whatever might be the extent of my future misfortunes, and certainly my prospects were none of the brightest, the *brand of Cain* was at least removed, and I might again turn my footsteps towards the haunts of civilization, and look, without terror, upon the face of my fellow-man."

"That is a good story, Blank: at least too good to be lost. What will you take for putting it into manuscript?"

"The honor conferred by the request is more than sufficient recompense. It shall be done."

"Nonsense, man! Do as I tell you, and you shall be paid in something more *convertible* than honor. By all accounts, you have had enough of that sort of payment already."

Whether the request was merely a delicate method of offering assistance, or was made with the purpose of introducing me to the notice of some of his literary friends, I know not, and am not likely to know. Before the mission, trifling as it was, was executed, he who had given it was not in the way either to explain his purposes or to fulfil them. *He was no more*—at least in America; and as he had either neglected or forgotten to mention my case to those who were competent to act for him, the manuscript of "The Author's Benefit" might have shared the obscurity of many others of its humble and unknown kindred, but for what, I much fear, will be found to be the too favorable opinion of the distinguished gentleman under whose auspices it is now given to the public.